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THE VICTORIAN AGE
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

VOLUME II.

THE VICTORIAN AGE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

Mrs. Oliphant.

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THE VICTORIAN AGE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY
MRS. OLIPHANT
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"A LITERARY HISTORY OF ENGLAND," "ROYAL EDINBURGH,"
"THE MAKERS OF FLORENCE," ETC.

VOLUME II.

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THE VICTORIAN AGE
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

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CHAPTER VII.

OF ECCLESIASTICAL WRITERS AND THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

Ecclesiastical affairs at the beginning of the period.

THE state of ecclesiastical affairs at the beginning of the half century was full of agitation and confusion. Oxford was the centre of a conflict which extended over the whole kingdom, and which had perhaps a greater effect than any religious movement except the Reformation throughout England. Both period and movement are dominated by one commanding figure, of whom it can scarcely be said so much that he was a theologian, a controversialist and a religious thinker, as that he was himself a man of such singular mind, character and personality, that while we think and speak of the works of other men, our minds are occupied wherever he appears chiefly with him—John Henry Newman, once a submissive member of the Evangelical school of religious thought, then a believer in the Fathers and the English Church, then a disturbed and anxious inquirer, wading in deep waters of confusion and uncertainty, afterwards making a casuistical, though always sincere, attempt to find footing within his own communion upon the rock of the Church which appeared to him the only thing solid on earth, then landing with a sudden impulse, though after long preparation and de-

John Henry Newman, 1801–90.

tachment from all previous ties, upon that rock indeed, but the Rock of Peter, the—as he had slowly come to regard it—unaltered and unalterable foundation of Rome. The excitement with which the world of which he was the central figure watched all those evolutions was like that with which a great drama might be watched, or the performance of an athlete in the classic games. The slowness of the process, extending over so many years, the self-concentrated attention of the actor, working out step by step in his own mind each lingering detail of the way, himself, as it were, the first and most interested spectator of those processes going on within himself, never flagging in his interest, never drawn aside to any lesser occupation of thought, afforded one of the most wonderful spectacles that has ever been laid open before men. Newman had no sense of humour, no apprehension of that natural perspective which daunts many men and prevents them from concentrating upon themselves their own profoundest interest and observation. His "Apologia" is perhaps in this sense the most wonderful book that ever was written. There it is apparent that he took himself as much in earnest at the beginning of his career as at the end, was as gravely respectful of his own conclusions as a boy, as of those he reached in maturity of manhood, and that the career of his own mind was to himself the chief epic, drama, history and poem in existence.

"Apologia pro Vita Sua."

It is not necessary here to retell a tale which has already been told so often. The man, who will not die, is to this generation more interesting than those "Tracts for the Times" about which we have already heard so much. That he began after his first phase of Evangelicalism was over, with the conviction that the Church of England was, even more truly than Rome, Apostolic, purer and better and more trustworthy in divine institution; that he was gradually led to entertain the doubts that arose during a severe course of study and reading on that point, and found no certainty in his former faith, no answer that would satisfy him, and the manner in which that problem was slowly and finally worked out in his mind, is now known more or less to every reader. How completely in his thoughts the question turned upon this—not upon the fundamental truths of religion, but upon the Apostolic Succession, the unbroken tradition, the divine commission of the ecclesiastical body, whose special teachings, whatever they might be, were comparatively indifferent to him, in comparison—is proved by the strange fact that when he finally entered the Church of Rome, he did so quite unsatisfied in his mind about the doctrine of transubstantiation, and very dubious about the worship given to the Virgin and the Saints—matters the ordinary believer would feel of first importance, but which to him were as nothing, secondary matters to be fitted into his scheme as best he could—so long as

Phases of Belief.

His final decision.

he could plant his foot upon the chief thing, which was the Church, the succession of the Apostles, the foundation of unbroken tradition and fact. There are many now who share that final conviction; there are many who hold Newman's former conviction that the Church of England is as Apostolic (not in character, but it remembered, but in this unbroken external line) as Rome—while around stands a whole world wondering that this should have become the chief matter in the eyes of so many Christian men, and that such a mind as Newman's should have encountered what was in fact the loss of all things, the sacrifice of every prepossession, of his traditional surroundings, his previous career, his friends, almost life itself, and adopted the position of a neophyte taught and ruled by much lesser men than himself, in an atmosphere new, strange and foreign to him, for the sake of this outside matter, this thing external to all private duty and feeling. It was as if a man had expatriated himself, bound himself in foreign laws uncongenial to him and relinquished his home, because he thought the British Constitution after the Reform Bill was no longer the British Constitution as it had been before. But the metaphor is a poor one.

It has been suggested that Newman felt his hold of Christian truths so insecure that he fled for refuge to the authority which, so to speak, re-established these truths on its own infallible word and made

obedience a duty. We can find no trace of this theory of salvage in his works. It would, it seems to us, be more true to say that Christian truths were either so entirely a matter of course in his mind, that he could push them aside for the consideration of a question which seemed to him more instantly important—*i.e.*, whether or not Rome or the Anglican Church was the divinely instituted medium for their extension, or that his convictions were so absolute that he was free to go on to other matters.

His devout mind.

This, however, is the fact, whatever the internal motive may have been. He occupied years of his life in making every attempt that reason, imagination, and that casuistry which is the mixture of both, were capable of, to demonstrate that his own Anglican Church was the Church of God *par excellence*. Not succeeding in this, he fell into a curious and solemn pause, no one can doubt, of dejection and suffering —and finally swallowing the difficulties of doctrine which always held a secondary place in his mind, made the great leap, and lighted upon that Rock, which was not Christ, but Peter. In saying this we do not attempt for a moment to throw any doubt upon his devotion to Christ, any more than we should think of accusing the Roman Catholic Church of building upon Peter alone. Of that there could be no question. As to the Redeemer of the world he was capable of no mistake. Romish or Anglican, he was always a true Christian. On this point he

admitted, thought of, no controversy. But "upon this rock will I build my church"—what was it? All his studies, all his thinkings, the course of the tide which had carried him on for years, tended towards Rome. And to Rome accordingly he went—with not much less revolution of sentiment and surroundings than if he had died.

Newman was born in 1801, the son of a London merchant, and after an early education, conducted chiefly at private schools, had an exceptionally brilliant career at Oxford, becoming eventually a Fellow of Oriel at the extraordinarily early age of 22. He withdrew from the English Church in 1845, having some time previously resigned his post as vicar of St. Mary's. His later life was spent in the strictest of ecclesiastical circles, and in much seclusion from ordinary life, his change having alienated from him many of his devout friends and relations, though with the latter, especially with his sisters, his affectionate union had been very warm in earlier days. He was made a Cardinal in 1879, thus receiving the highest acknowledgment the Church of Rome had to give. His power of fascination and of attracting the devotion of others had always been great, and his death in 1890 called forth a burst of almost adulation such as has fallen to the fate of few of his contemporaries.

His brilliant career at Oxford.

Fellow of Oriel at 22.

Withdrew from the English Church, 1845.

Promoted to the Cardinalate.

This singular mind made, as was inevitable, a very great impression upon his generation. This impres-

sion was increased by many causes, by Newman's eloquence, the charm of a beautiful style, and the high and elevated tone of reverential and pious thoughtfulness which pervaded his sermons and other non-polemical works, by the very remarkable autobiographical narrative called forth by an attack upon him made by Mr. Kingsley many years after, and in which the public found a tale of entirely mental and spiritual development, the story of a struggle through difficulties with which the common mind could have little sympathy, which was as engrossing as any novel;—and finally by his long life, prolonged beyond the limits of ordinary existence, which hushed every criticism and made the mere fact of him, his age, his fame, his quietude which sought no honours, and the honour which at last, and (as was supposed) not very willingly, was accorded to him, so many elements in the national history. England and even the English Church, which he did so much to tear asunder, grew proud of Newman. A sort of indiscriminating and blind hero-worship succeeded in the minds of the sons and grandsons of his contemporaries to the wonder and opposition and pain, nay horror, with which their fathers had regarded a mind so unintelligible to the common eye and actions so injurious to all which he had begun by holding most dear. A saintly old man disarms all criticism, especially when he is one who has the golden mouth of the preacher, and who

His autobiographical narrative.

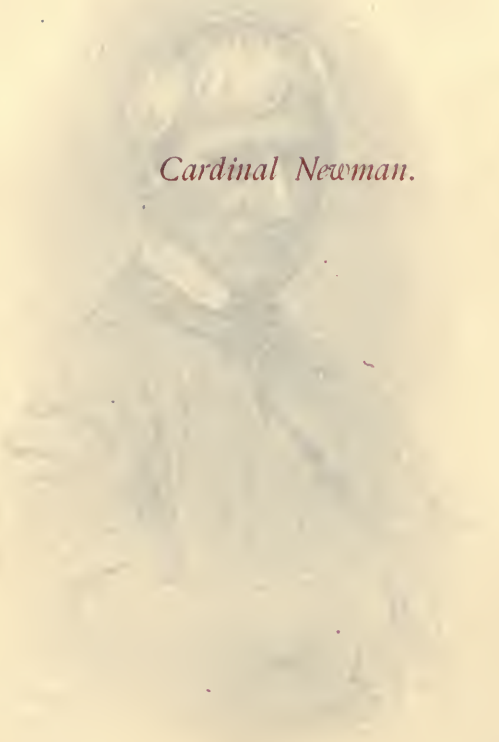
"Lead, kindly Light."

has breathed into the soul of his generation such a song as "Lead, kindly Light"—one of those hymns which form a universal language. Many of his other poems embody the less satisfactory character of his mind and struggle, cravings after Church machinery and rule which are little suitable for verse. "The Dream of Gerontius," his great poem, has one gleam of inspiration in the ecstasy with which the redeemed soul precipitates itself on the steps of the great white throne—but it too is full of that machinery of ritual and attendant priests and concerted songs, which we would fain hope might be dispensed with in the passage from life to death—or rather from death to the better life beyond.

"The Dream of Gerontius."

Summary of his works.

His works were: the greater portion of the "Tracts for the Times," begun in 1833, embodying the struggle which we have described—and specially Tract 90, the last of the series, which brought to a climax the arguments of the others by an endeavour to prove that the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England did not condemn the doctrines of Rome, but only the "dominant errors" involved, yet not necessarily involved in them: which suggestion of a natural and non-natural sense in religious controversy exceeded the patience and common sense of the English mind, unloving of such subtleties. The list, however, is almost too long for these pages. It includes Parochial and Plain Sermons, Sermons on subjects of the day, University Sermons and others,



Cardinal Newman.

Treatises on Justification, on Christian Doctrine, on the Idea of a University, on the Grammar of Assent, Essays on Miracles, Essays and Sketches Critical and Historical, a work on the Arians which was the first that confused his ideas of the Church of England, a translation of Athanasius, a number of pamphlets on various theological subjects, a polemical work on the "Via Media," the half-way ground which so many fondly hoped to have found between Rome and the Anglican Church—and on the difficulties felt by Anglicans in respect to Catholic teaching, another work of the intermediate period. The "Apologia pro Vita Sua" must always remain one of the most remarkable of human documents, as well as most valuable as an exposition of both the man and the time; though it is so close in narrative, so curiously self-concentrated, as to have, except as a study of human character, comparatively little interest for the general reader. The "Verses on various Occasions," to which is added the "Dream of Gerontius," have already been mentioned. He also wrote another half autobiographical work, called "Loss and Gain," and "Callista," a story of the early Christians, in some respects a beautiful piece of writing, but singularly inhuman or rather unhuman in its treatment of the persons of the tale shutting out all ordinary human sympathies in a curiously characteristic way. Newman died a very old man, Cardinal, tardily but completely recognised and

"Via Media."

"Verses on various Occasions."

"Loss and Gain." "Callista."

honoured by the Church of Rome, with the greater public organizations of which, however, he never had much to do, confining himself to an almost private sphere. All opposition, reproach and blame had died out long before his death, and that event called forth, as we have said, a universal and enthusiastic outburst of honour and regret.

Edward Bouverie Pusey, 1800–82.

As instrumental as Newman in the birth of the great Anglican movement which has in so many features changed the aspect of the Church of England was Edward Bouverie Pusey (1800–1882), by whose name for some time that movement was called. They were both inspired and encouraged by an older man, the Rev. John Keble (1792–1866), whose "Christian Year" had been published ten years before the great controversy began, one of those rare books of poetry which, mingling with the very religion of the country, find their place beside the Bible, and become the daily reading, as well as the only representatives of divine poetry, to multitudes incapable of appreciating any other form—but do not thereby lose their power upon the classes more apt to recognise that inspiration for its own sake. His "Lyra Innocentium" and "Lyra Apostolica" were both published within our period, and his name remains an honour to the Victorian age, though his great work was published before it began. Neither to Keble nor to Pusey did the logical necessity of following out their views of Apostolic Succession and a divinely appointed

Rev. John Keble, 1792–1866.

"The Christian Year."

"Lyra Innocentium."

"Lyra Apostolica."

Church, as far as Rome, appear the only possibility as it did to Newman. Their native Church was to both the Mother to whom they clung with unshaken devotion notwithstanding all her shortcomings. If Newman did more than either of them to impress that ideal of a Church upon the national mind and to turn the generation to an increased ritual and a more absolute creed, Keble and Pusey retained the flood within its natural barriers and guided the movement so that it came to no disruption or violent national breach, but re-formed itself within the original lines of the English Church, adding much fervour and spiritual zeal as well as a faith more exalted and often more rigid, and an extreme elevation of the Church as the fount of salvation, and its priests and ordinances as the only divinely appointed ministrants and means of grace to the world. Keble's works were few, including only the collections of poems above mentioned, and some sermons of a remarkable character, especially that on "National Apostasy." Dr. Pusey was a much more voluminous writer, but except, like Keble, by one or two striking sermons delivered at moments of special importance, he has left little or nothing in literature likely to live in any ecclesiastical circles.

Sermon on "National Apostasy."

The Oxford Movement.

The Oxford Movement, as it is called, has produced especially in our own immediate day and in consequence of the renewed attention concentrated upon it by the death of Newman, a flood of literature, pur-

suing every incident and every variation of thought and impulse to their origin, or tracing them out to their end. It is to be doubted whether we understand it much better for all this elucidation. The experience of a long lifetime since has cast many lights upon these workings which were not apparent at the time, and it would be vain to suppose that all that has followed was intended or even thought of when the minds of such men as those above recorded first turned to an investigation of the historical Church, and the difference between Rome and England. The curious accidentalness of all human work, which it is now the fashion to attribute to an automatical development and to force into artificial lines of incubation and descent, was never more clearly marked than in the stumbling from unforeseen step to step of Newman's singular spirit, so great yet so strangely limited, with results as far different as it is possible to imagine from those expected and hoped for. Naturally, in the after light of events, and when the path however devious came to be traced back to its starting point, a very different light is thrown upon those gropings of the struggling soul. Among writers who have contributed to this elucidation, or have been otherwise connected with these events in literature, may be mentioned the brothers Mozley, both brothers-in-law of Cardinal Newman.

Rev. Thomas Mozley, 1806–

The Rev. Thomas Mozley, born in 1806, whose "Reminiscences" of Oxford and other places are

full of interest, and who was largely known and influential as a journalist, especially in connection with the *Times*. His younger brother, the Rev. James Bowring Mozley (1831–1878), a very acute and striking theological writer as well as critic, Bampton Lecturer in his day, is less associated with the history of the agitation, but was one of those whose separation from his distinguished relative was most complete. Their sister, Anne Mozley, who, without following Newman, formed the closest friendship and sympathy with him, and was charged by him with the task of publishing his early letters and works of his life, has died very recently at an advanced age. A graceful and modest writer, but not upon ecclesiastical subjects. Another name closely connected with Newman is that of William George Ward, (1812–1882), a somewhat hot-headed sympathiser and follower, whose son's work upon his life very recently published, contains a great many details of their intercourse.

Rev. James Bowring Mozley, 1831–78.

Anne Mozley.

William George Ward, 1812–82.

Among these over-abundant works elucidating or composing the history of this important crisis, the book of Dean Church (1818–1890), recently published, proceeds from a serious and able mind without partisanship or prejudice. He was a contemporary, though considerably younger, and though not of Newman's school in any way, and of a mind more attuned to literature and its peaceful paths than to polemics, had the fullest means of understanding

Dean Church, 1818–90.

that time of conflict and was personally in the midst of it, and sympathetic at least with its leaders. Church was, like Newman and Pusey, but at a much later date (1836), a Fellow of Oriel. He was himself a man of large literary activity, chiefly with a theological bent, a great part of his work consisting of sermons and lectures on ecclesiastical subjects, one of which was expanded into the excellent "Life of St. Anselm," published in 1871. Perhaps, however, the work by which Dean Church will be most remembered is one which is entirely out of this atmosphere of ecclesiasticism and which we mention here as a digression, the admirable Essay on Dante which has endeared his name to every lover of that great poet.

"Life of St. Anselm."

Essay on Dante.

The Movement in the Church of Scotland, characteristically different from that in the Church of England.

While this memorable movement was going on in the Church of England, another of a characteristically different kind was in progress in Scotland, with which the great name of Thomas Chalmers is as closely connected as that of Newman is with the Anglican revival. Nothing could well be more unlike, though there is a certain subtle connection in idea between them, than the agitation in the English Church and that in the Scotch. The laborious and anxious endeavour to make out for the Anglican development a full share in the spiritual rank and privileges of unbroken ecclesiastical lineage, ignoring the unfortunate breach of the Reformation, was as foreign to the Scotch desire and effort to shake itself free from all bondage to the State and to regu-

Anglican endeavour after Apostolical Succession foreign to the Scotch desire.

late itself by its own laws as a distinct corporation, as was the perpetual pre-occupation with Rome and the Fathers on one side, with the assertion of the rights of the people on the other. And yet the leading idea of a kingdom not of this world, a theocracy responsible only to God and its own officers, independent of all domination of Civil law, was the same in both. The Scot made no reference to Rome except in the form of anathema, and acknowledged no spiritual descent from that Antichrist; while to the Englishman the claims of the people to any voice or judgment in the matter were altogether unthought of, an absurdity out of all calculation. Dr. Chalmers and his party went back to John Knox and the Reformation, and from them with a leap to the most primitive Church of the Apostles, without in the least troubling themselves about descent or lawful succession. In a vulgar practical statement their object was that the people of each parish and congregation should have the right of choosing their own minister—in the ideal and more highly sounding interpretation, that Christ's kingdom upon earth should be ruled by His laws and supremacy alone.

The leading idea of a theocracy the same in both Churches.

The Scot acknowledged no spiritual descent from Rome.

It is perhaps an extraordinary claim viewed in the light of all human analogies, that the uninstructed or very partially instructed people should have the divine right of selecting their own instructors, and is very open to argument, not to say ridicule—but yet it has been the attitude of Scotch Presbyterians for

Patronage.

The Disruption in the Church of Scotland, 1843.

several centuries. And upon this right, denied by the State, which considered itself better able in the person of local patrons to choose these teachers (also a very doubtful question), some five hundred clergymen sacrificed by one general action, their position, their homes and their living, a most curious, picturesque and striking testimony to the strength of their belief. The same result followed in the Church of England only in individual cases, which made a great difference in the impressiveness of the movement. The men who "went over to Rome" were mourned as if they had died, and made lamentable breaches in the high places of ecclesiastical power and strength, but they affected the Anglican Church little more than if they had actually died impoverishing a generation. On the other hand the Scotch establishment was rent in two, and for a moment it seemed as if the old framework of the Presbyterian National Church, so hotly fought for, so jealously secured by all the precautions of law would collapse altogether. Had it done so, as no doubt was hoped, the revolutionary party would have been justified. But a church disrupted is not like a church reformed, and the unfortunate result has been the establishment of a new and powerful religious body, alongside of the old corporation of the Church, which, springing stronger from its defeat, is now more powerful and living than before. This great *non sequitur* has completed the confusion and impossibility of

Result of the Disruption.

forming any ideal of the Church in Scotland, where now there can only be Churches in the plural, one in much the same position as the other, save for the not very wealthy endowments, which are at the mercy of the revolutionary spirit, should it ever gain the day.

Dr. Thomas Chalmers, 1780-1847.

Thomas Chalmers (1780–1847), born of a respectable race in Fifeshire, and who had early proved his superior ability and force both of intellect and character was, however, a man of too much greatness of mind to be altogether swept away in any such controversy, though unfortunately he never now can be dissociated from it, or judged on his own high standing ground. He was in his time one of the greatest of religious orators, with a style always extremely different from the polished and chastened oratory of the English pulpit, perhaps less likely to live in a book, and be lingered over by sympathetic readers, but more efficacious and impressive at the moment of speaking, when his northern fervour, sometimes vehemence, the passion of his subject, which seized and lifted him above ordinary rules, gained something even from the accent, the broader vowels and larger utterance which startled southern hearers. In his own country his sway was for a long time supreme. His contributions to literature were almost exclusively Sermons, chief among which were his Sermons on Astronomy, his so-called Commercial Discourses, preached to a congregation of merchants

His great ability and his force of intellect and character.

One of the greatest of religious orators.

His contributions to Literature.

"The Civic and Christian Economy of Great Towns," 1821.

in Glasgow, along with several works on political economy, one of which in particular, "The Civic and Christian Economy of Great Towns," published in 1821, came with all the greater force and meaning from his pen that he had himself performed one of the highest offices of a Christian Statesman in triumphantly providing for the poor of a great parish in Glasgow, swarming with the starving and miserable, by a strictly parochial system, taking it entirely out of the hands of any poor law agencies, and ruling it like an independent kingdom with a budget and revenue of its own, sufficient for itself. This romantic piece of civic and spiritual economy, an ideal state amid all the squalor of a modern poor and crowded parish, Chalmers made the mistake of thinking applicable to the whole country—which of course it would have been had there been a Chalmers at the head of every district, but was not in ordinary hands. As it was, it was little more than a splendid episode in local history, and one of the greatest achievements of his life.

Professor at St. Andrews and Edinburgh Universities.

Chalmers began life in the tranquil position of a Scotch country minister, was afterwards, as has been said, at the head of a great Glasgow parish, where he was prophet, law-giver and benevolent autocrat; after which experiences of busy life he retired into an academical career, holding a Professor's chair, in succession, in the Universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. When the great controversy in the

Church of Scotland arose he at once placed himself on what was then called the "Non-intrusion" side, analogous in complete difference to the High Church movement, and became at once the leader and head of the party, the founder of the new institutions of the Free Church, and especially of the wise and far-seeing expedient of the Sustentation Fund by which the principle of church endowment was re-established in opposition to the fluctuating popular sway of what is called the voluntary principle. He became, after the Disruption, the first president of the Free Church College, and died holding that office in 1847.

Leader of the Free Church party.

Another great Scotch preacher but much lesser man was Robert Smith Candlish (1807–1873), a minister of Edinburgh who had much to do with the Free Church movement, and was a most noted and successful public orator, publishing also various collections of sermons. Dr. Cunningham, of the same party, wrote a meritorious but somewhat partisan, and not very readable History of the Church of Scotland.

Robert Smith Candlish, 1807–73.

Dr. Cunningham.

It seems almost necessary, in speaking of Dr. Chalmers, to mention at least the name of Edward Irving, once his faithful and devoted lieutenant, a man of heroic mould, whose impassioned piety and enthusiasm carried him into paths dangerous to life and fame, the result being in his case an early death, but no shadow upon the spotless sincerity and truth

Edward Irving 1792–1834.

of his great yet simple nature. His works in theology, if they can be so called, Sermons and Addresses, are in most cases poems of passionate fervour with an antique touch as if of the Prophets and Seers. His life and wanderings and works were, however, over before our period begins.

Thomas Guthrie, 1803–73.

Among the foremost of the followers of Chalmers was Thomas Guthrie (1803–1873), a man whose extraordinary success in the pulpit was not attained in the same legitimate way. Honest, devout, and philanthropic, eager to lend his hand to every good work, his compositions were not of a kind to brook print. His style was florid and fluent in the highest degree, and the effect he produced upon the large audiences he gathered round him was often of the most powerful kind ; but the metaphors, in which he indulged freely, and which, even in the height of his public oratory, were seen to be of the most highly differing qualities, some full of simple natural poetry, while the others were forced, extravagant and turbid, became sadly like pinchbeck and tinsel when preserved in a book. It is not an unusual effect with a popular preacher. He was, though not the inventor, at least one of the most successful workers of the Ragged School scheme, which was hoped in for a time, as so many moral panaceas have been, as a key to the everlasting problem of the social salvation and rescue of the miserable and degraded. Neither in that nor in any other scheme of the kind has the

His Ragged School work.

panacea yet been found, but this was nobly worked by Dr. Guthrie, and for a time produced astonishing results. In their generation it was this dissentient, and, in the formal sense of the word, revolutionary party, in the Church of Scotland which monopolised all that was most distinguished and greatest in theological teaching and literature. A little later the balance turned, and though Scotland has not yet produced another man worthy to tread in the steps of Thomas Chalmers, the higher level of thought and style and national influence has been found on the other side.

When these corresponding yet so different movements had passed their respective crises and fallen back into the ordinary course of life, a movement of another kind arose in England among a generation younger than that of Newman, and one which felt perhaps the reaction which is inevitable after any strong wave of tendency. It may be said of Frederick Denison Maurice (1805–1872), that he was the Newman of this other divergence from rigid doctrine and formal ecclesiastical work and ways. He had that strong defence against excessive Churchmanship, the fact of a Nonconformist parentage, his father being a dissenting minister, and the conviction more certainly secured in this way than perhaps in any other, that there was no exclusive standard of goodness or certainty of salvation in any framework of ecclesiasticism, and that the highest faith and piety could

Frederick Denison Maurice, 1805–72.

exist outside the boundaries of the Church. This conviction did not, however, on the other hand, lessen his allegiance to the Church which he had chosen as the most perfect and desirable form for embodying and extending true religion; but with much of that flame of brotherly kindness in him which has been called by a later writer the enthusiasm of humanity, he chafed at the bonds in which faith was limited by so-called Orthodoxy, and longed for expansion, a less rigid adherence to the letter, a fuller sympathy with the great world around, and a softened version of those pains and penalties with which dogma had encircled every divergence from the understood faith. The first strong step which he was supposed to take in the direction of loosening these bonds became visible to ecclesiastical critics in a book of "Theological Essays" which he published in 1853, and in which he doubted or denied the eternal duration of future punishments, the Hell of the doctrinal system. Amid the much greater liberty of thought and speech which now exists, it is curious to recall the hot and fierce discussion which this caused, and that a man so pre-eminently Christian as Maurice should have been dismissed with all the ignominy which ecclesiastical censure could pour upon him, from his Chair in King's College, for the error of doubting whether in the infinite mercy of God, any man was permitted to "perish everlastingly"; to be bound in eternal chains and devoted to un-

"Theological Essays," 1853.

Views on eternal duration of future punishment.

Dismissal from his Chair in King's College.

ending torture. Newman had gone to the verge of an absolute denial of the Church's code of doctrine without any formal ecclesiastical censure, but Maurice's first objection to a point of belief which might, one would suppose, safely be left aside in the independence of dogma from any absolute relation to practical life, was punished at once and with a high hand. As was natural, however, this punishment rather strengthened than weakened his influence, which was great over kindred minds, and which soon gathered round him a band of liberal thinkers and generous philanthropists, perhaps too confident in their idea that their broad view of Christianity, and eagerness to extend their conviction of the universal Fatherhood of God, and beneficence of all His dealings with men, was a new thing, and at last the great lever which should move the world. Emancipated from the absolute bondage of the Church, which Newman's aim had been to draw tighter and make more real, Mr. Maurice and his party longed and endeavoured to find kindred and fellowship everywhere, to regard every man as a brother who was faithful to the great laws of Christianity, and to demonstrate above all, the breadth and elasticity of that Church, which was so far from any narrow or sectarian temper that the most differing theories, so long as they held their allegiance to Christ and His all-pervading character and personality, might find rest in her bosom. This new view which was at

Newman and Maurice.

Effect of his punishment.

The Broad Church Movement.

the same time an old habit of the mind of English Churchmanship, often exhibited in practical operation, though perhaps never before formulated, attracted a large portion of the liberal minds and religious spirits of the time. There is a generosity and candour in it, which is very attractive. "He that is not against me is for me," our Lord himself had said, checking the exclusiveness of His first disciples. It was the opposite principle, which is also recorded in the Gospel, in different circumstances, "He that is not for us is against us," which was the inspiration of the High Church party. They are both necessary and both authorised in the great credentials of the Christian faith. But the former seems the more generous, the wider and more lovable utterance.

Mr. Maurice began life as a journalist and man of letters, attempting even novel-writing in which he did not succeed; but in 1834 took Orders, and after a short experience of a country parish, came to London, where he was first Chaplain of Gray's Hospital, and afterwards held the chairs of History and Divinity in King's College. When removed from these, in consequence of the heresy attributed to him, he became the Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and afterwards the incumbent of St. Peter's, Vere Street, a dull old-fashioned church where, without any show, without even eloquence, for his style was always wanting in lucidity as well as grace, and it was often difficult to follow his slightly confused pro-

His style and influence.

cesses of thought—he diffused round him a view of Christian faith, charity, and character, which was more influential than argument. Men who were themselves more apt to influence the mass of readers and hearers than he was, were moved and influenced by him in an astonishing way, so much so that he became, even more truly than Newman, who deserted at the most critical moment the party which he had formed and fostered, the head of a section of the Church. The name of the Broad Church in opposition to the "High" and "Low" was given, we fear, partly in derision of a movement which sought to ally itself with all that was good wherever found; but it was sufficiently appropriate to live and remain as the distinction of a large party, and one specially rich in literary gifts. The quality of breadth has, we can scarcely doubt, gone too far, in many cases, rousing a disposition towards novelty and a tendency to adopt every view that seems "liberal" and "advanced" with less regard for its Christian character than for its freedom, which is always the danger of the too-open mind. The partial deification of "Honest Doubt" which has encouraged so much fictitious heresy, and dignified so many speculative follies, was the attendant evil of much good; and the attitude of respectful attention which has been forced upon men of serious judgment in regard to a thousand levities of superficial and childish unbelief, has sometimes made toleration ridiculous, and

"Liberal" and "advanced" views, and "Honest Doubt."

cultivated nonsense under the name of thought. But it is impossible in human nature to have great qualities without accompanying defects.

"Doctrine of Sacrifice."

Mr. Maurice's literary works, all more or less Sermons and Lectures reproduced, have not attained any lasting celebrity. His "Doctrine of Sacrifice" is an attempt to show how vicarious suffering is really the rule of life, but was supposed by many to weaken while appearing to defend the principle of the great Atonement.

"Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament."

His "Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament" has a clearness and picturesque force of narrative which gives it a distinct and attractive place among his many works, since these were gifts by no means common in his writings.

Founder of the Working Men's College.

He was the founder of the Working Men's College, an institution in which he himself laboured energetically, giving up much time and incurring much fatigue in this attempt to bring higher education and moral training to the young men of the working classes, who had no leisure except in the evening; and also of Queen's College, the first attempt at a more liberal education for women, which has held its ground among all the advanced opportunities of our day. He ended his life in that mild triumph of goodness, and a noble aim over all perversities and discouragements, which, when it occurs, is so strong a consolation to reformers and lovers of truth, as Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, his own Uni-

Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge.

versity, which thus vindicated him from all animadversions.

Frederick William Robertson (1816–1853), best known as Robertson of Brighton, was, without being a disciple or in any way a follower of Maurice, a partaker of many of his views, working in the same spirit, though without any polemical tendency, and the influence rather of an eloquent preacher and religious thinker than of an innovator in doctrine or moving principle in any new development. His Sermons stand more on the level of those earlier Sermons of Newman which were concerned with the details of spiritual and practical life rather than with any controversial work; but Robertson had a vein of reflective sentiment, an almost feminine softness, sadness, and wistful reflectiveness about him, which had a sympathetic attraction beyond that of any of his contemporaries. He was himself a man hampered with weakness and, it is said, unhappiness, disappointed in many natural aspirations and with an atmosphere of suffering around him. Few things have made a greater or a more universal impression than a Sermon of his upon the disappointments of life in which he pointed out with the profound melancholy of a man to whom the brightest prospects have turned out delusive, how God himself lures on the wistful soul with promises which are seldom or never practically fulfilled, making of the cloud of witnesses to faith in the Epistle to the Hebrews a

Frederick William Robertson, 1816–53.

His "Sermons."

pensive band, each proving the fact that notwithstanding all the promises, they remained strangers and pilgrims with no abiding city here, looking always for that which was to come.

Rev. Charles Kingsley the "Boanerges" of the Broad Church Movement.

A very different man was the young Boanerges of the Broad Church movement, as complete a representative of the joy and strength of life as Robertson of Brighton was of its sadder side, Charles Kingsley, sometime rector of Eversley, the embodiment of cheerfulness and vigour, of all the heroic personal qualities, strength, buoyancy and confidence, of whom as a novelist we have already spoken. He was born in 1819, in the generation following that of Maurice, and young enough to be in some measure his pupil, formed and influenced by his work, though they do not seem to have come in contact during the formally educational portion of his life. Maurice's new view of Christian teaching, his impatience of doctrine and system, and desire to go straight to Christ as a personal leader and guide, and his conviction that it was the love of God rather than His wrath which ought to be impressed upon men as their first and all-pervading lesson, in every way answered to the hearty brotherly soul of the young parish priest, who felt that only so could the staple of the common parish audience, rich and poor, who were hardened by custom to the routine of sermons and pious exhortations, be roused to a sense of life and reality. His own sermons were found fault

with by his bishop as too colloquial, which was what it was his desire they should be, bringing home no distant and alarming Godhead, but a very present Father and friend to the slumberous soul. To the eager and enthusiastic preacher it almost seemed as if this were a new Gospel. His anxiety to make everything plain, to deal with religious questions with the same simple straightforwardness as if they had been matters of actual life, to reject all mysticism and asceticism, and consider men not as souls to be saved, but as beings of flesh and blood as well as of soul and spirit, all equally bound to be consecrated to God, and live to His service, gave intensity and reality to all he did and said. He embraced Mr. Maurice's views with all the enthusiasm of his nature, flinging himself into the controversy about Eternal Punishment with the utmost fervour, though it would not seem that he had given any thought or special study to the subject before his master became involved in that discussion. The eager life and earnestness of such a second in command gave a touch of honest arrogance, if the word may be used in the midst of so much actual modesty of character and thought, to the new party, so sure as they were that the view they took was altogether new, and almost a fresh revelation to men.

Fervency of his preaching

We read almost with a smile how Kingsley rushed up to London in the midst of the great scare about

the Chartists, in 1848, to place himself on the side of Government, as if he had been an allied army, whose help might be effectual by the side of the imperial forces. It is natural perhaps that all philanthropical workers should exaggerate the effect of their own work, especially upon the classes lower in social order than themselves, with whose habits of mind they are but little familiar. It was chiefly through Mr. Kingsley that his party acquired the title of Muscular Christians, from their anxiety to develop every part of their being, and to add cricket and every wholesome exercise to their means of ameliorating the lot, and training the minds of working men. The athletic young pastor, leader of his parish no less on the field of friendly local emulation with bat and ball, than in the pulpit and the schoolroom, was one of the ideals introduced by the Broad Church; which also extended a degree of sympathy and acknowledgment to Dissenters, which had been hitherto unknown in the Church of England. The High Church had turned naturally towards Rome, those men who set up most warmly the claims of the English Church to an equally clear Apostolical descent still feeling their sympathies turn more closely in that direction. The Broad Church, on the other hand, extended its arms of fellowship on the outer side, sometimes with a demonstrative liberality which conveyed some sense of condescension. The Dean of Westminster, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley,

"Muscular Christians."

Dean Stanley.

distinguished in so many other ways, but who cannot be left out in this, was specially noted for this liberal feeling, which went almost the length of a partiality, for all novel and out of the way beliefs and for the dissentient mind in general, from Père Hyacinthe, the revolutionary French Catholic, to the last professor of Honest Doubt in his own country. It was indeed the drawback to much excellent work in the section of the Church represented by these admirable names, that it made Doubt a sort of first element of Faith, and counted nothing heroic in Christian endeavour which had not first passed by that fiery passage—an encouragement to fictitious sentiment of which it would be difficult to exaggerate the power.

Kingsley's sermons, though successful in their appeals to the higher feelings and enthusiasm of his hearers, and full of an elevated and generous sympathy with everything true, noble, worthy, and of good report, have not taken any place in literature. His important works are all of a different kind, and have already found mention elsewhere.

The theological writers of the earlier part of our half century thus resolve themselves into the originators and supporters of three great ecclesiastical movements. That of Newman and Pusey, which resulted in an external change so great that it is difficult for the younger reader to realize how completely the aspect of the Church has been changed under its influence—an advance or restoration in ritual

The three great Ecclesiastical movements.

of the most radical kind, an elevation of old standards and claims which had been cast into obscurity, and altogether a re-assumption both of outward economy and doctrine, which altered fundamentally the position of a Church which hitherto had been content to call itself Protestant: the second that of Dr. Chalmers and his party in Scotland, moving in a similar direction, but with very different results, to establish the spiritual dominion of an ideal Church in combination with the most democratic demands of a positive and unideal people, which was only in one sense a return to ancient principles since these principles, though entertained in theory, had never been carried out, as they were then inaugurated, and as they now exist everywhere in Scotland: the third was that of Maurice and the Broad Church, in itself a revolt against the Romanizing party, and attempt to establish a warmer human sympathy among Christians, and a truer apprehension of the humanity of the Gospel, the Fatherhood, Brotherhood, not merely priesthood and Church institution, which were the foundations of all our hope and consolation.

Theological works devoted to these movements.

To these objects much of the theological literature of the age was devoted, especially the works of the greatest literary power among them, the singular genius of Newman. There remain indeed several of his works, his earlier volumes of sermons which are the common property of the world, and some of his

historical studies. But all the more characteristic portion of his work is deeply marked with this struggle, and the curious biography of a soul which is given in the "Apologia," and which can never be without its interest to the more serious reader, is a biography of the conflict as well as of its leader. Chalmers's works, though possessing much less literary attractions, are scarcely at all polemical and really belong to the serious literature of the age. The sermons of Robertson of Brighton also retain this catholic (in another sense of the word) character and are still largely read, and independent of the great change and progress of ideas. Those of Maurice, and the theological works of Kingsley, have scarcely lasted so well, or established any such claim.

Position of Ireland at the time.

Ireland took little if any part in these religious conflicts. Archbishop Whately had carried his fine literary skill, his humour and keen intelligence thither, but scarcely wrote anything after her Majesty's accession. His successor, Archbishop Trench, was full of literary activity and productiveness but not of the theological kind. It is needless to add that in the Church of England (as well as in the dissenting bodies) Irishmen have always ranked among the most popular preachers. The Roman Catholic writers of Ireland have been few, and none have attained anything beyond a strictly local fame. Cardinal Wiseman, who represented the Church of Rome in England during the exciting and critical moment

Archbishop Whately.

Archbishop Trench.

Cardinal Wiseman.

of so-called Papal Aggression—the Pope's remarkable stroke of policy in appointing Bishops and Archbishops with English titles, a proceeding so hotly resented at the time and so calmly acquiesced in since—made two or three contributions to literature, not of a very high order, of which his work on the Four last Popes was probably the most valuable as *memoires pour servir;* while his story of the early Christian Era and the Roman Catacombs, "Fabiola," is perhaps the most widely known.

"Fabiola."

Francis Newman, 1805.

It is perhaps a little out of place to reckon Francis Newman, born 1805, the brother of the Cardinal, as a theological writer, yet we cannot omit to mention his "Story of a Soul," and "Phases of Faith," in which the revolt of the mind from his brother's high doctrines of the Church, and the equally high, though very different Evangelical theology in which both had been brought up, and finally from Christian doctrine altogether, is set forth with an energy that made them somewhat notable for the moment, as is the fate of such protests, which are like bubbles on the stream of religious faith and literature. Even now when the tide is strong in their favor, nothing can be more curious than to mark how the literature of revolt drops aside into eddies and stray currents, and gets landed high and dry to mark a date, while the stream flows on. Mr. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith" has had the same fate. Such works are received often with alarm, always nowa-

"Story of a Soul."

"Phases of Faith."

Froude's "Nemesis of Faith."

days with almost exaggerated respect, and make circles and dimplings of interest round them for a time. But the results that are feared and hoped drop with them, and the general mind forgets that they have ever been. Mr. Francis Newman has quite recently produced a little book upon the early years of his great brother, which every generous reader will deplore, and endeavour to forget.

It is not an agreeable association which makes it natural to name here the name of Dr. Edwin Abbott, the author of many works of very different kinds, from Hulsean lectures and university sermons, to such philosophical-religious romanticism as "Philochristus"—who, since the death of Cardinal Newman, has assailed that great man in more than one elaborate work. It is not necessary to deny that Newman left many points very open to criticism, in order to perceive how inappropriate are such publications, and how much it is to be regretted that much literary force should be wasted in such warm and vehement attacks upon one who is no longer in the position of making reply.

Dr. Edwin Abbott.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the number of clergymen who have published sermons, in all branches of the Christian Church, is innumerable, and that it is hopeless to attempt any record of them here. The Rev. T. Binny (1798–1874), of the Weighhouse Chapel, for instance, an extremely popular preacher, published many successive volumes

Rev. T. Binny, 1798–1874.

during the years of which we have attempted to give a brief summary. One of his latest publications was a sermon entitled "How to make the Best of both Worlds," which we fear called forth more jibes than reverential attention, and has become a sort of proverb used by many who have little idea from whence it came, and with what serious and pious meaning it was first given forth.

"How to Make the Best of Both worlds."

To enter upon any list or account of the many living writers, both on the orthodox and opposing side, who have lately thrown themselves into the critical discussion of the canon of the Bible, would require a volume in itself, and one, too, of a very unsatisfactory kind. A following generation will be better able to sift the valuable metal from the abundant dross of these endless discussions so often formed upon conjecture, and that of the most fluctuating kind. We may note, however, the valuable work of Dean Alford (1810–1871), in his edition of the Greek New Testament in which the text has been carefully revised by the aid of all the new lights attainable. Dean Alford was a man of great accomplishments and culture, the author of several poetical and other works of a lighter description in his earlier years. His name, however, will be chiefly associated with this work, to which he dedicated a considerable portion of his life. Its publication was begun in 1841, and not completed till 1861. Much of what is called the new school of criticism did not exist when this work was

Dean Alford, 1810–71.

begun, and even at the conclusion of his twenty years' labour, had been but little discussed in England, but there is no more careful edition of the text of the Gospels upon which all questions and discussions must be founded.

A work of no serious value, but of more popular range, was the "Pictorial Bible," projected by the enterprising publisher, Charles Knight, and placed by him in the hands of the Rev. John Kitto (1804–1864), a writer of considerable knowledge and industry, as editor. Dr. Kitto's work consisted chiefly of illustrative notes treating of the customs and countries of the East, the local peculiarities of Palestine and those habits of Eastern life which are so long enduring, and which throw so much light upon the histories both of the Old and of the New Testament. Doctrine or exposition was not much in Dr. Kitto's way. His manner of illustration from actually existing circumstances and places was of a different kind, but was, at the period of its production, highly thought of as an effectual means of illustrating Scripture, and giving additional reality to many passages which refer to the unchanging customs of Oriental life and the antique world.

Rev. John Kitto, 1804-64.

In discussing the various movements in the church which were connected with literature, it would be impossible to leave out the publication entitled "Essays and Reviews," a work consisting of seven different papers by clergymen of the Church

The "Essays and Reviews," 1860.

of England, in which, for the first time, the great modifications of belief which had arisen in respect to what is called the literal inspiration of the Scriptures and other cognate views, were proclaimed from the midst of the Church herself in a manner very offensive and alarming to the mass of Churchmen, and in a large degree to the reading public of the time. It is a curious evidence of the speed at which we travel, that the subjects of these essays, which excited so great a commotion at the time of their publication, would not shock anyone now, whether accepted or not, and that many to whom the Scriptures are no less dear than ever, have ceased to limit the meaning of inspiration to absolute dictation from on high. The authors of the "Essays and Reviews" were Dr. Temple, then head master of Rugby, now Bishop of London, Professor Jowett, then a Fellow and tutor of Balliol College, now its Master, Dr. Rowland Williams (1817–1870), Professor Baden-Powell (1796–1860), the Rev. H. B. Wilson, Mr. C. W. Goodwin, and the Rev. Mark Pattison (1813–1884), afterwards Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Of these only Mr. Jowett and Dr. Pattison have secured an enduring name in literature. The Master of Balliol will be chiefly known for his admirable translations from the Classics, which it is unnecessary to mention here: the Rector of Lincoln chiefly by the life of Casaubon, and by autobiographical sketches. Though neither will perhaps be

The Authors of the "Essays and Reviews."

ranked as typical Churchmen or orthodox writers their share in the "Essays and Reviews" were the only revolutionary productions to which they have committed themselves, and even in these their share was small. Mr. Baden-Powell cannot be considered in any sense of the word as a theological writer. The "Essays and Reviews" were published in 1860. A few years later Bishop Colenso of Natal (1814-1883), made an attack upon the Pentateuch, in "The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined," under the inspiration of one of the native Zulus whom he had been sent to convert, but who, on the contrary, influenced in a remarkable manner this candid apostle. As the ground taken was very much an arithmetical one, and specially founded on the extraordinary numerical lists of Exodus, a characteristic mode of transgression for a mathematician, which had been Dr. Colenso's previous character and distinction, a considerable amount of humorous observation was attracted among the general public, and this new version of "Colenso's Arithmetic" so well-known to all the schools, as well as the singular and whimsical circumstance of the awakening of a Bishop's mind by a Zulu, was received by the ordinary reader with almost more amusement than seriousness. Naturally the case was very different in the Church, and the publication gave rise to many heated discussions and proceedings. The book has not lived in literature any more than the "Essays and Re-

Bishop Colenso, 1814-83. "The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua examined."

"Colenso's Arithmetic.'

views" have done; but their statements and arguments no doubt have had their share in producing the present state of public feeling which has gone so many steps beyond the "Honest Doubt" of an earlier period, and made Agnosticism the fashionable religion not only of many who are sincerely incapable of other beliefs, but of a still greater number who like the sensation of being wiser and specially more intellectual than their neighbours. Readers who regard these matters from another point of view may take comfort in the thought that that which is the fashion to-day falls into the dreariest of antique modes to-morrow, and that there is nothing in which the continually turning whirligig of human opinion is more certain to change.

Agnosticism.

It is wholly impossible in the limited space at my command to give anything like a list of the innumerable multitude of clergymen and ministers of religion who have published sermons, and thus added to the bulk of religious literature a number of books of which we might almost say that, had they been preserved, the whole world would not be sufficient to contain them. But fortunately these publications of a very large class who are compelled by the necessities of their profession to constant literary production more or less bad—and good, drift away with the tide and are rarely perceptible in permanent literature. The theological writings of our own immediate day are chiefly concerned in attack or defence

of the Bible by means of that so-called New Criticism which, after surging about the earliest of secular literature, attacking and defending, for instance, in the self-same way the writing and authenticity of Homer, with the result of proving at the end that there is no certain word to be said on that matter, has now turned to the venerable records of the Scriptures with the design of proving that these books are a shabby jumble of antique rubbish, bits of broken history and legend mixed up with comparatively modern commentaries and interpretations. Nothing can be more seductive to the critic than to feel himself able thus to demolish any fabric, and the process is often very ingenious, and gives exercise to the cynical imagination and analytical powers on which our age prides itself, more perhaps than anything else could do.

The New Criticism.

There is, however, another class of writers less destructive who seek, like Newman, though in a very different sense, to establish a Via Media of half-truths between the Revolutionary and the Conservative: among whom we may mention the name of Professor Seeley, who published in 1865 a work called "Ecce Homo," one of the earliest of the many attempts to explain the life of Jesus Christ on another hypothesis than that of the Gospels, which have employed so many ingenious minds, with, in some cases, a very large amount of acceptance with the public. The book was published anonymously and

Professor Seeley. "Ecce Homo."

was extraordinarily successful, something as "Robert Elsmere" has been, with a similar cause. It was full of eloquence and preached with much fervour the "Enthusiasm of Humanity" as a substitute for that love of God and of man which is the inspiration of Christianity. We believe that it has fallen almost completely into oblivion, and that few, at least of the younger readers of the day, would recognise the "Enthusiasm of Humanity" even as a name. The altruism of James Hinton, whose theory bears some resemblance to Professor Seeley's, has better borne the action of time.

James Hinton.

A different, yet not dissimilar, impulse has led others to attempt to support the cause of religion by an endeavour to compare and identify the laws of the spiritual with those of the natural world to the great encouragement of many anxious believers who are eager to find semi-scientific reasons for the faith with which they are unwilling to part. We might mention the great impression produced by the work of Professor Henry Drummond, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," as an instance of this, and many more might be given.

Professor Henry Drummond. "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

It is with no disrespectful meaning that we place at the end of this list the name of a man whose life has been spent in the literature of religion, yet for whom it is difficult to find any place among theologians properly so called. His influence has been rather among a refined and thoughtful class of in-

discriminate readers than of the kind which moves either the general mind or any corporate community. James Martineau, one of the most graceful and accomplished of writers on religious subjects, was born in 1805, the younger brother of the well-known Harriet Martineau, and a man of much finer and more refined genius than that practical and successful woman. His mind has been always able to abide in the mild Unitarianism in which he was born, and which has always proved attractive to a certain order of intellects, though the keen and logical perceptions of his sister found its position midway between the entire acceptance and denial of the Redeemer, to be less tenable than either side of that great controversy. James Martineau has, however, been the Apostle of that faith, and has published many volumes of essays and sermons full of the beauty of Christianity, and in which it would be difficult for the ordinary reader to discover any difference between his view of our Lord, and that which is the centre of Christian faith. His published writings began in 1836, with a book entitled "The Rationale of Religious Inquiry," and since that time he has gone on from year to year with many Studies, Essays and Addresses on religious subjects, all distinguished by the same admirable literary power and warm religious feeling, and keeping up the same refined uncertainty of meaning, so that he has been the teacher and almost guide of many to whom the chief tenet

James Martineau, 1805.

Apostle of Unitarianism

"Rationale of Religious Inquiry," 1836.

of his faith is abhorrent; a singular position to be held for so great a number of years. Lately, however, Mr. Martineau seems to have yielded in a greater degree to the suggestions of what is called the Higher Criticism, and in his last work went so far as to assert that the divine words which have given comfort to so many souls, "Come unto Me all ye that travail, and are heavy laden; take My yoke upon ye, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart," cannot be genuine, since no man could have so expressed himself without an incomprehensible breach of the law of humility: which is a most curious example of one of the most distinct arguments of the Christian turned the other way. Though an old man he still continues to write, and cannot therefore be treated as one of those who have completed their career. He has received all the honours of the schools, from American degrees to the D.D. of Edinburgh, and D.C.L. of Oxford, though he was not trained in any University.

Honours from the Universities.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF SCIENTIFIC WRITERS.

Progress of Scientific Learning and Discovery.

In no respect has the age of which we are writing been so conspicuous as in the progress of scientific learning and discovery. With these, as with all the wonderful inventions that have grown out of the new diffusion of scientific knowledge, we have little to do, in a work which is busied with literature alone. Science, however, has not yet discovered a method of setting its new truths before the public which is half so successful or half so durable as that offered by literature; consequently, we feel ourselves bound to devote some attention to the books of men of science, though it is a subject that we approach with diffidence and with some difficulty. We feel something of the same abashed respect with which honest Captain Cuttle regarded the oracular Bunsby. "Bunsby," he said, "you carry a weight of knowledge easy as would soon founder one of my tonnage." It is much in the same spirit that we are inclined to look upon the literature of science, the more that we find it usually to contain as much science and as little literature as can conveniently be included within the boards of a book. We are only capable of taking cognisance of the few stray literary graces that

may have crept in here and there when the muse of science nodded and the writer was off his guard, or must confine ourselves to such popular exposition as may be written down to the literary level. Thus, our estimate of the value of a scientific book need not be in any way proportioned to the knowledge it contains, having more to do with the manner in which that knowledge is conveyed to the public. For the same reason, we should set aside a great number of the most valuable of such works, just as we should reject any other purely technical treaties. Babbage's "Tables of Logarithms" for instance is a highly valuable work, no doubt, and so is "Cavendish on Whist," but we do not include either in the category of literature.

Among the most prominent figures in the scientific world at the commencement of the reign was one also well known in wider fields of literature. David Brewster was born in 1781 and educated at his father's school in Jedburgh and at Edinburgh University. When quite young he began to write for the "Edinburgh Magazine" of which he was appointed editor in 1802. He had chosen for a career the Church, was licensed as a preacher in 1804 and preached his first sermon in the West Kirk of Edinburgh in the same year. But his constitutional nervousness made every appearance in the pulpit a severe trial to him, and he soon gave up his clerical duties, and returned to the quieter path of private

David Brewster, 1781–1868.

Editor of the "Edinburgh Magazine," 1802.

tuition. Meanwhile his scientific acquirements had become known and he was advanced as a candidate for the vacant professorship of mathematics, to which, however, Sir John Leslie's much higher claims secured his election. A similar appointment at St. Andrews was also thought too good for Brewster by the electors. He continued his work quietly, making his first mark with a paper on the "Properties of Light," addressed to the Royal Society, which was followed by his well known contributions to the transaction of the same body on the "Polarisation of Light." The "Edinburgh Magazine," which, after several changes of name, became known as the "Edinburgh Journal of Science," he continued to edit for many years, himself contributing many articles, especially on his special subject of optics. He was also a constant contributor to the "Edinburgh" and "North British" Reviews and wrote occasionally in the "Quarterly." To Murray's "Family Library" he contributed a "Life of Sir Isaac Newton," as well as his famous "Letters on Natural Magic," which is in its way a work almost without an equal. Among his later works were his "Martyrs of Science" and his "More Worlds than One," an answer to some opinions advanced in Whewell's "Plurality of Worlds." Brewster was also remarkable as the principal founder of the British Association and was one of the members of the first assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. He was over-

Contributions to the Transactions of the Royal Society.

Contributions to the Magazines, etc.

"Letters on Natural Magic."

"Martyrs of Science."

"More Worlds than One."

Principal founder of the British Association.

Academical honours and knighthood.

whelmed with academical honours from all quarters, was knighted and received the Hanoverian order from William IV. In 1838 he was appointed principal of the United College of SS. Salvator and Leonard in the University of St. Andrews, and some twenty years later became Vice Chancellor of Edinburgh University. He lived to a good old age, dying in 1868, at the age of eighty-six. Brewster was a very well known figure in the society of both Edinburgh and London and had a considerable influence in the world of letters generally. In Maclise's picture to which we have already referred, we see him figuring among the brilliant band of writers who enlisted under Maginn in the service of "Fraser's Magazine."

James David Forbes, 1809-68.

A kindred spirit, at first the *protégé* and afterward the friend of Brewster throughout life,—with the exception of a short period in which they were brought into personal rivalry,—was James David Forbes, known to science as the discoverer of the polarisation of heat. Born in 1809, the son of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo and of the lady who was the object of Sir Walter Scott's early love, Forbes was nearly thirty years younger than Brewster, to whose notice he was brought by some scientific articles contributed at an early age to the periodical of which the latter was editor. By his advice, the young man took up science as a profession instead of the bar, for which he had been originally intended, and with Brewster's aid, soon became a well-known

figure in the new circle to which he was thus introduced, being one of the earliest supporters of his friend's great enterprise, the founding of the British Association. In 1823 he appears, perhaps not very gratefully, as the opponent—and the successful opponent—of Brewster for the chair of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh, which had become vacant by Sir John Leslie's death. Brewster who had already been rejected once for this appointment, appears to have felt himself much aggrieved by the conduct of Forbes, but their friendship was afterwards resumed as warmly as ever. Forbes was extremely successful as a lecturer and introduced some valuable reforms into the University. In the summer of 1840 he spent his vacation in Switzerland and the Alpine districts of Savoy, where he commenced his valuable inquiries into the nature of glaciers. The same study led him to visit the Isle of Skye, where he discovered indisputable traces of glaciers, and at a later period to Norway. In 1843 appeared his great book, "Travels through the Alps of Savoy and other parts of the Pennine Chain, with Observations on the Phenomena of Glaciers." Forbes was gifted with the literary quality in a high degree, and his books will always offer pleasant and entertaining reading to the least learned reader. With perhaps the exception of Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle," we could not mention a work in which the truths of science are set forth in a more attractive form. He was the

Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh.

"Travels through the Alps of Savoy."

author of several other works on the glacier question as well as of various treatises on heat and on other matters of physical science. On the resignation of Brewster in 1859, Forbes was appointed to the principalship of the United College at St. Andrews, where his name is still honoured as that of a learned and able teacher, a loyal supporter of all that was good in the University and perhaps as much as anything else, a chief agent in the restoration of the beautiful College Church. He died on the last day of the year 1868, some ten months later than his old friend, Brewster.

In the great revival of science at the commencement of our period, our attention is naturally drawn to the very remarkable progress of the science of geology and physiology, in which the workers of a generation ago have achieved as great a revolution of thought as has ever been seen in all the history of knowledge. Progress, indeed, was cautious at first, but we find by the beginning of the reign that considerable steps had already been taken, especially in the realm of geological inquiry. Among the pioneers in this field, we should give a prominent place to William Buckland. Born in 1784, and educated at Tiverton, Winchester, and Corpus, Oxford, where he graduated in 1805, he took Orders immediately after taking his degree, but remained at the university for many years, becoming a Fellow at his college and being appointed in 1813

William Buckland, 1784–1856.

Reader in Mineralogy, and subsequently, when the chair was founded in 1818, Reader in Geology to the University. His college duties were diversified by geological explorations, in the course of which he traversed on horseback a great part of the south of England, guiding himself by the maps then recently published by William Smith, the so-called "father of geology" in England. Buckland made his first signal success with an inaugural address, pronounced on coming into his geological Readership, which dealt with the relations of the new geological researches to the religious beliefs, which they were supposed to contravene. He was, to his great credit, one of the first to show that the new discoveries, if properly regarded, only served to heighten the original conception of the Creator's work. This position he maintained throughout life, as is exemplified in his principal work, "Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology," in its original form one of the Bridgewater Treatises, written in accordance with the will of Francis, last Earl of Bridgewater, who left £8,000 as a reward for the best treatise on the "Goodness of God as manifested in the Creation." The President of the Royal Society, who was charged with the administration of the bequest, divided this sum among the writers of eight treatises, including, besides Buckland, Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Whewell. Buckland's other chief work was the

"Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology." Bridgewater Treatises.

Francis, Earl of Bridgewater.

"Reliquiæ Diluvianæ."

"Reliquiæ Diluvianæ," in which he tried to fix the period of the bones found in the caves of Kirkdale in Yorkshire and in other parts. In 1845 he was appointed to the Deanery of Westminster; he died in 1856. A perhaps wider reputation was gained by his son, the late Francis Trevelyan Buckland (1826–1880). Frank Buckland, as he was universally called, inherited not only his father's genial humour and many kindly qualities, but also his love of science, which in the son was directed to the study of natural history. As an author he is chiefly known by his "Curiosities of Natural History" (1857–72); he was also for some time one of the leading writers in the "Field," and afterwards the originator and for many years editor of that journal's principal rival, "Land and Water."

Dean of Westminster, 1845.

Francis Trevelyan Buckland, 1826–80.

"Curiosities of Natural History."

"The Field."

"Land and Water."

Among the geologists of the earlier part of the reign it would be unfair to omit the name of Gideon Algernon Mantell (1790–1852), author of the "Fossils of the Southdowns," who gained much distinction by his researches in the Sussex cretaceous formations. A more remarkable figure is that of Sir Charles Lyell, the distinguished son of a not obscure father, Charles Lyell, the botanist of Kirriemuir. The younger Charles was born in 1797 and educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he sat at the feet of Buckland, and, catching his teacher's enthusiasm, cast the legal profession, for which he had begun to study, to the winds and devoted himself to the pursuit of

Gideon Algernon Mantell, 1790–1852.

Sir Charles Lyell, 1797–1873.

geology. At an early age he produced the great work of his life, the highly valuable "Principles of Geology," which appeared between the years 1830 and 1833. The "Principles of Geology" is by no means light reading, but as a work of science it ranks deservedly high; in the days when it first appeared it was probably rendered more attractive by the delicately heretical flavour, which added a charm to all similar researches in those days, but has now become too much a matter of course to interest any one. In later life Lyell produced other works of great value, dealing with his travels in North America, the geology of which he was able to illustrate as no other writer has done by comparison with his immense knowledge of European formations. He became a ready convert to the Darwinian theory and published in 1863 a contribution to its literature, entitled "The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation." From the Crown Lyell received as an acknowledgment of his services to science, first a knighthood and then a baronetcy, as well as various rewards from the University of Oxford and other learned bodies. We may say at once that, short of publishing a special supplement to this book, we have no space to enumerate the academical honours showered upon our leading men of science, and must content ourselves with recording those which her Majesty has distributed among them

"Principles of Geology."

"Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man."

Made a baronet and receives honours from the Universities

with no sparing hand. Literature dissociated from scientific ends has not been so fortunate. Lyell died in 1873.

Sir Roderick Murchison, 1792–1871.

Another member of the chivalry of science, whom it is natural to associate with Lyell, was Sir Roderick Murchison. Born in 1792 of a good Highland family, Murchison originally took up the profession of arms, and obtaining a commission in the 36th regiment served through a considerable part of the Peninsular war. On the conclusion of peace in 1814, he left the army and betook himself to the study of geology. In company with the distinguished geologist, Adam Sedgwick (1786–1873), he made valuable explorations in the Highlands and in Wales, spreading his investigations later to Scandinavia and Russia, where he was employed by the Czar Nicholas, to direct a geological survey of his Empire. The knowledge thus acquired was laid before the world in his "Geology of Russia and the Ural Mountains," which is chiefly remarkable for his argument, deduced from structural resemblances of the gold districts of the Ural Mountains to the geological formations in Eastern Australia, that gold was to be found in the latter country. For some years Murchison continued to importune the Colonial authorities to put his assumption to the test, but without success. Gold was found later by unofficial searchers and Sir Roderick—he had been knighted on his return from Russia and was made K.C.B. in 1863 and a bar-

Adam Sedgwick, 1786–1873.

"Geology of Russia and the Ural Mountains"

Predicted discovery of gold in Australia.

onet three years later—had only the comfort of reflecting that he had been right when the public had forgotten all about his predictions. In 1854, he produced his great work "Siluria : a History of the Oldest Rocks in the British Isles and other Countries," a treatise of great value but somewhat difficult of perusal to any but the most earnest inquirer. Murchison displayed much skill as one of those "earthly godfathers" who roused the spleen of Byron, but who are regarded with gratitude by students of science—the Silurian, Laurentian and Permian series being all baptised by him. He died in 1871.

Made a Baronet, 1866.

"Siluria; a History of the Oldest Rocks, etc."

Scientific research was certainly considered in pre-Girtonian days as chiefly the province of the male of the human species. An exception to this rule was, however, supplied in the case of Mrs. Somerville. Mary Fairfax—to give her her original name—was born at Jedburgh in 1780, her father being a naval officer of distinction, from whom she perhaps inherited her natural interest in mathematical studies. She was twice married,—in 1804 to Samuel Greig, an officer in the Russian service, and, after his death, to her cousin, Dr. William Somerville, in 1812. Mr. Greig seems hardly to have appreciated the advantages of a scientific wife, but Dr. Somerville was of another mind, and encouraged her in her abstruse studies. Her first public appearance was through the medium of a paper contributed to the transactions of the Royal Society on the "Magnetising

Mrs. Somerville, 1780–1810.

Contributed to the Royal Society.

Power of the more Refrangible Solar Rays." Mrs. Somerville became interested in the movement for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and, at the suggestion of Lord Brougham, prepared a translation—or rather adaptation—of Laplace's "Mechanism of the Heavens" for the Society. It extended, however, beyond the limits assigned to their publications, and was issued independently in 1831. In 1834 appeared her "Connection of the Physical Sciences," a work of considerable merit, covering a very large field of knowledge, and written in a not unattractive style. To this succeeded, in 1848, her "Physical Geography," in which the standard established by her former book was well maintained, and other minor works, showing an immense amount of research in the most abstruse branches of science. After her death, which occurred in 1872, some very charming "Personal Recollections" were published under the editorship of her daughter. One of the new Ladies' Halls at Oxford has been appropriately called after her.

Translation of Laplace's "Mechanism of the Heavens."

"Connection of the Physical Sciences."

"Personal Recollections."

One of the most striking figures in connection with geological science, though perhaps not one of those whose researches have led to the most important results, was the self-taught Hugh Miller. Born at Cromarty in 1802, his father the master of a small trading sloop, Hugh Miller himself worked with his hands for his living, his trade being that of a stonemason. This, however, was chiefly by his own

Hugh Miller, 1802–56.

choice. His family,—consisting of the two uncles, of whom he has left such charming pictures in "My Schools and Schoolmasters"—had wished to send him to college as a preparation for taking up one of the learned professions, but the boy himself—excited by the example of a cousin, who, having taken up the same trade, found it sufficient for his needs to work in the summer season, and spent his long winter holidays in literature and geology—stuck to his determination. Conscious, however, that "literature and, mayhap, natural science, were, after all, my proper vocation," he resolved to study hard in the intervals of his work. Geology had already attracted him, and, as a boy, he wandered about the sea-worn rocks of the Cromarty coast, studying the great book of nature, and identifying for himself the different formations he came upon, though so entirely without book knowledge that he had no names to give them, and could find no better expedient than to designate the simple rocks by single numbers and the compound ones by combinations of numbers. His new trade facilitated his studies, for the Cromarty mason of those days was expected to work in the quarries, and in the Old Red Sandstone in which he worked he found much to observe and to learn. All the poetry in his nature was stimulated at the same time by the views over "the upper reaches of the Cromarty Firth, as seen, when we sat down to our mid-day meal, from the gorge of the

"My Schools and Schoolmasters."

quarry, with their numerous rippling currents, that, in the calm, resembled streamlets winding through a meadow, and their distant, grey promontories, tipped with villages that brightened in the sunshine ; while, pale in the background, the mighty hills, still streaked with snow, rose high over bay and promontory, and gave dignity and power to the scene."

It was not, however, till after some ten years of hard work that Hugh Miller could do more than write occasional verses. The first outside encouragement he got was from Robert Carruthers, the editor of the "Inverness Courier," who printed some verses of Miller's in his newspaper, and helped him to bring out a volume of "Poems written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason." To this succeeded immediately some letters on the herring fishery republished from the "Courier." Neither work was a particular success at first, but the attention of some liberal-minded persons of high position was attracted, and Miller was strongly urged by some of them to go to Edinburgh, and try to make his way by literature alone. He refused this suggestion, partly from doubts of success, partly from the conviction that he was doing better for himself by quietly increasing his store of scientific knowledge, and waiting for the fuller development of his powers. Perhaps it would have been best for him to have continued even longer at his stone-cutting in the quiet north. In 1835 he received an entirely unexpected and prac-

Robert Carruthers.

"Poems."

tically inexplicable appointment as accountant of a branch of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, which he retained for four or five years. About the same time appeared his "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," which were much applauded, and gave him a thorough introduction to the world of literature. He wrote much for periodicals, and in 1840 was appointed editor of the "Witness," a newspaper started by the Non-Intrusion party in the Church of Scotland, at the suggestion of Dr. Candlish.

"Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland."

Editor of the "Witness."

At this point of his career the autobiography contained in "My Schools and Schoolmasters" comes to an end. The life that was before him could perhaps not have been so delightfully told. It was not a time of happiness, though it contained all his principal works. The strain of very hard mental work, following upon the years of great bodily exertion, and perhaps most of all the change from one to another, produced an effect upon his health, against which he struggled valiantly for many years, but which at last upset the balance of his mind. He retained the traces of his peasant origin, something as Burns may have done, in a certain heaviness illuminated by brilliant poetic eyes, and a courtesy of manner especially to women, which we call "of the old school," and which, got out of books and the imagination, is almost characteristic of the rustic genius. He died by his own hand on Christmas Eve, 1856. His principal scientific works were the

"The Testimony of the Rocks."

"The Old Red Sandstone."

"Footprints of the Creator."

"Testimony of the Rocks," which deals with the much-disputed questions of the relations of geology and theology. "Old Red Sandstone," a series of papers republished from the "Witness," which were received with great applause by the scientific world, and the "Footprints of the Creator." The scientific value of these works is generally acknowledged; their literary merit is hardly less marked. Though his verses were never particularly successful, Hugh Miller was a thorough poet at heart. Metre was not the most suitable vehicle for the expression of his thoughts, and it was not yet the custom to cut up prose into lines of unequal length with capital letters at the beginning and call that poetry. But in his power of picturesque and fervid prose, he may at least claim a high rank among poetical writers.

Chambers' Vestiges of Creation.

Few of the works of which we have yet spoken produced so great a sensation as greeted the appearance of the anonymous "Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation." Of Robert Chambers, the author, we have already given some account. This work, which drew down upon its at first unknown author a perfect avalanche of ecclesiastical censure, was perhaps the boldest and most outspoken account of the origin of nature, as we know it, that had yet been published, but it substantially advanced little that was especially new. The most risky speculations of the author had been adventured already in each separate department of science. What Chambers

was left to do was to make, as he himself says, "the first attempt to connect the natural sciences into a history of creation." The "Vestiges" dealt successively with the formation of the solar system, that of the earth itself with all its successive formations and the kinds of life to be found in each, the origin of all animated tribes and the early history of mankind. The book was undoubtedly conceived in a reverent spirit; it professed to give a wider and nobler view of the Creator's work than that which was ordinarily accepted. But the writer evidently knew, if only by the elaborate precautions that he took to conceal the authorship, that it would raise a storm of criticism. Indeed, to those who regarded the Mosaic account of the creation as the authoritative description revealed by God Himself of the various steps of the process, there was something peculiarly offensive in the manner in which the writer appeared to assume the part of one who was in the Creator's confidence. Such of course was not the intention of Chambers, who took particular pains to show that his theory was not contradictory to that propounded in Genesis, that, on the contrary, such expressions as "Let there be light," "Let the waters bring forth the moving creature that hath life" etc., represented "all the procedure as flowing from commands and expressions of will, not from direct acts," and that, according to his view, the order of creation indicated by scientific research

Chambers's Theory.

coincided with that given in the Mosaic record; but these protestations did not avail him. The world of Edinburgh still stuck to the six days and nights of twenty-four hours each, and ordered science to get behind them. Nor was mankind yet educated up to the pitch of regarding itself as merely the typical group, to use Macleay's language, of the cheirotheria group of mammals, or in other words as the highest class of the monkey species. The authorship of the book was for some time doubtful and many possible authors were suggested,—the Prince Consort being among the number,—but at last there seemed no question that Robert Chambers was the culprit, though he never explicitly acknowledged it. As we have already seen, the book cost him the Lord Provostship, to which he would certainly have been elected but for the prejudice created thereby.

The "Vestiges of Creation" went beyond the sphere of simple geology and attempted to show the physiological progress as well. But in this latter field a much bolder speculator was shortly to arise, whose theories produced a far greater revolution in established opinion than was ever achieved by Chambers. The greatest man of science of his day —we might perhaps say of any day—Charles Robert Darwin, was born at Shrewsbury in 1809, and educated at Shrewsbury school, Edinburgh University and Christ's College, Cambridge. He was originally intended to be a physician, as his father and grand-

Charles Robert Darwin, 1809.

father (Erasmus Darwin the once famous author of the "Botanic Garden") had been before him, and was for that reason sent to Edinburgh; but the study of medicine was repulsive to him, and he gave it up for the Church. For his new profession, he required an English degree and was therefore sent to Cambridge, but he did not advance much more there than he had done at Edinburgh. Zoology and botany had more attraction for him than any of the regular routine work. From a very early period of his life he was a keen sportsman, and his love of shooting had given him, as it usually did under the old régime, a strong inclination towards the study of natural history. So he shot, and hunted, and played cards and collected prints, and enjoyed himself greatly at Cambridge, but, except for the collecting of beetles and other strange and unseemly wild beasts, his heart was not in his work. Euclid, it is true, was not without charms, and Paley was studied with confidence and respect, but what were these to Humboldt's Travels?

Appointed naturalist to Admiral Fitzroy's scientific expedition.

It is easy to imagine the effect upon a young man of an adventurous nature and with such a bent of mind, of the offer of a berth on board H. M. S. Beagle, just about to be despatched on a scientific expedition to South America under Captain (afterwards Admiral) Fitzroy. Delighted as he was by this prospect, Darwin gave way to his father's objections and refused the post, but fortunately the in-

terposition of his uncle, Josiah Wedgwood the potter, and other friends smoothed away all difficulties and he was allowed to recall his refusal. He sailed in the end of the year 1831 and was absent five years; how he employed his time during that period will be found in the delightful pages of his "Narrative." Though a work of extreme learning, it is certainly one that may be confidently recommended to the most unlearned reader; the ease of the narrative and the pictorial grace of the descriptions can be recognised by all, and the more recondite passages, bristling as they do with terms totally unintelligible to the unscientific, will no more break the interest for them than a schoolboy's ignorance of the operation of club-hauling would interfere with his enjoyment of the storm in "Peter Simple." This may perhaps be regarded as a low view to take of a valuable work of science, but we have already admitted our incapacity to gauge any but the literary merits of the book with which we have to deal.

"Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H. M. S. Adventure and Beagle."

Darwin's post on board the "Beagle" had been unpaid, but on his return he received a State grant of one thousand pounds to enable him to produce a complete account of his discoveries and observations. In addition to the "Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H. M. S. Adventure and Beagle," he edited the "Zoology of the Voyage," containing contributions by Professor Owen and other learned writers, based upon the collections brought

back by Darwin, and subsequently published a series of treatises on the geological results arrived at during the cruise. Among these last was the valuable work on the "Structure of Coral Reefs," which appeared in 1842. Darwin had now distinctly taken up the career of science as the one business of his life. He married in 1839 his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, and settled at the village of Down near Sevenoaks, where he devoted himself entirely to his scientific researches in spite of the weakness of his health, which had already shown itself. It is supposed that the excessive sea-sickness from which he suffered during the early part of his voyage on board the "Beagle" had undermined his constitution, and he practically never recovered it. His work, however, went on with unabated energy and he soon began to turn his attention to the great question of the origin and development of species which is his principal title to fame. To give his own account of the manner in which he took up this work :—

"Structure of Coral Reefs."

"When on board H. M. S. Beagle as naturalist," he said in his introduction, "I was much struck with certain facts in the distribution of the inhabitants of South America, and in the geological relations of the present to the past inhabitants of that continent. These facts seemed to me to throw some light on the origin of species—that mystery of mysteries, as it has been called by one of our greatest philosophers. On my return home, it occurred to me

Speculation and Experiments.

in 1837 that something might perhaps be made out of this question by patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing on it. After five years' work I allowed myself to speculate on the subject and drew up some short notes; these I enlarged in 1844 into a sketch of the conclusion, which then seemed to me probable; from that period to the present day I have steadily pursued the same object." These details he gave, to show that he had not been "hasty in coming to a decision." He had in fact been at work for twenty-two years, and even at the end of this time he was obliged to publish the results of his researches earlier than he had meant to do. In a notebook which he used in 1837 there is already found a speculation that "the permanent variation produced by confined breeding and changing circumstances are continued and produced according to the adaptations of such circumstances, and therefore that the death of a species is a consequence . . . . of non-adaptation of circumstances." This passage may be said to contain the root of his theory. To verify or disprove it he spent his probationary years in experiments only. He observed most carefully the variations of domesticated species such as have been adapted to the use of man, choosing as one special and strongly marked instance the widely differing breeds of pigeons which man has trained by deliberate selection into all kinds

of fantastic developments, all of which, however, Darwin succeeded in tracing back to a common origin in something very closely resembling the ordinary wild rock pigeon of to-day. Having established the connection between wild and tame species, he studied next the variations of the former and traced by degrees, as everyone knows, how these have served at once to develop and strengthen the forms of life, by the growth and continuance of the stronger creatures and the extinction of the weaker. "Multiply, vary, let the strongest live and the weakest die," was the "one general law leading to the advancement of all organic beings." For the world would not hold the numbers of one species only if all its members had an equal chance to survive and multiply; only those who are strongest and most fitted to live can produce fresh generations of yet stronger creatures of whom in their turn only those continue who are better adapted to the ever-changing conditions of their existence. But it is, of course, unnecessary to rehearse the well-known doctrines put forward by Darwin; "natural selection" and the "struggle for existence" are now household words among us, though they seemed marvellous, indeed, in the eyes of the world when they were first produced.

Law of Natural Selection.

The establishment of these variations led the inquirer back to the parent stock or stocks from which they originally deviated till he reached the point of

believing that "animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number. Whether this number could be narrowed down to one he could not decide but was led to "infer from analogy that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed by the Creator."

An ultra-conscientious worker, like Darwin, is often reluctant to bring his experiments to a close and build his theory on the results; it always seems to him that he has not proof enough, that a little further work may bring him to so much more definite a point, or, perhaps the most frequent feeling of all, that he has not tested his theory quite sufficiently, even when every conceivable objection to it has been exhausted. It was not till 1856 that he was persuaded by the urgent remonstrances of his scientific friends to write down his results; he consented, but reluctantly, and the work moved on very slowly till two years later an unforeseen incident impelled him to hurry forward the composition and publication with all speed. In 1858 Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace sent Darwin from the Malay Islands where he was pursuing his researches in natural history a paper of his own containing the exposition of a theory almost exactly similar to that which Darwin had already formed. Mr. Wallace said nothing about the publication of his paper, only asking that it might be sent on to Lyell;

Alfred Russel Wallace and Darwin.

but Darwin thought it ought to be given to the world, but at the same time was reluctant to put forward the theory to which he really had a prior claim as the discovery of another man. To keep back Wallace's article and bring out his own book would, on the other hand, be, as he conceived, dishonourable. In this condition of doubt, he put the matter into the hands of Sir Charles Lyell and Dr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Hooker, who decided that Mr. Wallace's paper should be published together with a letter addressed by Darwin to Dr. Asa Gray in 1857, containing an account of his theory and of the memorandum he had drawn up in 1844. These two documents appeared together in the Journal of the Linnean Society, in July, 1858.

This matter once off his hands, Darwin hastened to get out his work on the "Origin of Species." Owing to the necessity of prompt publication, it was not nearly so large as he had intended it to be. This circumstance, which the author deplored, was probably one reason of its success, as the public felt more able to master a short work of this kind, which, however, does not in reality show any of the ill effects of condensation. Darwin himself had the most gloomy anticipations on the subject; he considered the style to be "incredibly bad" and "most difficult to make clear or smooth." In this, like many a writer before and since his time, he judged wrong. It is true that we have no longer here the light and

"Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection."

picturesque style of the "Voyage of the Beagle;" there is here an occasion for solid reasoning which does not allow of the easy grace of the "Narrative." But the style is clear and dignified, and though the argument is always followed steadily out, there is no tendency to hurry over the illustrations of which the book is full, and which serve to bring the consecutive steps of the argument vividly before even the unlearned reader. The account of the slave-making ants, for instance, thought not a word is lost upon it that could be spared, is as picturesque and spirited as anything that the author ever wrote. The success of the "Origin of Species" was phenomenal for a work of this description; the first edition of twelve hundred and fifty copies was bought up as soon as it appeared, and a second issue of more than double the size had to be brought out as soon as it could be got ready. The "Edinburgh Review" and other periodicals reviewed it unfavourably, but the public read it with immense interest and the world of science regarded it as a new gospel.

The writer, however, was far from being satisfied to leave his work there, and began immediately to put together his materials for an enlarged view of the theories he had been obliged to put together with haste and brevity. Eight years were employed in perfecting his work upon the first object of his study, the "Variation of Plants under Domestication," which appeared in 1868. So far he had hardly

"Variation of Plants," 1868.

touched the question of the origin of the human species, though he did not conceal his opinion that it must be treated in the same manner as the others, but this last elaborate work brought vividly before him the necessity of dealing with the most absolutely domesticated of all animals, man. In 1871 appeared the "Descent of Man," a work which created almost as great a sensation as the "Origin of Species" itself, but the hubbub of disapprobation subsided sooner. No doubt, it was not flattering to human vanity to find its ancestors traced back through many generations of apes to the original ascidian, to a period when, as Lord Neaves sings,

"Descent of Man," 1871.

"Man was once a leather bottel" . . . .

but the world was soon persuaded that it was a matter of no great importance to it. The "Descent of Man" was succeeded by another work, also tending to emphasise the connection of man with the rest of animated nature, entitled the "Expression of the Emotions in Man and other Animals," to all of which he assigned a "gradual and natural origin." This may be considered as the last of Darwin's great books, though he did not slacken his work, in spite of continual ill-health, up to his death in 1882. We must also mention, however, his delightful works on "Orchids" and other botanical subjects, and his valuable treatise on the "Formation of Vegetable Mould through the action of Worms, with Observa-

"Orchids."
"Formation of Vegetable Mould."

tions on their Habits," published the year before his death. The worms were old friends of his, to whom he had paid much attention in early life, and it would have been unfair to neglect their claims. Darwin had in early life been a very ardent student of the best English literature, but, strangely enough, he seems to have altogether lost his love of Shakespeare, even in his later days. The taste for music, which had made him a constant frequenter of King's College Chapel in his Cambridge days, he retained up to his death, as also his predilection for novels, in the selection of which he was not very particular, as long as they ended happily. His favorite doctrines of heredity have found some countenance in the scientific achievements of his sons, one of whom is a Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge and another a distinguished botanist.

William Benjamin Carpenter, 1813–85.

Of less note than the great man of whom we have been speaking, but of much renown in the same department of science, was William Benjamin Carpenter. Born in 1813, and educated with great care at the school conducted by his father, Lant Carpenter, a distinguished Unitarian preacher, Carpenter was destined by his family for the medical profession. During his early instruction in that science, he followed his instructor, the physician who had attended his family, to the West Indies, where he saw much of the under side of the great measure of abolition with the paint off, and returned home with a whole-

some distrust of sweeping reforms unless introduced with the utmost caution. He studied medicine first in London and then in Edinburgh, where he began to devote himself to the study of physiology, contributing many papers on that subject to the Edinburgh scientific journals, which attracted general attention, even beyond the limits of the United Kingdom. In 1839 appeared his best known book on the "Principles of General and Comparative Physiology," a work of great value, supplying a place in English scientific literature which had remained blank up to that time. Among Carpenter's other works were his very useful "Popular Cyclopædia of Science" (1843), and his "Principles of Mental Physiology" (1874). The immense number of treatises which his wide sphere of knowledge and his unflagging energy gave to the transactions of learned societies and to scientific periodicals, do not come within our province. Carpenter only accepted the Darwinian theory with reservations, considering that the work of the Creator was not sufficiently set forward. He was, like his father, a strict Unitarian. Carpenter died in 1885 from injuries received through the upsetting of a spirit-lamp. Two of his sons have achieved distinction in science, Drs. Lant and Herbert Carpenter, neither of whom, unhappily, is still among us.

"Principles of Physiology," 1839.

"Popular Cyclopædia of Science," 1843.

"Principles of Mental Physiology." 1874.

Another man of genius, whose special department of science was physiology, and whose career was prematurely cut short, was Francis Maitland Balfour

Francis Maitland Balfour, 1851–82.

(1851–82), a brother of the recent First Lord of the Treasury. Rarely, indeed, have such great anticipations been formed of a young man, as seemed to be justified by the equal boldness and accuracy of young Balfour's investigations. Darwin himself, it was confidently predicted, would barely hold his own before this wonderful young *savant*, whose youthful daring in hypothesis and experiment was equalled by the profound insight and severe accuracy which are naturally attributed to a maturer age. Some part of the lofty expectations conceived by those who watched his career were realised during his brief life-time, but the melancholy accident on the Aiguille Blanche cut short, in its thirty-first year, the life that was so full of hope and promise. His great "Treatise on Comparative Embryology" can certainly not be called literature, though its value as a scientific work is undisputed.

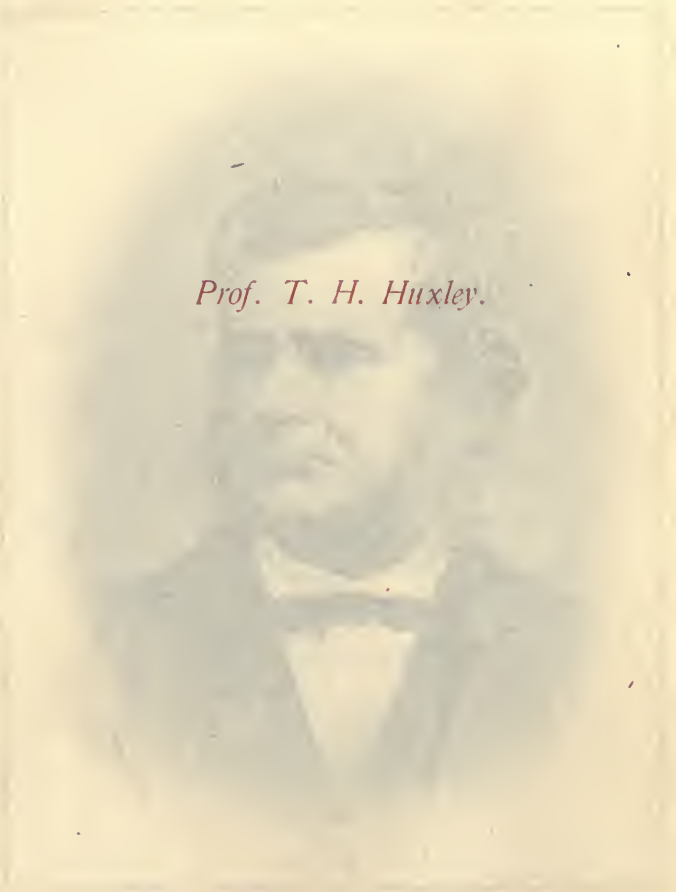
"Treatise on Comparative Embryology."

Among living writers who have dealt with similar subjects none has perhaps been more successful than Professor Huxley. Thomas Henry Huxley was born at Ealing in 1825, studied medicine in his youth, and served for some years as a naval surgeon. His lectures upon the "Relation of Man to the Lower Animals," delivered in 1862 to an audience of working-men, earned him a *succès de scandale* which was perhaps only commensurate to their merits. His views of the controversy which arose therefrom are embodied in his "Evidence as to Man's Place in

Thomas Henry Huxley, 1825.–95

"Relation of Man to the Lower Animals."

"Evidences as to Man's Place in Nature," 1863.



Prof. T. H. Huxley.

Nature," published in 1863. In 1870 appeared his "Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews," one of his most generally successful works. Professor Huxley had at this time just been elected to the School Board, and was taking his stand as the uncompromising adversary of denominational teaching. His fame, however, undoubtedly rests upon his remarkable investigations in comparative anatomy and biology. As a Biblical critic, he is also not unknown. Some years ago there was a picture in "Punch,"—we think by Charles Keene,—of a country farmer, gazing in bewilderment at Sir John Millais's picture of the swine who ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and inquiring of his parson whom he happened to have met, "Who paid for they pigs?" Professor Huxley has devoted himself to the solution of this important question with an ardour worthy of a larger subject. Another explorer in the same field, whom we have had occasion to mention already, is Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, author of "Travels on the Amazon and the Rio Negro" (1852), "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection" (1870), "Tropical Nature" (1878), etc. He is also the author of some works on subjects connected with Spiritualism. A far greater name is that of Sir Richard Owen, the first of comparative anatomists and palæontologists. But much as we should wish to give to one so universally esteemed his meed of praise, we can hardly consider his works

"Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews."

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace. "Travels on the Amazon" 1852, etc.

Sir Richard Owen.

as coming within the sphere of literature. We may mention among his principal books the "History of British Fossil Mammals and Birds" (1846), the "Palæontology" (1860), and the "Fossil Mammals of Australia" (1877), as a few among many works of especial value to scientific inquiry; but such books as these do not come within our ken. All the world has long agreed to love and honour their author and we would heartily support them if it came within the scope of our work to do so.

"History of British Fossils, Mammals, and Birds," 1846.
"Palæontology," 1860.
"Fossil Mammals of Australia," 1877.

There is no more fascinating branch of natural history than that which deals with flowers and plants. But it must be admitted that botanical works employ a jargon too strange for the common understanding, and are rarely of any special literary merit. Among the few writers of this class who at all require our attention, we may take especial notice of the two Hookers, father and son. Sir William Jackson Hooker (1785–1865), Curator of the Royal Gardens at Kew, was well-known as the author of the "British Flora," and other works on similar subjects. His son, Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, K. C. S. I., born in 1817, took up the medical profession in his youth, and went out with Sir J. C. Ross's expedition to the Antarctic regions in 1839, in the capacity of assistant surgeon. His services, however, were really required as a naturalist, and he published after his return a voluminous and important work on the subject entitled the "Botany of the Antarctic Voy-

Sir William Jackson Hooker, 1785–1865.
"British Flora."
Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, 1817.
"Botany

age" (1847–60). A tour to India, which he undertook some years later, bore its fruit in the interesting "Himalayan Journals," published in 1854, as well as in other more purely scientific works. In later years came the "Journal of a Tour in Morocco," another of the books in which the profundity of Sir Joseph Hooker's discoveries is lightened by a pleasant dash of adventure.

of the Antarctic Voyage," 1847–60.

"Himalayan Journals," 1854.

"Tour in Morocco."

If we may venture to do so in such august company, we should like before taking our leave of natural history to say a few words of those who have written on that subject such mere gospels for the Gentiles as are meant to be only understanded of the people. Since Gilbert White wrote of his beloved Selborne, there has perhaps hardly been a more delightful writer on natural history than Richard Jefferies, author of the "Gamekeeper at Home," and of other charming works, such as have made the town-bred boy bewail the fortune that did not cast his lines among those pleasant places, and the careless country lad curse the negligence which has made him overlook the beautiful things that others can find everywhere to see. We should like also to register a debt of gratitude to the late Rev. John George Wood (1827–89), whose fascinating records of phenomena common and uncommon, of strange customs of outlandish nations, and other stranger ways of nature that are constantly going on under

Richard Jefferies. "Gamekeeper at Home."

Rev. John George Wood, 1827–89.

our noses, occupy a special place of their own in literature and that not in the lowest rank.

The science of astronomy tells us of almost greater wonders, or, at least, of wonders the magnitude of which can be more appreciated, than any of those we have mentioned. To the ignorant a popular explanation of these marvels has always a particular interest, which hardly needs the aid of good writing to increase it, but the profounder works which contribute to the advancement of the science are usually too abstruse for the ordinary reader. As we write these lines the news is brought to us of the death of one of the most distinguished Englishmen who followed this science, Sir George Biddell Airy (1801–92), who held for nearly fifty years the post of Astronomer Royal. His work in many branches of science was highly valuable, but it would be hardly possible to treat his scientific labours from the point of view of literature. We may, however, mention among his best known works, the treatises on "Errors of Observation," on "Sound," and on "Magnetism." Sir George was one of the last survivors of the great band of *savants* who shed lustre upon the earlier years of the present reign ; Sir Joseph Hooker is perhaps now the only survivor. A younger writer, but one now numbered for many years among the workers of the past, was John Pringle Nichol (1804–59), one of the earliest upholders of the "nebular hypothesis" of the origin of all our universe. Nichol's

Sir George Biddell Airy, 1801–92.

John Pringle Nichol, 1804–59.

views were laid before the public in 1837 in his "View of the Architecture of the Heavens," a work of considerable literary merit, clear and easy in style, though with something of a pedagogic didactiveness which it is sometimes difficult to avoid in works of this class. Professor Nichol, who occupied the chair of astronomy at the University of Glasgow, also published a work on the "Solar System," and a "Cyclopedia of Physical Science." His theories were in great measure founded on the observations of Sir John Herschel (1792–1871), son of the great Sir William Herschel, who himself was the author of many learned treatises and a useful manual published in 1850 under the title of "Outlines of Astronomy." Among living writers of eminence on this subject we should mention Mr. Norman Lockyer and Sir Robert Stawell Ball, whose "Story of the Heavens" published in 1885 and other works written in an eminently readable style entitle their author to a high place in literature. Sir Robert Ball is also known as the author of the valuable series of "London Science Class Books on Astronomy and Mechanics."

"Architecture of the Heavens," 1837.

His theories

Sir John Herschel, 1792–1871.

Norman Lockyer.

Sir Robert Stawell Ball

There are many branches of science into which it would be absurd for us to penetrate with our present object. Chemistry, for instance, brings before us the illustrious name of Michael Faraday; but Faraday, though one of the most charming of lecturers, wrote little, and was, in the little that he did write, too technical for our purpose. Nor would it be

Michael Faraday, 1791–1867.

possible for us to venture into the immense field of medical literature. Of living men of science of whom we have already mentioned some, we have little to say. Yet a word may be given to Sir John Lubbock, as a man of a marked personality, whose scientific achievements are well-known and whose agreeable manner of writing has brought him perhaps more disciples than some profounder sages have found. Among his more valuable works we may mention "Prehistoric Times, as illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages," first published in 1865, "The Origin of Civilisation and the Primitive Condition of Man" (1870), and the "Pleasures of Life," a collection of slight essays upon miscellaneous subjects which perhaps received more praise than was due to its intrinsic merits. A greater name in the world of science, though hardly better known to the world at large, is that of Professor John Tyndall, whose rank in the world of chemistry and whose researches, especially in the regions of light and heat are too well known for us to insist upon. The unlearned remember with gratitude the pleasure and instruction they derived from his "Fragments of Science," of which a fresh series has just been given to the world. Professor Tyndall's inquiries into the phenomena of glaciers have also given us some delightful reading concerning his own experience in the mountain expeditions which he undertook, originally at

Sir John Lubbock.

Professor John Tyndall.

least, for this purpose. It is not easy to write heavily of Alpine exploits, yet few of such books are of so much interest as will be found in Professor Tyndall's "Glaciers of the Alps," "Mountaineering," and especially in the "Hours of Exercise in the Alps."

CHAPTER IX.

OF SOME PHILOSOPHICAL WRITERS.

If we were nervous in dealing with the question of science, we find even more difficulty in approaching the sphere of the metaphysical and psychological writers who have contributed their speculations to the history of thought in the reign of Queen Victoria. This is also, to a great extent, out of the sphere of literature, and we certainly cannot be expected to trace elaborately the course and variations of the different schools of thought. The most we can do is to give a simple chronicle of what the greatest writers in this department have done, and to calculate broadly their influence on the world of speculation. At the same time, we must now, as in many other cases, declare, with all suitable apologies, that we cannot pretend to offer the reader an exhaustive catalogue of living writers on this subject. *Nomen illis legio;* there is too numerous a band of workers

The difficulty of dealing fully with this subject.

in this important sphere for us to follow them out into every sub-category of what is, after all, a technical branch of literature. We shall, therefore, only include the names of a few living writers, who may be regarded as representative men, and, if we err in our selection, we beg those contributors to philosophical literature, whom we may have omitted, to make allowances for the difficulties of our task. Again, we cannot, of course, speak so largely of the living as of the dead. Mill's famous examination of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy was prefaced by an expression of regret that there was now no possibility of his attack eliciting one of those swashing blows for which the great Scottish philosopher had a not unmerited reputation, and this we at once recognise as the feeling natural to every manly controversialist; but the position of the chronicler, who has to review all that has been done, even in the history of one man's thought, has other difficulties and other duties. There is in a book, we think, of Mr. Thomas Hughes, a lover who, in answer to his future father-in-law's objection to his political opinions, pleads that these have changed once already during his life, and that, as he is still a young man, it is quite possible that they may change again. This possibility is of wide application. Even if we leave out all question of possible conversion from one view to another, there is, with every real thinker, a constant process of maturing going on, which may

Mill's Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy.

lead to the most startling results. Would it have been fair, for instance, for a writer of the time to have reviewed Ferrier's system on the ground supplied by his first remarkable article on the "Philosophy of Consciousness?"

Perhaps the most remarkable figure in the philosophical world at the commencement of the Victorian era was that of Sir William Hamilton, the second founder of the Scotch common-sense school. William Stirling Hamilton was born at Glasgow in 1788, of a good Lothian family, which, however, was hardly then in its best days. His great-uncle and his grandfather had, however, been successively professors of anatomy at Glasgow University, where young William Hamilton himself received his first education after leaving the grammar school of that city. From Glasgow he went to Balliol, through the medium of one of those Snell exhibitions, of which Lockhart also held one at the time when his friend, Hamilton, went up to Oxford. Hamilton was, at this time, known as much for his love of study and the extraordinary range of his reading as for his equally great athletic powers; when he went up for his final honour schools the list of books which he offered to be examined in was so extensive and remarkable that the examiner—the well-known scholar, Thomas Gaisford—preserved a copy of it. On leaving the University, he at first took up the study of medicine, but subsequently relinquished it for the

Sir William Hamilton, 1788–1856.

bar, to which he was called in 1815; his only success as an advocate appears to have been when arguing in his own cause for the baronetcy of Hamilton of Preston, which was subsequently adjudged to him. He had a great reputation for erudition, especially in antiquarian subjects, and for knowledge of the systems of philosophy, and was one of the little society in which the wild squibs of the early numbers of "Blackwood" were composed, though he hardly seems to have contributed anything himself, beyond one verse of the "Chaldee Manuscript." In 1820 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the vacant chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh, to which Wilson was elected, as was well known, on purely political grounds. Had this not been acknowledged, it would have appeared, what it certainly was, a gross injustice to Hamilton, who, however, neither made any break in his friendship with Wilson, nor bore malice against any of those who had brought about his defeat. He was more successful in obtaining the professorship of Civil History in the next year, which, however, he was required to share with William Fraser Tytler, the previous holder, and was afterwards appointed Solicitor of the Teinds, a legal office with little work and less pay. In 1836 he obtained the post in which he made his principal mark, that of Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh University.

Great reputation for erudition.

Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh University, 1836.

Meanwhile he had begun to come before the world

as a writer in the "Edinburgh Review," his first production being an attack of Cousin's theory of the knowledge of the Absolute. In this article was first brought forward his own distinctive theory, that all our knowledge is relative; a knowledge of things in themselves apart from phenomena, was to him an impossibility. We venture to quote as a specimen of his style the striking image by which this great proposition was illustrated.

Attack of Cousin's theory of the knowledge of the Absolute.

"The universe," he said, "may be conceived as a polygon of a thousand, or a hundred thousand sides or facets—and each of these sides or facets may be conceived as representing one special mode of existence. Now, of these thousand sides or modes, all may be equally essential, but three or four only may be turned towards us or be analogous to our organs. One side or facet of the Universe, as holding a relation to the organ of sight, is the mode of luminous or visible existence; another as proportional to the organ of hearing, is the mode of sonorous or audible existence; and so on."

Remarkable simile in the article.

The discourse is somewhat too heavily shotted for the ordinary reader, but the vivid simile shows a decided proportion of literary power. Jeffrey, however, declared the article unreadable and scolded his successor, Napier, vehemently for publishing it; Cousin, on the other hand, against whom it was directed, gave a generous praise to the essay. Hamilton, after this, continued to write for the "Edinburgh" for

some years, on various subjects. Among his most successful articles were the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," dealing with the early period of the Reformation, and many articles directed against the English Universities, Oxford in particular.

His reputation was principally by his lectures.

It was, however, by his lectures on psychology, metaphysics and logic that Hamilton won his immense reputation, as it is by the published form of these that he comes into our province. They probably lose somewhat by appearing in print; old pupils who had heard him, gave such wonderful accounts of his striking and impressive delivery, heightened as it was by the aspect of his noble presence and the singular beauty of his face, especially when lighted up by the enthusiasm of teaching. In print the lectures are not lively reading, and the style is apt to be heavy and occasionally pedantic. They were published after his death by two of his disciples, of whom we shall have to speak later, Professor (afterwards Dean) Mansel and Professor Veitch. Into a full discussion of the views put forth therein it is not our part to go deeply. Hamilton called himself a natural realist, believing in the existence of an actual world outside our own ideas of it and of which we have immediate knowledge, or as he would say, perception, though he admitted that we attach to real, essential matter certain secondary qualities which proceed from our own impressions, such as colour, taste and the rest. Of such primary

His "Lectures" published by Professors Mansel and Veitch.

His beliefs as a natural realist.

qualities as size, figure, number, mobility or immobility we have, however, a real perception. Of the Absolute or Infinite he maintained that we could have no knowledge, all human knowledge being relative and limited to the phenomenal. "As the greyhound cannot outstrip his shadow nor the eagle outsoar the atmosphere in which he floats and by which alone he may be supported, so the mind cannot transcend that sphere of limitation within and through which exclusively the possibility of thought is realised." But when he said the Infinite could not be known, Hamilton was far from denying that it could be believed. The faith to which he ascribed a much more extensive sphere than that of knowledge, supplied the place left vacant by the latter. Belief he regarded as "the original warrant of cognition."

"Reason itself must rest at last upon authority; for the original data of reason do not rest on reason but are necessarily accepted by reason on the authority of what is beyond itself. These data are therefore, in rigid propriety, beliefs or trusts. Thus it is that in the last resort we must perforce philosophically admit that belief is the primary condition of reason, and not reason the ultimate ground of belief. We are compelled to surrender the proud *Intelligeut credas* of Abelard, to content ourselves with the humble *Crede ut intelligas* of Anselm."

Mr. Masson has pointed out that Hamilton might

have gone back to an earlier and greater teacher even than St. Anselm, who said that "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. . . . . Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

'The Intuitional School. "Discussions."

It is hardly necessary to say that Hamilton held the intuitionist doctrines of the stout old Scotch common-sense school, whose argument was stated by him in the terse form that "what is by nature necessarily believed to be, truly is." In logic he was a constant champion of the importance of the deductive method. Among his best known works besides the "Lectures" and "Discussions" is his valuable edition of the works of his great predecessor, Reid. He also commenced an edition of Dugald Stewart's works, but did not live to carry it out. He died in 1856. Such of his edition of Reid as had been left unfinished was carefully carried to a conclusion by two of his principal followers, Professors Mansel and Veitch.

Edits Professor Reid's work.

The disciples of Hamilton.

Henry Mansel, 1820–71

Henry Longueville Mansel (1820-71) was rather a man of possibilities than of execution. In the wide range of his reading he cannot have fallen far short of his master, Hamilton. He was also a keen and able reasoner and the weight of his learning was relieved by flashes of a wit of the good old scholastic class. His works, however, have hardly been as

successful as they perhaps deserved to be. As Bampton Lecturer in 1858 he startled his congregations and the outside world by his speculations on the "Limits of Religious Thought," demonstrating in stronger language than Hamilton would ever have used, that it is utterly impossible for man to form any positive conception of the attributes of God. He also differed from Hamilton in his view of the possibility of an immediate knowledge not only of the act of consciousness, but also of the conscious subject itself, which to the elder thinker was only known or knowable through its phenomena or qualities. Perhaps Mansel's greatest work was his "Philosophy of the Conditioned," published in 1866 in answer to John Stuart Mill's "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy." He held in succession several professorships at Oxford, was for some years a Canon of Christ Church, and from 1869 to his death in 1871 Dean of St. Paul's. Another distinguished follower of Hamilton who also differs from him, in some important points, fortunately still lives, Dr. James McCosh, ex-President of the New Jersey College at Princeton, U.S.A. Born in Ayrshire in 1811, Dr. McCosh was educated at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, and becoming a minister of the Church of Scotland in 1835, took a leading part some years later in the famous schism, and was one of the chief organizers of the new Free Church. In 1851 he was appointed Professor of Logic and Meta-

Bampton Lecturer, 1858.

"Limits of Religious Thought."

"Philosophy of the Conditioned."

Dean of St. Paul's, 1869-71.

Dr. McCosh, 1811-

physics at Queen's College, Belfast, which chair he retained till his election to his recent post in 1868. One of his most important works is the important and valuable review of "The Scottish Philosophy, Biographical, Expository and Critical," published in 1874. He is also the author of the "Method of Divine Government, Physical and Moral," the "Intuitions of the Mind inductively investigated," an "Examination of Mr. J. S. Mill's Philosophy," "Christianity and Positivism," and many other works. The doctrine of the relativity of knowledge is one of the chief points on which Dr. McCosh differs from Hamilton, he recurring to what he considers the purer natural realism of Reid.

"The Scottish Philosophy, Biographical, Expository and Critical," 1847.

"Method of Divine Government, Physical and Moral."

"Christianity and Positivism.

Among other prominent Hamiltonians we may mention the names of Alexander Campbell Fraser, the successor of that great master in the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, author of "Essays in Philosophy," "Rational Philosophy," etc., and editor of an excellent edition of the "Works of Bishop Berkeley, with Dissertations and Annotations;" of the late Thomas Spencer Baynes (1823-87) Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews,—perhaps most widely known as the editor of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"—and John Veitch, Professor of Logic and Rhetoric at Glasgow, the biographer of Hamilton, and, with Mansel, editor of his lectures. He also completed the memoir of Dugald Stewart in

Alexander C. Fraser.

"Essays."

"Rational Philosophy."

Thomas Spencer Baynes, 1823-1887.

Professor John Veitch.

part prepared by Hamilton for his edition of Stewart's works. Professor Veitch, who is an able and exceedingly combative writer in his natural sphere of metaphysics, has not confined his attention solely to that branch of knowledge, as his "History and Poetry of the Scottish Border" bears witness. Among the best known of his philosophical works are his "Lucretius and the Atomic Theory," "Institutes of Logic," and "Knowing and Being."

History and Poetry of the Scottish Border.

"Lucretius and the Atomic Theory."

"Institutes Logic." etc

Among the English adherents of the intuitional school we find at the beginning of the reign one very marked figure, whose individuality was perhaps more striking than his works have been effective. William Whewell, born at Lancaster in 1794, of obscure extraction, was emphatically the son of his own good works. By dint of sheer ability and force of character he fought his way up to the very highest place in the University of Cambridge—certainly a much more democratic institution than that of Oxford,—becoming in succession Fellow and Tutor of his College, Professor of Mineralogy, Professor of Moral Philosophy, and Master of Trinity. In this last capacity Whewell was emphatically king, or rather pope, of Cambridge. The authority that he exercised was of the manner of a paternal despotism, the chief thing postulated from his subjects being that they should agree with him. To strangers—especially unargumentative strangers, — and to dutiful subjects,—no potentate could be more gra-

The English adherents of his school.

W. Whewell, 1794–1866.

cious, but the rebellious spirits who set up theories of their own were apt to be somewhat roughly treated. Whewell was conscious of the enormous extent of his knowledge and perhaps too anxious to prove that nothing was omitted from it; as was wittily said of him: "Science was his forte and omniscience his foible." The chief philosophical work which he gave to the literature of this reign was his valuable "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," published in 1840, in which he stood forward as one of the most fearless and able champions of the *à priori* element in knowledge as opposed to Mill and the empiricists who were practically sweeping the board in England at this period. Among his other works were the "History of Scientific Ideas," "Philosophy of Discovery," etc. He died from the effects of a fall from his horse in 1866.

"Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," 1840.

"History of Scientific Ideas."

"Philosophy of Discovery."

A more striking figure, and of greater importance in the world of metaphysics, was the brilliant Scotch thinker and writer who had perhaps the most thoroughly literary genius of all those of whom we have to speak in this chapter. To this literary genius, indeed, James Frederick Ferrier had some hereditary right, being the nephew on one side of Miss Ferrier, the novelist, and on the other of Professor Wilson, whose daughter he married. Born in 1808, educated at Edinburgh University and at Magdalen, Oxford, he returned to Edinburgh after taking his degree in 1831, and formed a friendship there with Sir

James Frederick Ferrier, 1808.

William Hamilton, at whose feet he sat, figuratively speaking, and from whom he received much encouragement in his natural turn for metaphysical inquiry. He had been called to the Scottish bar, but he cared little for legal studies, and made no attempt to succeed in his profession. Urged by the love of speculation, he determined to proceed to Heidelberg to make a more careful study of the doctrines of German philosophy, and Hamilton apparently encouraged him to do so. Human wisdom is certainly relative; with a more extended knowledge of the possibilities, would the sage have consented to transfer this promising young plant from the secure hothouse of the old Scotch realism, to the dangerous soil of Germany? At least it must have been patent to Hamilton that it was impossible to have any absolute knowledge of Ferrier in himself, when he saw the latter return from Germany a red-hot idealist, a lover of Hegel, a supporter of Schelling's doctrine of Absolute Identity!

Result of his studies in Germany.

"Some natural tears he shed, but dried them soon." At least no interruption of the friendship between Hamilton and Ferrier occurred to the death of the former. But Ferrier was lost as a disciple, nor was there any hope of bringing back the stray sheep into the fold of natural realism. It is true that he turned out, on closer examination, to be not exactly a follower of Hegel or of Schelling, but emphatically a Ferrierian, who fought for his own hand like Henry Gow. The first published exposition of

"Philosophy of Consciousness."

his views, though still in a very immature form, was an article on the "Philosophy of Consciousness," published in 1838 in "Blackwood's Magazine." In this, however, he chiefly confines himself to the common doctrines of the *à priori* school, laying great stress on consciousness as opposed to states of mind, and discouraging the application of the methods of physical research to psychological problems, "or the psychologist must first act or create the great phenomenon which he has to observe." In 1845 he received the appointment he held to his death, of Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews. His greatest work, the "Institutes of Metaphysics: the Theory of Knowing and Being," was published in 1854.

Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews.

In this valuable and interesting work, Ferrier definitely cut himself adrift from the doctrines of Sir William Hamilton, and cast in his lot, with some reservations, with the German successors of Kant and especially with Schelling and Hegel. The principal foundation of his argument is the theorem that "along with whatever anyintelligence knows, it must, as the ground or condition of its knowledge, have some cognizance of itself." From this he argued that the only independent universe of which any mind can think is a universe in synthesis with some other mind or ego. His argument is pursued through the various frames of Epistemology, or the science of knowledge; Agnoiology, or the science of igno-

rance ; and Ontology, or the science of being. The system adopted of a series of deductions, akin to the methods of geometrical reasoning, is at first sight not an attractive one ; but a compensation for this is found in the clear, distinct and attractive style of writing and the singular fertility and power of illustration. The final conclusion arrived at is, that the only true, real and independent existence are minds-together-with-that-which-they-apprehend, "that there is one, but only one, absolute existence which is strictly necessary ; and that existence is a supreme and infinite and everlasting Mind in synthesis with all things."

Hegelian School.

Ferrier has perhaps never had any disciples, but his book is still remembered with respect, and instanced as a remarkable example of excellence in that department of speculative thought which for some time appeared to have lost entirely its attraction for at least the English school of thinkers.

Lectures on Greek Philosophy.

His "Lectures on Greek Philosophy," published after his death, which occurred in 1864, by his son-in-law, Sir Alexander Grant—known by his valuable edition of the "Ethics" of Aristotle—and Professor Lushington had perhaps a more general popularity. Ferrier left behind him the memory of a man who had deliberately chosen the calm sphere of contemplation as that in which he could do most good ; he was far from being without interest in outside matters, was a vehement politician of a curiously

analytical Tory type, and took profound interest in many questions of the day, but his heart was in nothing so much as in that pure metaphysical research, which to John Stuart Mill and his generation appeared merely a study of the useless.

Thought will certainly never be dead; but for a period it seemed not unlikely that the sphere of pure speculation would be deserted as comparatively useless. One of the first to show the fallacy of the view by a powerful and profound study of one of the most idealistic theories, was Mr. James Hutchison Stirling, whose remarkable work on the "Secret of Hegel," published a year after Ferrier's death in 1865, was the commencement of an important reaction in this respect. Mr. Stirling had devoted many years to the study of the philosophy of Hume, Kant, and Hegel, whom he considered as the three most important and almost solely important teachers of philosophy. By his accurate knowledge and profound appreciation of Hegel's Logic, Mr. Stirling was perhaps the best qualified person to expound the views of that philosopher. We may, however, regret that he is as prone to contempt of what he disapproves as to enthusiasm for what he believes; for contempt is a distinctly unphilosophical attribute,—the wise man being contemptuous of nothing save of evil,—and produces a kind of dogmatic, not to say hectoring, style, which is somewhat repulsive to all who are not naturally inclined to agree with

James Hutchison Stirling. "The Secret of Hegel," 1865.

the writer. Mr. Stirling is also the translator of Schwegler's valuable "Handbook of the History of Philosophy," and author of a "Text-Book to Kant," an article on Sir William Hamilton's theory of Perception and other works. His Gifford Lectures on "Philosophy and Theology," delivered in 1889-90, also attracted a good deal of attention.

"Text-Book to Kant."

Gifford Lectures on "Philosophy and Theology," 1889-90.

A later follower of the same school, who might have made a very great name for himself had he lived longer to carry out his projected work, was the late Thomas Hill Green (1836-82), Whyte Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford. Educated at Rugby and Balliol, of which College he afterwards became Fellow and Tutor, Green was in early life doubtful what career to undertake or to what literary studies to turn his mind. He projected a translation of Baur's "History of the Christian Church," but subsequently gave this up and edited Aristotle's "Ethics" instead. His lectures on Aristotle and the early Greek Philosophers as well as on the English thinkers of the seventeenth century, were a novelty in their way, and excited much attention at Oxford, where such subjects had been too often omitted in the ordinary scholastic course. In 1874-5 appeared his celebrated edition—in collaboration with Mr. T. H. Grose—of "Hume's Philosophical Works," in the preliminary dissertation prefixed to which he criticised severely the doctrines of the school of empiricism. He held with Schelling and Hegel that the

Thomas Hill Green, 1836–82.

"Hume's Philosophical Works" in collaboration with T. H. Grose.

universe is a "single eternal activity or energy of which it is the essence to be self-conscious, that is to be itself and not itself in one!" The whole world of human experience was the "self-communication or revelation of eternal and absolute being." His work was unhappily interrupted by his early death at the age of forty-six. The "Prolegomena of Ethics," which he left unfinished at his death, was issued at a later date under the editorship of his colleague at Balliol, Mr. Andrew Bradley. His activity was, however, by no means confined to this sphere of work. "Tommy" Green, as he was called with affectionate disrespect by the undergraduates, was not only a considerable power in the University, but also a man of importance in the affairs of the town, incessantly exerting himself to still the latent ever-smouldering instinct of hostility against the authorities of the gown, and was an active member of the City Council. He was also a keen politician and an ardent worker in the cause of education. Among other notable followers of the new British Hegelian school may be mentioned Dr. John Caird, Principal of the University of Glasgow, and author of an "Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion" (1880), and other philosophical works, as well as some volumes of Sermons; and his brother, Professor Edward Caird, author of various valuable works on the philosophy of Kant from a Hegelian point of view. Mr. F. H. Bradley's

"Prolegomena of Ethics."

Dr. John Caird.

"Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion," 1880.

Professor Edward Caird.

F. H. Bradley "Ethical Studies."

brilliant "Ethical Studies" may also be mentioned in this connection.

Among the leaders of the opposition camp, the party who denied the existence of any ideal element in knowledge and held all thought to be derived from experience only, the most prominent leader is one of whom we have already spoken, John Stuart Mill. It only remains for us here to say something of the philosophical opinions expressed in his writings in view of their immense influence upon the thought of his day. We may first mention his famous "System of Logic," published in 1843, a work of great value, if only as putting forward in an admirably clear and forcible manner the view it advocates. As Mill believed only in the impressions obtained from experience, he was naturally unable to accept any of the necessary laws of thought, advocated by Hamilton and others. General laws were to him impossible, except, perhaps, as convenient assumptions adopted under protest against their ultimate truth; there could never be a universal proposition, only a statement of probability, based on the absence of contradictory instances up to date, and the most apparently unquestionable generalizations might at any time be disproved by the discovery of an unforeseen case. The only process of value, therefore, was the inductive method of multiplying instances and judging from their character what appeared to be a rule, incapable, however, of absolute

John Stuart Mill.

"System of Logic."

His belief only in the impressions obtained from experience.

assertion while there was any chance of contradiction remaining.

Auguste Comte's "Positive Philosophy."

When the "Positive Philosophy" of Auguste Comte appeared, Mill welcomed it heartily, as containing many things to which he gave unqualified approval. He did not like the word "positivist;" his own "experientialist" would have been better, or "phenomenalist," as its great point was to emphasise the fact, that all we can ever know anything about is simply the phenomenal. Still, it was the real stuff, the genuine outcome, as he held, of the progress of philosophy through the course of ages. But he was excessively worried by Comte's assertions that, when the positivist views were accepted all over the world,—which is hardly likely to happen for a little while yet,—no one would be so foolish as to retain any kind of belief in the absurdity of a Creator or Supreme Governor of the world. To this statement Mill distinctly objected; it was an unnecessary manner of entering upon what had far better be left an open question, an uncalled-for burdening of the system with a "religious prejudice."

Dr. Alexander Bain, 1818.

We may here turn to another very distinguished member of the same empirical or experiential school. Dr. Alexander Bain, Crown Professor of Logic at Aberdeen, was born in 1818 and is still fortunately among us. A great part of his life has been spent in his native city of Aberdeen, where he has been student, teacher, and Professor, having been twice raised in

the last twelve years to the exceptional honour of Lord Rector. As a philosopher he is chiefly known for his two great works on the phenomena of the mind, the "Senses and the Intellect," published in 1855, and the "Emotions and the Will," in 1856. In these works Professor Bain has dealt with the mind as if he was actually working at it with the scalpel, dissecting its states and tracing its processes. His method is avowedly formed on those of physiology, which it resembles. From his analysis it results that the resolution of the mind into nerve and brain does not exactly meet the necessities of the case. There is a force, he tells us, a mysterious power of originating impulses, which has nothing to do with sensation or impression. It is a singularly remarkable discovery from his point of view at least; whether it supports or disables the theories of his school we are not concerned to inquire. Professor Bain is also the author of "Mental and Moral Science, a Compendium of Psychology and Ethics," "Logic, Deductive and Inductive," "Mind and Body: Theories of their Relation," "Education as a Science," "John Stuart Mill, a Criticism, with Personal Recollections," and many other works.

"Senses and the Intellect," 1855. "Emotions and the Will," 1856.

"Mental and Moral Science, a Compendium of Psychology and Ethics.' "Logic, Deductive and Inductive," etc.

A remarkable group of philosophers in our age is supplied by those who have adopted the positive philosophy of Auguste Comte. This system sets aside all kinds of abstract speculation, denies the possibility of anything beyond the world known to

The School of Comtists or Positivists.

science, or at best the possibility of knowing anything about it, and requires only an acquaintance with a certain category of sciences, Mathematics, Astronomy, General Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Sociology, the last being practically the goal to which all the others are tending, the furthering of the cause of social progress, or, as an able writer of recent date has named it, the "Service of Man." There is much that is to be admired in the aim of this little school, repulsive as its doctrines have proved to the majority of mankind. To those who believe that they have come out of nothing and are tending to nothing, who have nothing to be thankful for, and nothing to hope, to these, if to anyone, it might be excusable to say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." But to apprehend such a condition of affairs with nothing but ultimate ruin to look forward to, and yet to take as the aim of life the service of mankind is surely the mark of a lofty purpose. It is only to be regretted that an exceedingly grotesque element should have been added in the absurd religion of Humanity, with its demigods and devils, which makes it somewhat difficult for the ordinary observer to take a serious view of what is at least an earnest movement.

"Service of Man."

The little band of Comtists or Positivists in London, already indeed divided into two, having signalised their imitation of churchmanship by immediate schism, contains several literary men of some repu-

tation. Richard Congreve (born 1818), after a distinguished career at Rugby and Oxford became a member of this body, resigning his fellowship and tutorship and all his previous associates, and was, we believe, the priest or minister of the original community. His "Essays, Political, Social and Religious" published in 1874, were remarkable for a curious devoutness and religiousness, the natural piety which clings to some spirits even after they have given up all objects of worship. During his residence at Oxford, in 1855, he published an essay on Roman History and an edition of Aristotle's Politics. In later years he has confined himself chiefly to works treating of his special religious and political views. Mr. Frederic Harrison is another member of this lively intellectual community, and is known as a clear and able writer on many current subjects in the chief reviews, as well as by the authorship of a considerable number of works on subjects specially interesting to the disciples of Comte. He is too much a writer of the day, his work in full career, and his reputation still in the course of making, to be treated fully here. The same may be said of Professor Beasley, Mr. John Henry Bridges, and several other writers of the same school. The four gentlemen named collaborated in the production of a "Translation of Comte's System of Positive Polity, or treatise on Sociology, instituting the Religion of Humanity," published in 1875–7.

Richard Congreve, 1818.

"Essays, Political, Social and Religious," 1874.

Frederic Harrison.

Professor Beasley.

John Henry Bridges.

George Henry Lewes, 1817–79.

A period of greater note and greater importance had existed for the Positivist school at the time when two such exceptional personalities as George Henry Lewes and George Eliot took their place among its ranks. Of the latter we have spoken already, but have not yet had occasion to speak of the former. Lewes was perhaps a man more remarkable in himself than as a writer, and though his life was spent in the profession of literature he has left but few books of value behind him. Born in 1817, he was, after a somewhat desultory education, placed in the office of a Russian merchant, but having no taste for business, soon abandoned it and selected literature as the serious employment of his life, with physiological studies and dissection for a relaxation. He wrote for the press at first, and thought some of his dramatic criticisms worth republishing at a later date. Among his early works are also a couple of novels, which, the critics said, showed seriousness of intention, a quality which is very rarely appreciated by the public. In 1845, however, he commenced bringing out his principal work, the "Biographical History of Philosophy," which afterwards underwent several refining and enlarging processes, till it appeared finally in its third edition in 1871, as the "History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte." This is undoubtedly a work of great importance and of considerable merit. The narrative is usually careful and sufficiently attractive, and the judgments for

"Biographical History of Philosophy," 1845.

the most part well weighed and impartial. Some of the earlier articles on the Greek writers, the chapter devoted to the Sophists in particular, show a liveliness of style which brings us quite into the sphere of light reading; but there is plenty of good heavy solidity to counterbalance this. Yet the information and even the instruction is, as a rule, pleasantly conveyed. His other most celebrated work is probably his "Life of Goethe." Lewes made some big journalistic ventures, taking a prominent part in the foundation of the "Leader," a rather abortive enterprise, which he supported for many years as dramatic critic. In 1865 he was the first editor of the "Fortnightly Review," a position which he retained for two years, being then succeeded by Mr. John Morley. In later life Lewes devoted himself more to scientific studies. His last work, which he did not live to finish, was a philosophical treatise on "Problems of Life and Mind." He died in 1879. As a historian of philosophy Lewes certainly deserves a high position in literature; his work is clear and purposelike, wasting little time but not refusing the advantages of literary grace. It is a strange contrast to the writer we are next to mention, a historian of philosophy, too, in his way, the projector of a gigantic work which he hardly lived even to lead up to—and in his philosophical creed at least closely approaching to the doctrines of Comte.

"Life of Goethe."

First Editor of the "Fortnightly Review," 1865.

"Problems of Life and Mind."

Among the most remarkable products of the age,

Thomas Henry Buckle, 1822–62.

exemplifying at once its great opportunities and its failures, was Thomas Henry Buckle, born 1822, who is called the historian of civilization from his great work, but who is now universally considered to have missed the high mark at which he aimed, and to demonstrate rather the ineffectualness of methods which are believed in by partially educated men as capable of all things. Knowledge is power, according to immemorial wisdom, but only when it is tempered by experience, and in conjunction with other qualities. There 'were many people, however, at the time of Buckle's birth, when the schoolmaster was first supposed to be abroad, who took the proverb literally. He had an education something like that of John Stuart Mill, already referred to, though, if we may use a vulgar witticism, quite different. They were both the creation of books, though the first under the stern coercion and training of his father, and Buckle only by his own will and without any guidance whatever. They were both of mild and amiable nature, full of the domestic instinct, and both entirely separated from all influence or sympathy with religion. Mill, however, was in a larger sphere, and a world more open to great influences, and, with a sound though hard education, was placed in practical life, and learned the great necessities of government in the India House, while the other was shut up with his books, reconstructing a world of which he knew nothing from those ad-

mirable helps but indifferent fountains of inspiration. Nothing can be more remarkable or more typical of his inner life than the picture of Buckle as presented to us by his biographer, working in a great room, lighted from the roof, and lined with books, shut out from every influence of real life, reading, reading, making volumes of notes, and tracing the action of laws which he knew by their letter, upon men whom he scarcely knew at all. It was in this closely shut up hermit's cell in the midst of London that the "History of Civilization" was written. A very simple mistake originating in this way, by which he took the institution of the Fast Day in Scotland as meaning an extreme ascetism of actual fasting,—upon which idea he founded an entire argument, and added many grave reproaches in respect to the gloomy religion of the country,—is a case in point, for, had Buckle known anything beyond the words, he would have been aware that religious fasting is in Scotland, a habit unknown in practice, and much discountenanced as a relic of Popery. The example is not one of much importance, but it serves to show what was the defect of his mind. Curiously enough, however, this book of limited perceptions and scholastic origin struck the world with that sudden accidental and moral effect which sometimes makes a man with no particular right to distinction, awake to find himself famous. The first volume appeared in 1858, and being merely introductory to the great

"History of Civilization."

work, raised a universal expectation. The second appeared in 1861, but even in that he had not as yet begun the history he had planned on so colossal a scale. The third volume was published only after his death, in 1862, but before that time the fervour of interest had already abated. He had, in the meantime, sustained the great shock of the death of his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, and his own health having given way, had spent the last winter of his life in Egypt. He went to Palestine in the following spring, a pilgrim undevout, and pushed his way as far as Damascus, where, after much suffering, he died. His unaccomplished work, the immense labour with which it was begun, and its sudden failure and dropping off from the great and sudden reputation it brought him, threw a shade of pathos over the life of one who was nothing if not a student, and to whom books were everything in life. His other gift was that of chess, among the players of which studious game he attained almost the highest rank.

J. D. Morell

Among other historians of philosophy, special notice must be paid to the important and valuable "History of Speculative Philosophy in the Nineteenth Century," published in 1846 by Mr. J. D. Morell, who is also known as the author of the "Philosophy of Religion," "Elements of Psychology," and other kindred works. We have already spoken of Dr. McCosh's work on "Scottish Philoso-

phy." Of later writers, Mr. Leslie Stephen, of whom we shall have more to say in a future chapter, has produced an able and scholarly "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century;" while Mr. William Edward Hartpole Lecky has done good service to the same cause by his valuable "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," and "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne." Among works dealing with the thinkers of antiquity we may mention Professor Ferrier's brilliant "Lectures on Greek Philosophy," and the "Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy," by the Rev. William Archer Butler (1814–48), Professor of Moral Philosophy at Trinity College, Dublin.

W. E. H. Lecky.

Rev. W. A Butler.

Unquestionably the foremost of philosophical writers in our own time, who has led up the science of thought to its latest development, is Mr. Herbert Spencer. Born at Derby in 1820, Mr. Spencer originally adopted the profession of a civil engineer, and made his first appearance in literature with a series of papers on the "Proper Sphere of Government," published in the "Nonconformist" in 1842, and afterwards reprinted in pamphlet form. Later he abandoned the exercise of his profession and was for some years sub-editor of the "Economist." His first work of importance was "Social Statics: or the Conditions essential to Human Happiness specified, and the first of them developed," but this was sub-

Herbert Spencer, 1820.

"Proper Sphere of Government."

"Social Statics."

"Principles of Psychology."

sequently suppressed. The "Principles of Psychology" published in 1855, gave the first distinct indication of his views and his method. He applied in this work to the phenomena of the mind, the same doctrine of evolution which directed Darwin in his physiological researches. The human mind is not to him the blank supposed by the empirical school, nor, on the other hand, is it provided with innate ideas, but it does contain certain germs of ideas or predisposition to particular ideas which have been transmitted to it by heredity from the experience of its progenitors. This remarkable doctrine had no sooner been laid before the world in the "Principles of Psychology," than it was found that Mr. Spencer intended to push his doctrine of evolution yet further and apply it to all orders of phenomena, even in political ethics. This programme was put forth in 1860 in his "System of Synthetic Philosophy," and carried out with immense labour and equal ability in a succession of works extending over a period of more than twenty years. After the introductory treatise on "First Principles" (1862), came the "Principles of Biology," of "Psychology" (1872), of "Sociology" (1876), "Ceremonial Institutions" (1879), "Political Institutions" (1882), "Ecclesiastical Institutions" (1885), with the very remarkable "Data of Ethics," first published in 1879. Since their original publication, these books have been, one and all, re-issued in various editions, no works

"System of Synthetic Philosophy," etc.

on so profound a subject having probably ever attained such a popularity as has been accorded to the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer. This is the more remarkable as Mr. Spencer is by no means an easy writer for the unlearned to comprehend; his course of reasoning is indeed clear to those who can see and follow it, but his language is apt to be extremely technical, and the uninstructed have often to pause over each word and weigh its meaning before they can make head or tail of his propositions. But this is the lot of many of us if we venture upon any kind of philosophical reading. It will be observed that Mr. Spencer has confined himself chiefly to biology and sociology, his many works on political and ethical subjects being more or less reducible to these heads.

The other sciences, dealing with the visible world which Comte had included in his course of study, he has omitted apparently as less essential, though he would in no way discourage their study. The great aim of his philosophy is to encourage the study of the science of life, and the science of society (*) and to do practical material good thereby. As regards the absolute and infinite, Mr. Spencer's position is

The great aim of his philosophy

* With a profound conviction of our own ignorance of the lofty subjects we are here obliged to deal with, it occurs to us that some of our equally uninstructed brethren may perhaps confuse sociology with socialism. We would venture to remind such readers, if there be any such, that Mr. Spencer has always been the consistent champion of individual rights.

equally different from that of Comte and of Hamilton. The existence of some Ultimate Power he does not deny with Comte, he merely says that he does not and cannot possibly know anything about it; nor would he, with Hamilton, say that belief is possible where knowledge fails. The straining into the unseen of involuntary agnostics he would regard as absolutely fruitless and idle, simply from the impossibility of finding out anything concerning the matter; still it is not clear that such an exercise might not be a wholesome discipline of the mind, though it is a foregone conclusion that any conception which man supposes himself to have formed of the Absolute must be broken to pieces sooner or later. Among Mr. Spencer's other works we may quote his "Education: Intellectual, Moral and Physical," the "Classification of the Sciences," containing an exposition of the points on which he disagrees with the Comtist school, the "Study of Sociology," "Man versus the State," etc. He was also the editor and superintendent of a remarkable series of works upon "Descriptive Sociology," dealing with the different features presented by various sections of the human race, among the workers under him in this great undertaking being Professor Duncan of Madras, Dr. Richard Scheppig and Mr. James Collier. The work was discontinued after eight volumes had been published, we believe on account of the enormous expense required for bringing it out. We are prepared

"Education. Intellectual, Moral and Physical."

to hear that we have not given sufficient space to Mr. Spencer among our philosophical writers; but we confidently hope that he has yet much to teach us, and cannot deal with him as one whose complete work is before the world.

Two extremely bold and independent thinkers whom we have not yet mentioned are a little difficult to place in any classification. James Hinton (1822–75) a man of eminence in the surgical profession as an aurist, was one who groped after truth and never really knew whether he had found it—in which point he was perhaps wise beyond his generation. Much of his life was spent in trying to reason himself into a belief in the Christian faith, in which Christianity being specially unfitted for the wise, he not unnaturally failed. He sought for a theory of the Universe which would satisfy the religious emotions of humanity as well as the understanding. The prevailing idea of God he regarded as one distorted and obscurated by the interposition of sin. The real Deity was the universal Spirit which was the "actuality of all things." In ethics he established the principle of altruism, as opposed to individualism, the adoption of which by man was a wilful curbing of the divine Spirit. By genuine altruism man could transcend himself, and live the true life in unity with God. Among Hinton's principal works are "Man and his Dwelling-Place," a work on the relation of science to religion, and the extraordinarily striking "Mys-

James Hinton, 1822–75.

"Man and his Dwelling-Place."

"Mystery of Pain."

tery of Pain." After his death a collection of his essays was published under the title of "Chapters on the Art of Thinking." A philosopher of a more material cast was the lamented William Kingdon Clifford (1845–79), Professor of Applied Mathematics at University College, London. He hardly, however, comes within our sphere, for he published nothing in his lifetime, and the works set forth by pious friends after his death are hardly of the nature of literature. As Professor Balfour was lamented in the world of science, so was the loss of Clifford's youthful promise bewailed among those who had watched with interest his bold and original cast of thought and the striking manner in which he was able to convey the truths he had set forth to a comparatively unlearned audience. His scientific attainments were great, and he was selected to accompany the Eclipse Expedition to Sicily in 1870. The "Lectures and Essays" published after his death, were under the editorship of Professor (now Sir Frederick) Pollock and Mr. Leslie Stephen; other fragments were issued at later periods by other friends and admirers. His widow, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, is well-known as the author of some remarkable novels, and many charming stories for children.

William Kingdon Clifford, 1845–79.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

Among living writers on philosophical subjects we can just mention the names of Henry Maudsley, late Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at University College, London, editor of the "Journal of Mental

Henry Maudsley.

Science," and author of some valuable psychological works, including the "Physiology" and "Pathology of the Mind," "Body and Mind," etc; St. George Mivart, Professor of the Philosophy of Natural History at Louvain, and author of the "Genesis of Species," "Contemporary Evolution," the "Origin of Human Reason," and many other works; Andrew Seth, Professor of Logic, Rhetoric and the Metaphysics at St. Andrews and author of "Hegelianism and Personality," and other works; and George Croom Robertson, Professor of Philosophy of Mind and Logic at University College, London, editor of "Mind; a Quarterly Review of Pyschology and Philosophy," editor in a different sense of Grote's "Aristotle," and author of some minor works on philosophical subjects. *Nous en passons, et des meilleurs;* it would be entirely impossible to give an exhaustive list of writers on these subjects, and we prefer to make no attempt which might bring on us a charge of partiality, where our only fault might be ignorance. There are few ladies to be found among these ranks, but the name of Miss Frances Power Cobbe may be mentioned as that of a clear writer and profound thinker.

St. George Mivart.

Andrew Seth.

George Croom Robertson.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe.

Among other departments of thought, the science of Logic has received fully adequate attention in the age of which we are writing. Of the works of Sir William Hamilton and of John Stuart Mill we have already spoken. A most valuable writer on this

George Boole, 1815-64.

subject, whose works we are, however, hardly justified in describing as literature, was George Boole, (1815–64), Professor of Mathematics at Queen's College, Cork, whose "Mathematical Analysis of Logic" (1847), and "Laws of Thought" (1854), gave almost a new form to the subject with which they dealt by their introduction of mathematical methods and language. Almost equally important was the

Augustus De Morgan, 1806–71.

"Formal Logic" of Augustus De Morgan (1806–71), long Professor of Mathematics at University College, London, which was devoted to the railing off of logic from other sciences of thought by confining its sphere strictly to pointing out the correct modes of reasoning from the premises brought to it, which might be true or false for all the logician cared. To argue that green cheese is full of maggots, and the moon is made of green cheese, therefore the moon is full of maggots, would be sound reasoning from the point of view of former logic; the premises and conclusion may all be false, but the mode of deduction is true. Professor De Morgan was not only known in the field of logic or mathematics, but had also a reputation as a writer on general subjects in a whimsical, paradoxical style, which had a perpetual freshness about it. His "Budget of Paradoxes," republished from the Athenæum is a work of great ability and humour, if at times rather aggravatingly dogmatic in tone. Another weighty writer on the same subject was William Stanley Lewis

William Stanley Lewis, 1835-82.

(1835–82), Professor of Political Economy at University College, London, whose works on the "Principles of Science" (1874–7), and on "Logic" (1870), are of acknowledged authority. Dr. William Thomson, late Archbishop of York (1819–90), made a valuable contribution to the literature of the same subject with his "Outline of the Laws of Thought." A more famous prelate, Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, (1787-1863) was also a writer on Logic, but does not in that capacity belong to our period; he lived, however, long into the present reign, and contributed to its literature among other books, the delightful skit on the new guess-work criticism, called "Historic Doubts regarding Napoleon Buonaparte," and, on a graver subject, an "Introduction to Political Economy." The last named science has had its full share of attention also, but we do not feel called upon to record many of the writers upon its technical points. We owe some valuable lectures on this subject to Dr. Whewell. A more entire devotee of the science was John Ramsay McCulloch (1779–1864), originally a journalist in Scotland, and for some time editor of the "Scotsman," in later years Professor of Political Economy at University College, London, and finally Comptroller of Her Majesty's Stationery Office. His most important work was the "Principles of Political Economy," published in 1849; among others were a "Dictionary of Commerce," and "Literature of Political Econ-

Dr. William Thomson, Archbishop of York, 1819–90.

Richard Whately Archbishop of Dublin, 1787–1863.

John Ramsay McCulloch, 1779–1864.

omy." In more recent days few works of more weighty authority on this subject have appeared than the "History of Prices," of the late James Edward Thorold Rogers, Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, a work of quite unique value in its own department.

James Edward Thorold Rogers.

CHAPTER X.

OF THE YOUNGER POETS.

THE younger section of the poets who have illustrated this age could not be headed by any name so appropriate as that of Matthew Arnold—younger not so much in time, for he was not more than a dozen years in age after Lord Tennyson—but because not only of much later publication, but of a mind and temper which never got far beyond the Academic circle, or remembered that the atmosphere of the classics is not that most familiar and dear to all men. It is perhaps this atmosphere more than anything else which has prevented him and others of his brethren from ever penetrating into the heart of the country, and which forms a kind of argument against that careful training which it is now the fashion to claim for every literary workman—the "woodnotes wild," which once were chiefly believed in as the voice of poetry, having lost their accept-

Matthew Arnold, 1822–88.

The atmosphere of the classics.

ance among those growing theories of development and descent which would make of every poet a well defined and recognisable product of the influences surrounding him. If this could be said with truth of any group of poets, it might be of Matthew Arnold, Clough, Swinburne, and some later names —to their advantage no doubt in the way of perfect versification, but to their great disadvantage in respect to nature and life. The intellectual difficulties of a highly organised age, and that "doubt," unkindly and unmusical spirit, which has been converted into a patron saint or demon by the fashion of the time, are not poetical founts of inspiration, and the old Helicon has run somewhat dry for the general reader. Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), the son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and occupied for the greater part of his life in the service of the country, as H. M. Inspector of Schools, is the poet of the Universities,—of the intellectual classes who derive their chief life therefrom, either at first hand or in reflection; he has not in him the mixture of common life and feeling which can conciliate that inner circle with the wider one of the general world, or the warm inspiration of passion and emotional nature which goes to the common heart. The old audience to which the old poets appealed, the "donne che hanno intelletto d'amore," are left out, unless perhaps when they belong to Girton; so are the children, except those precocious beings who lisp in Greek.

The poet of the Universities.

The audience which is left him is perhaps the one which he would have preferred, just as Dr. Isaac Watts would no doubt have preferred his audience of the chapels and nurseries; but it is a limited audience, and not that of the greatest poets.

It would be difficult, however, to find a man who made a more prominent appearance on the stage of general literature in his time. His essays, critical and otherwise, kept him very distinctly before the world; and this, and other partly-artificial reasons, raised his name to such a point of general knowledge and acquaintance that a selection of his poems was made and published in his lifetime, an honour which falls to few poets. These we may take as his own selection of what he thought most likely to live. And we find among them the two poems on which most of those who esteem him most highly are willing to rest his fame,—"Thyrsis" and the "Scholar Gipsy," both of them comparatively short, and so much more individual than most of his poetical works as to touch a chord of sympathy wanting in many of the others. The extreme diffuseness of much of this poetry is indeed one of the faults which will always keep it outside the popular heart. There is something in the flow of even rhyme, page after page, long, fluent, smooth, looking as if it go might on forever, which appalls the reader. Life is not long enough, as the word goes, for Empedocles on Etna. Mr. Browning in his "Cleon"

"Thyrsis." "The Scholar Gipsy."

has given us the spirit and fine concentrated essence of a philosopher of antiquity in a few pages. In the hands of Mr. Arnold this revelation takes almost a book, and with how much less success! The same thing may be said of other poems, of which even the conception appears to be taken from an elder poet, but so amplified as to turn a fine suggestion into weariness. Wordsworth put his "Yarrow" and "Yarrow Revisited" (which indeed are not on the highest level of his poetry) into poems which a child might learn by heart without difficulty; but when Mr. Arnold visits the scene of Obermann again and again, each pilgrimage is so flooded with endless streams of verse that the attention of the reader is drowned and carried away like a straw on the tide. The same is the case in the poems called "Switzerland," and addressed to a certain Marguerite, which probably would never have been thought of had not Wordsworth dedicated a lovely string of little lyrics to Lucy, lines not only of the greatest beauty, but so brief that they lodge where they fall in the willing memory, and cannot be forgotten. The lesser singer draws out his much lighter theme into link after link of unmemorable verse. That the elder poet should influence the younger even to the point of actual suggestion is a thing perfectly natural and sanctioned by all the tenets of the time, which demand indeed that one should be the descendant and outcome of the other. Perhaps it is also a law of

development that the successor should be more lengthy in proportion as he is less strong.

Quality of "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar Gipsy."

To return, however, to the special poems which we have selected as the most living and individual of Matthew Arnold's poetry, both the "Scholar Gipsy" and "Thyrsis" are full of the atmosphere of Oxford and of youth. They are indeed rather two different parts of the same poem than independent inspirations, though the latter embodies rather the regretful looking back of the elder man upon those early scenes, than the actual musings of the young one.

Their music and freshness.

Their music and freshness interest all readers; yet we can more readily imagine these poems to be conned over and repeated to each other, with that enthusiasm which adopts and dwells upon every word, by those who "wear the gown," than by any other class.

The scenery.

The scenery of the academic city with all its spires and towers, the centre of all thought, the fresh and fragrant hillsides and dewy fields surrounding it: the mild mystery of the wandering scholar, a musing and pensive shadow to be half seen by dreaming eyes about all those familiar haunts, are set before us with many beautiful touches.

The vision.

The vision is entirely harmonious with the scene; there is no conflict in it, or force of opposing life, no tragedy, no passion. The shade of the Scholar Gipsy is not one that expiates any doom. He roams about the places he loved, pondering the past, amid all the soft reflections of

the evening, dim, pensive, but not unhappy, a wanderer by choice, fulfilling the gentle dream of fate that pleased him best. When that visionary figure gives place to the more real one of Thyrsis who is gone, and all the landscape fills with the brighter vision of the friend who but now was here, and the vacancy which he will never fill again, a warmer interest, yet the same, envelops the hillside and the fields. Yet there is no passion even of grief in the lament. Thyrsis is not mourned like Lycidas or Adonais. He is gone, yet he is there, and there too is still the dewy, dim and fragrant nature, the evening and the prevailing softness of the clouds—"One tree yet crowns the hill, One Scholar travels yet the loved hillside"—All is calm and pensive, a sorrow of the mind, a wistful regret. The two poems naturally hang together, two parts of one elegy, mildly mournful, nothing like despair in either, the friend shading into the more distant vision, the shadow becoming more distinct in the friend, and both full of charm—the atmosphere of the evening, the breath of Nature, the City close at hand with all its teeming young life—and wandering figures here and there, roaming as Thyrsis roamed in his time, keeping up the long continuance, which is never more dreamy nor more persistent than in such a place, where the generations follow each other so quickly, with so little interval between. These are poems of Oxford, of a phase of life which has become

The two poems parts of one elegy.

very prominent in recent times—but also of a purely vague emotion, a visionary sentiment which touches no depths.

Arthur Hugh Clough, 1823-61.

"The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich."

The poem of Arthur Hugh Clough (1823-61), who is the Thyrsis of these verses, were of a more robust, but less polished kind. His "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" is his chief title to fame. It is the narrative, in hexameters, a style exceedingly difficult to manage in English, and very successfully done, of the adventures of a reading party in the Highlands, the musings, humours and adventures of half a dozen young men, some of them distinguished in after days, and representing different classes of young life, thought and possibilities. The picture it affords in the long rolling Greek line which throws a quaint and foreign aspect upon nineteenth century English,—of the Highland landscape, the straightened lodging, the rapid and sparkling stream, the bathings, shootings and wanderings of the party, the big athlete, and the small scholar with their attendant gillies, gamekeepers and Highland lassies, is full of effect and a cheerful reality. That Arthur, famous for headers, should afterwards have developed into Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, and that his gigantic companion should have become a Cabinet Minister gives a little, but only a little, additional interest. The poem in itself has all the elements of life, it smells of the heather and the peat, though the young heroes are frankly alien to the soil. The other

poems of Clough, like those of Matthew Arnold, are full of those same breathings of Doubt which are so little harmonious with poetry, and which are here specially cloudy, mephitic and confused with the crudities of youth. Endless moanings over the condition of man and discussions of what lies before him in a dim unseen; endless upbraidings of the God who, according to these young men, most probably does not exist at all, and consequently ought not to be blamed for matters in which He could have had no hand, are unsatisfactory enough in prose, but they are entirely out of harmony with verse. It is seldom, we fear, that divine philosophy is

> "Not harsh or crabbed as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute,"

at least in modern poetry. And above all, it is difficult to follow this strain through the measured cadences which are associated in our minds with quite other sentiments, with romantic story and magnanimous human feeling, the sacrifices of love, and the achievements of valour—all infinitely more interesting to the human race than the endless turnings over of an academic theme in an unsettled mind.

Algernon Swinburne belongs to a still younger generation, but holds a more distinct and recognised place. He was born in 1837, and was educated at Oxford, like Arnold and Clough, though unlike them (yet like Shelley, Southey and some others) he left

Algernon Swinburne, 1837.

the University without taking his degree. If his predecessors were academic and classical, deeply imbued with the music and the spirit of Antiquity, he was still more so; and his first poem which attracted the public notice, "Atalanta in Calydon," published in 1861, at once revealed a poet, master of all the harmonies into which words can be woven. A critic of the nineteenth century may be allowed to say that the poet who has to go so far afield for his theme has not any definite message for his generation—but this is not a criticism which can be spoken with boldness, since classical themes are naturally those which lie most ready to the hand of the young singer who has been trained and fed upon them from his childhood. It has, we fear, however, been proved by many years' experience that Mr. Swinburne has not very much to say to us. He has said it in the most exquisite manner and at the greatest length. He is a musician unsurpassed anywhere, perhaps unparalleled among ourselves, but we cannot attribute to this great contemporary poet, who is probably destined to take the first place in English poetry when the career of the present Patriarch is over, any influence upon the temper or moral growth of the time, any heavenly tone of consolation or instruction in the weariness of the world's lengthening years. It is a pity, perhaps, to be content with the effects of one art while working with the implements of another; and Music, though it has attained in this

"Atalanta in Calydon," 1861.

century to a pre-eminence never claimed by its masters before, has not so many tones in its harp, nor so many capabilities, as the still diviner art of Poetry. It is with regret that we confess that the present heir of the highest fame is a Musician in words, though of the highest kind, rather than a poet.

Mr. Swinburne's first poem was followed in 1862 by the tragedy of "Chastelard," in which the modern fault of extreme length once more lessens the power of a great deal of most harmonious poetry, and a fine conception of the dramatic capabilities of his subject. His "Poems and Ballads," which followed this work, were marked by a freedom of tone and indifference to any standard of morality which has done the poet serious and lasting harm, and may prevent him from ever attaining the highest honours open to an English poet. It was doubly unfortunate that the first publication of those shorter poems by which a general public can best test the excellence which has been already certified to it by the critics, should have been of this character; for it made a bar at once between the poet and a great part of his natural audience. There is much nonsense talked in these days about the Young Person and the things which are unfit for her eyes, which perhaps blinds some writers to the very obvious fact that there is a large portion of the intelligent public, the best and most faithful of readers, to whom uncleanness, how-

"Chastelard."

"Poems and Ballads."

ever clothed, in the most gorgeous robes or with all the false glow of passion, is always repulsive. In France it is supposed to be simply hypocrisy when such a distaste is professed by a middle-aged reader, and even in England there are critics who assert that mature men and women prefer books which have to be kept under lock and key. But that this is a most serious and great mistake it wants, we think, but little experience of the English reader to show. Whether perhaps it was not also a mistake to withdraw the first series of Mr. Swinburne's shorter poems from circulation it is difficult to say. It is better perhaps to have the courage of one's opinions, and having, not inconsiderately it is to be supposed, taken a step, to stand fast in it. This publication, however, made a pause in the career of the poet, and stopped his progress in the acquaintance and affections of his countrymen. Other eccentricities, impassioned essays upon certain favourite subjects, praise and blame distributed with too violent and extravagant a hand, perplexed both critics and readers. A man who foams at the mouth when some names are mentioned, and falls upon his knees and worships some others, makes an exhibition thereby of extravagance which the world is too apt to hold as allied with folly ; and the days are past, thanks to the noble sense and manliness of our recent leaders in all branches of literature, when the world could shrug its shoulders and console

His shorter poems.

itself that "Great wits to madness nearly are allied."

We are happy to think, however, that later publications have remedied this unfortunate beginning, and set Mr. Swinburne more or less right with his contemporaries. A second series of "Poems and Ballads" found many eager readers, and his publications, if they do not move the universal mind, as have done during many years the successive productions of Mr. Browning and Lord Tennyson, yet rouse an even warmer enthusiasm of interest among a smaller but energetic circle of admirers and lovers. He published the tragedy of "Bothwell" in 1874, returning to that ever-attractive and romantic drama of Mary of Scotland, in whose wonderful story the previous tragedy of Chastelard and this new theme were both involved. "Erectheus" was published in 1876. "Studies in Song" in 1881, the "Poems and Ballads," second series, in 1878—along with many shorter works both in poetry and prose. Mr. Swinburne's views are Republican in the highest degree, as is shown by the "Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic" (1870), and "Songs before Sunrise" (1871), and that they are also violent and extreme is also apparent from the fact that in one of his last published poems, he is believed to have advocated the assassination of the present Czar, as an allowable and patriotic act. This sort of sentiment which would be dangerous and treasonable in another country is, in our security from all

"Bothwell," 1874.

"Erectheus," 1876. "Studies in Song, 1881."

"Ode on the French Republic," 1870. "Songs before Sunrise," 1871.

such political frenzies, considered only whimsical if not laughable in our own. The last short poem we have seen of Mr. Swinburne's is a short and beautiful Threnody published in the *Athenæum* in November, 1890, written, we believe, on the death of Philip Bourke Marston, but so penetrating in sadness, yet hope, that we are ready, personally, to accept it as covering a multitude of sins. His last volume, just published (1892), is too recent for any attempt at criticism.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1828–82.

Of a not unsimilar order of mind, and ranking naturally with the Musician-Poet comes the Painter-Poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882), born an Englishman but of Italian parentage. A man in no way following the fashion of other men, refusing either to exhibit his pictures or to publish his poems, he was for many years the private idol of a small number of admirers to whom his works were a mystery and a creed, rather than the object of legitimate poetical admiration. There is a story told that at the death of his wife, which took place at a very early age, he buried in her coffin the manuscript of his poems. It can scarcely be supposed that the sanctity of the grave was violated in order to recover them, so it must be supposed that copies had been made and preserved either by the poet himself or someone closely interested in him, which detracts somewhat from the pathos of the act; at all events many years later they did see the light, when the

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

faith of his worshippers was justified by the instant appreciation of the world. These poems have a sort of subtle connection with the pictures of their author, so that it is difficult to read the one without an attendant vision of the other forming itself before our eyes. In the case of the "Blessed Damozel," which is perhaps the most popular and largely quoted of all his work, this is not wonderful, for one of his larger pictures is of the same subject, and sets heaven before us as a succession, or maze, of lovers' walks, where the presumably re-united pairs stroll about together in a perfect but somewhat banal bliss. The Blessed Damozel is perhaps the most complete vision of flesh and blood which ever was transported into the heavenly dominion; her arm warms the bar upon which she leans as she looks down from the sky to see her lover wandering forlorn on the earth. For this very reason, no doubt, as well as for the poetry, this poem achieved the conquest even of the general reader, to whose halting imagination so much help was given. The difficulties of framing a paradise which shall respond to the highest aspirations of the mind has been very largely acknowledged. To depict it is as a sort of celestial land of the Decameron, where youths and maidens can wander forever through fragrant bosquets and solitudes not too secluded, where other youths and maidens are within reach and one way of living and enjoying is enough for the simple mind, is at least an easy and

"The Blessed Damozel."

primitive method of putting aside more difficult problems.

Picturesqueness and power of impressing the imagination.

Many of Mr. Rossetti's ballads have great picturesqueness and power of impressing the imagination and form a very popular portion of his work. There is a wildness and dark atmosphere of fate in most of them that separates them from the old inspiration of the primitive ballad, which, though often tragic, rarely delights in the darker elements, but even with its deepest gloom combines a consciousness of the larger course of simple nature always going on outside the story. In form he has too often broken the melody of verse by an elaborate refrain, supposed to increase its archaic features, and generally understood to be borrowed from the antique ballad. We doubt, however, whether that interrupting note is ever to be found in the genuine narrative ballads of the earlier ages, at least to anything like the extent in which we find it in modern adaptations of the style. The shorter lyric, a popular song intended for a sort of concerted use, bringing in the audience to help the singer, no doubt uses this artifice largely, but rarely or never, we think, the minstrel with his long narrative, in which we find it often an intolerable interruption in mere reading, and which would have been still more so in any oral rendering at first hand, when the audience were breathless to hear the story, and interested in a much less degree by the music. The "King's Tragedy" which is in almost every detail

"The King's Tragedy."

founded upon the sad and ghastly narrative of the murder of James I. of Scotland is without this interruption, and is one of the most powerful of Rossetti's poems. A very different thing, the pitiful and painful sketch of "Jenny," is also full of melancholy power, reminding us, however, more of Alfred de Musset, and the sentiment of French modern poetry than of anything in our own age or language.

William Morris, 1834.

The name of William Morris is another name to which every reader of poetry has learnt to respond. The curious mingling in him of the classic inspiration, and that, classic also in its way, which still breathes from the ice fields of the North and replaces the gods of Olympus by the Gothic deities, bloody and grim, of the Scandinavian mythology, is curiously combined with the most modern sentiments in another sphere, and those fantastic political theories which never have been carried out by flesh and blood, and which, to all appearance, whether desirable or undesirable, never will be carried out. His beginning of poetry was made with the "Life and Death of Jason," in full pride of academic traditions and youth. Since then the Sagas have replaced the songs of Greece in his mind, and we have been made familiar with the uncouth names and primitive story of those Niblungs, whom Carlyle first introduced to English knowledge and which have since inspired so many writers. Far off as are the classic shores we are not sure that Iceland and the snows are not further off still and less

"Life and Death of Jason."

easy to parallel with the realities of life, or our necessities in a modern age—and it is curious to note how universally, whatever may be their theories of the present existence, our poets go to seek their themes abroad and afar out of our ken and knowledge. It was little so with the elder poets. It is not so, let us be grateful, with the greatest in our own modern world. Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning have both employed if not always the living present of to-day, yet the sphere of an antiquity from which we more immediately derive, the skies of Christendom, the atmosphere which we still breathe, and which they found sufficient, as Shakespeare did, for all the noblest uses of poetry. It is difficult to understand how universal is the other bias in the second rank of poets which must soon be the first under our firmament. Any attention which Mr. Morris has ever devoted to the immediate needs of the world in which he lives, or its story, which is as varied, as rich, as full of human interest and pathos and solemnity as any other, has been expended in a few extravagant Socialist hymns, still less connected with the daily life of humanity than are the Sagas. It is, however, not on either of these, the one pardoned and dropped into oblivion for the love we bear him as a poet, the other accepted because it is all we can get from him, but on "The Earthly Paradise" of which the first portion appeared in 1868, that we dwell with the greatest pleasure in discussing Mr. Morris's fame as a poet.

"The Earthly Paradise," 1868.

It cannot be said, however, that in this poem or collection of poems, any more than in the classic tale of Jason, or the wilder measure of the Sagas, the poet has taken any trouble to adapt his strains to the life or needs of his time. "The Earthly Paradise" is a collection of tales chiefly classical, told by a number of wanderers in search of the Golden Age and happy valley, who come to port in a city such as never was by sea or shore, where the Elders and the people come together to hear tales of wonder, and are held in profound attention to these legends a whole year through. In truth the tales themselves could scarcely, save in a few instances, have been new to the listeners in the most obscure of cities. And the aspect of the Wanderers is that of men weary and without hope who have failed in their quest, and have no courage to return, and yet long, unhoping, for their northern world, and the use and wont upon which they had turned their backs of their own will. This affords the dim and mystic background which the poet loves for his figures—Lotus-eaters of a sadder strain, who pay for the hospitality of their civic hosts by their story-telling, which is always in primitive days a passport to popular favour. The poetry of Mr. Morris falls in with a harmonious cadence into this scheme; there is a dying fall in it which embodies the sadness yet sweetness of the musing, the rest yet weariness, the monotony of repose yet ever-varying relief of poe-

A collection of classical legends.

try, with a subtle charm. The two or three mediæval legends which break the monotony of classical story will always remain the popular favourites. For our personal taste we would wish there had been more like "The Proud King."

Since the day of "The Earthly Paradise" Mr. Morris has been, as has been said, severely classical, or still more severely Scandinavian. The Sagas latterly have entirely won the day. And whether we may hope that there will ever come a time in which he will think Englishmen as interesting as Niblungs it is hard to say; but we fear that after so many years given to the Sigurds and Gadruns it will be difficult for the poet to content himself with anything in his own time or economy. His dream of the Socialist paradise in which every man is as good, nay better, than every other, has up to this time, however, been written only in prose. Perhaps some wholesome human instinct prevents the golden harp from being employed in the praise of Golden Dustmen or other monsters of the coming time.

Coventry Patmore.

Mr. Coventry Patmore has not attained the same eminence as Mr. Morris. He is the poet of love, but of that chastened and dignified love of marriage which has been much neglected by poets, whose preference for the prefatory chapter, the romance of love unfulfilled, the wooings and misadventures and disappointments of youth, has a certain natural justice and reason: while the other muse of love ille-

gitimate and unpermitted, the "Passion" which is tragic and full of deadly risks and surprises, is to the greater number the most interesting study. This too is perhaps comprehensible enough; for the conflict of will and fate, the struggle which is mortal and involves despair, the rapture which is always keen with misery, have many elements which beguile the imagination. He who in the face of all of these chooses the tempered and sober path of married life for the subject of his song, exercises a great self-denial, just as he does who paints duty and goodness in preference to all tumults of existence. That sky which most constantly embodies heaven is the least safe for the painter, and a perfect life is the hardest for the poet. The one has need of clouds, of threatening storms and darkness, to set forth and enhance the equilibrium of the serene and lovely day; while to our human imaginations life that is without trouble is deficient in interest and leaves nothing to say. The happy have no history, as says one of the oldest of proverbs. Mr. Patmore has made the great venture of ignoring this, and woven all his beautiful garland of verses out of roses alone. He has risked his fame upon a story of sweet perfection, loveliness and truth, scarcely ruffled by a lover's doubts, and the faint and delicate difference between delight anticipated and delight attained. The result has been a very charming volume of smoothly flowing verse, and has given him a peculiar but distinct circle

"The Passion."

among the poets of his generation. Later work has shown that in occasional verses, not so sustained or continued, on other but still cognate subjects, he has command of other notes than these of the "Epithalamium;" but the Marriage Song will still and always be his chief distinction. The *Donne che hanno intelletto d'amore* are here indeed the true audience, those readers whom Dante, no troubadour, chose for his sonnets, and whose excellences were never more sweetly sung or with greater modesty and self restraint than by the author of the "Angel in the House." But it is almost needless to add that for strong effects or the high lights and shadows of passion this is not the place to come. It is a poetry suffused with the warmest sunshine, the light of happiness and household love.

"The Epithalamium."

We fear that it would be difficult to allot to Mr. Lewis Morris any such place as has been given to his namesake in the poetry of our day, though, at the same time, we must allow that he has a great following, and that the "Epic of Hades" is to be found in many unsuspected places, where other poets, more approved by the critics, have found no entry. This poem was published in 1877, and is now, we understand, in a twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh edition, an answer to all cavillers, of which we cannot contest the power. It does not at all resemble the works of Mr. Martin Tupper, yet it has inherited something of the same kind of fame which spread the Proverbial

Lewis Morris.

"Epic of Hades."

Philosophy broadcast over the land. Mr. Lewis Morris' work, however, is neither proverbial nor is it philosophy. It is a lurid drama in verse, of the unseen world, and the punishment and purgation of spirits. There is a great deal of sulphur and rolling vapour, and descriptions of a kind which supply the defect of imagination in the reader. It is, in short, a poem which has reversed the conditions of many great poems, and pleased the masses without pleasing those whose business (often self-claimed) it is to lead those masses in the way they should go. Mr. Morris has published one or two series of "Songs" ("Of Two Worlds"—"By a New Writer," etc.), which have been taken a little more seriously by the literary world. His "Ode on the Queen's Jubilee" was published with a kind of semi-authority, as if to take the place of that which the Laureate was not able to provide for that solemnity. But this was probably, we may be allowed to hope, accidental, and not the result of any special selection.

"Songs of Two Worlds," etc.

"Ode on the Queen's Jubilee."

We have placed, rather too far down in the list, the work of a humorous and mirth-loving pair, one of whom, Professor Aytoun, has been already noticed in another connection, while the other, Sir Theodore Martin, happily still remaining with us, has added some graver poetry, and much admirable poetical translation to the amusing *chef-d'œuvre*, which, though chiefly consisting of parodies, and accordingly of the character of criticism rather than of

Professor Aytoun.

Sir Theodore Martin.

original poetry, still lasts, and is read and delighted in, nearly forty years after its publication—a fate which has never fallen to any such collection, except, perhaps, the "Rejected Addresses" of Horace and James Smith. The "Ballads of Bon Gaultier" (1858) have outlived many a volume of serious verse, and some of the works which they held up to the laughing ridicule of the reader. The excellence of the parodyof "Locksley Hall" has been already referred to. It is difficult, even for some whose admiration of the original poem is most sincere, to be quite sure which is the genuine and which the mimic measure, so admirable is the travesty, in which there is no venom, but the most perfect good-natured fun and wit, which rather glorifies than detracts from the poem. The different hands of the two writers have never been quite identified, but we believe that in this particular triumph of gentle satire and fine versification, Sir Theodore Martin was the chief, if not the only, artist, while to Aytoun belonged the amusing ballad of the MacTavish, whose national peculiarities are so delightfully set forth. Professor Aytoun was the author of the stirring and martial "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," including the "Burial of Dundee," the "March of the Cameron Men," the "Isle of Scots," and several others, which, without attaining to the level of Scott, or even of Macaulay's Lays, are fine poems, catching both the ear and interest. His pseudo-drama of "Firmilian"

"Ballads of Bon Gaultier."

"Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers."

"The Burial of Dundee."

"The Isle of Scots."

has been already mentioned in connection with another school of poets. He produced also a long dramatic poem upon "Bothwell," a subject which has attracted several poets of this generation. Sir Theodore Martin's works have been many. His translations from Goethe, Horace, Catullus, Heine, are faithful and spirited, and reproduced these lyrics perhaps as well as it is possible to reproduce in one language the peculiarities of verse in another. A modern and living language presents, perhaps, the greatest difficulties in this way, and the translator's least successful work is that taken from Heine, whose poems are, we are inclined to think, beyond any translator's power. Though these previous works were not much in the way of serious prose writing, yet Sir Theodore had the honour of being chosen by the Queen to write the life of the Prince Consort, a royal task of which he acquitted himself with much discretion and effect.

"Bothwell."

Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort."

The death of Lord Lytton (1831–1891), which occurred so short a time ago, gives a melancholy interest to any discussion of his poetry; but this, indeed, we shall not attempt. He was the son of the eminent novelist, Bulwer, afterwards Bulwer-Lytton, and the first bearer of the title; and was, therefore, the heir of a kind of genius as well as more substantial advantages and disadvantages. He had a considerable mastery of the art of poetry, and especially that of turning a modern novel into a

Lord Lytton, 1831–91.

"Lucile." poetical narrative, as in "Lucile" (published in 1860), with grace and animation, and he was the author of several musical and flowing ballads; but this is scarcely enough to make a poet. He was one of those writers whose poetical gift makes a pleasing accompaniment to their life without being in any way its principal occupation or interest. "Glenaveril." one of his later books, had a higher aim and more serious meaning than "Lucile," yet otherwise was much of the same kind, a narrative in rhyme, which might just as well have been in prose. His "Fables in Song" are probably the portion of his compositions which will last the longest. Some of them are fine, visionary, and poetical, the "Blue Mountains" in particular, rising to our recollection as a charming rendering of the poetic wistfulness and strain towards a distant good, which recedes as the pilgrim advances, and is never fulfilled. These poems are of a higher class altogether than the volumes of verse produced by the elder Lord Lytton, his father, of which there is not much to say. Robert, Earl Lytton, had many other distinctions and accomplishments besides that of poetry, but the muse was dear to him, and he died in the very act of writing a last verse (published in a posthumous volume), the ink of which was not dry when his spirit passed away,—an end well worthy of the highest poet.

"Glenaveril."

"Fables in Song."

There remain, in addition to a number of poets of

milder reputation who are still living to add to their works, a few who have ended their life's career, and of whom we can do no more than record the names. The late Dean of Wells, Edward Plumptre, contributed much graceful verse, not perhaps of sufficient importance to survive his generation, to the literature of the time; an accomplishment also possessed by several dignified ecclesiastics of the same rank, as has been already noted. Mortimer Collins (1827–1876), a writer of a very different class, whose light and musical verses have much charm, has also a right to be mentioned in a record of English contemporary poetry. The same may be said of Phillip Bourke Marston, a poet whose life was clouded by the great calamity of blindness, and whose light was thus left in incompleteness and quenched in trouble and sorrow. A writer of verse who must almost be put in a class by himself was Charles Stuart Calverley (1831–84). He was, like Yorick, "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," gifted with an extraordinary ingenuity in producing and manipulating his little tricks of verse and scholarly *jeux d'esprit*, which, together with the wild pranks that he played when an undergraduate, have secured him an undying memory at both universities. Those who were at Harrow, or at Oxford, or Cambridge with him, still regard with some of the wondering admiration of old days the extraordinary powers which seemed to make any degree of future fame possible to the brilliant young

Edward Plumptre, Dean of Wells.

Mortimer Collins, 1827–76.

Philip Bourke Marston, 1850–87.

Charles Stuart Calverley, 1831–84.

writer. But the hopes thus aroused were never destined to be fulfilled. Perhaps he never could have done anything greater than the graceful and witty trifles, of which we are sometimes tempted to say in the midst of our admiration that this man was doing for work what others do—not so well, certainly, —for play. But Calverley's powers had little chance of being thoroughly developed, a serious accident on the ice having practically disabled him, before reaching middle age, from any further continued efforts. His translations from the classics and his Greek and Latin verse have deservedly given him a place among scholars quite as high as the immortal "Ode to Beer" or any other of the great little efforts of his youth entitled him to. Calverley has had many imitators; among the most successful may be mentioned the present writer's old schoolfellow, James Kenneth Stephen (1859–92), whose recent melancholy death cut short a life full of the highest promise. The quaint humour and wonderful facility of rhythm shown in his published verses have only quite recently been displayed to the world in two little collections entitled respectively "Lapsus Calami," and "Tuo Musa Tendis?" but his remarkable gifts in this direction had long been known to the school and college friends who remember eagerly scanning each new number of the *Etonian*,—a short-lived school publication, then edited, if we recollect right, by Mr. G. N. Curzon, now Under-Secretary

Translations from the Classics.

"Ode to Beer."

James Kenneth Stephen, 1859-92.

"Lapsus Calami."

"Tuo Musa Tendis?"

"The Etonian."

G. N. Curzon, Editor.

of India, for some gem of comic verse from his pen. Mr. Stephen had done some good journalistic work for the *St. James Gazette* and other papers, and it was his intention, had he lived, to devote himself to serious prose writing. An additionally melancholy association attaches to his name from the fact that he had been tutor to the late Duke of Clarence, whose death preceded his by a few weeks only, during the latter's residence at Cambridge.

H. D. Traill.

The well-known critic Mr. H. D. Traill has, in an article lately published, congratulated (and scared) the readers of the day by the alarming information that at least fifty minor poets, and those of no mediocre kind live and sing among us, each with a name and following, notwithstanding the continual self-attributed censure that ours is a prosaic age. A prosaic age no doubt it is, in which poetry has a less recognised place than when Wordsworth and Coleridge, Byron and Shelley were its representatives among us: but perhaps this is partly caused by the very extension of the faculty of verse and the transmutation of many who were the poet's chosen audience in former times into his imitators or rivals—feeble imitators, hopeless rivals, in most cases, yet sufficiently in the stream to be drawn away from that noble part of the appreciative listener without whom Shakespeare himself might speak in vain. There is no doubt, however, that in the division of the poetical world which is occupied by women, there are now

Minor poets of the present day.

twenty at least whose inspiration is stronger, and their composition at least as refined as those gifts which gave to Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon a position and fame which is scarcely aspired to by those gentle singers of to-day. The names of Christina Rossetti and Jean Ingelow for example would have been placed much higher among their contemporaries had their work been produced in the beginning of the century. Having acknowledged, as has been done in a previous chapter, that no woman has as yet come to the highest honour in this divine art, it may be added that these ladies are neither of them the mere feminine voices, small and sweet, with which a previous age was content, but have a good right to be called poets and have written much which the general reader may well accept with pleasure and gratitude. These are no idle singers of an empty day, but true and gentle minstrels, illustrating in many a subdued yet musical measure the story of human life, and, more wise than some of their greater brethren, contenting themselves with that, without flying to remote antiquity to repeat over and over an oft-told tale. The same may be said, if perhaps in a lesser degree, of Mrs. Craik, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Pfeiffer, Dora Greenwell, and many others, in respect to lyrical poetry. Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Hamilton-King and Miss Harwood (Ross Neil), have struck a bolder note in the forum of the poetical drama, with no inconsiderable success.

Christina Rossetti. Jean Ingelow.

Mrs. Craik. Mrs. Knox. Mrs. Pfeiffer. Dora Greenwell. Mrs. Webster. Mrs. Hamilton-King. Miss Harwood.

At the end of all comes a graceful and lively band, the troubadours of modern times, the singers of the drawing-room and studio, touching with bright lays the popular humours, affectations and fancies as they fly. The chief of these social poets is Mr. Frederick Locker, who in our time may be said to have set the fashion of those seductive criticisms of life which are so airy and brilliant, and which carry home an occasional sarcasm and reproof in amusing and animated verses which even the culprit cannot but enjoy. Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Alfred Austin, and Mr. Andrew Lang are the chief members of this bright band, and are all, we record with pleasure, in full exercise of their faculty, and likely, in their varying ways, to give us, we hope, much more. The younger singers who still have their laurels to earn, are too numerous to name. Mr. William Watson, who has struck at once a graver and a stronger note than most beginners, is perhaps the most notable of these. And mention may be also made here of two sad spirits, soon cut off, Constance Naden, whose poems were of great promise, if of too metaphysical a tone, and Amy Levey, a young Jewess, in whom there is a glimpse of a more subtle inspiration, too soon quenched, however, to enable us to do more than sadly guess that it might have come to a more than ordinary power had it ever been permitted to reach the regions of the maturer soul.

Mr. Frederick Locker.

Austin Dobson.

Alfred Austin.

Andrew Lang.

William Watson.

Constance Naden.

Amy Levey

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE YOUNGER NOVELISTS.

George Eliot, 1819-80.

THERE is perhaps no name so influential and important in the imaginative literature of the half century as that of George Eliot (1819–1880), (Marian Evans, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Cross, however the reader chooses to call her). Notwithstanding the pre-eminence of Dickens and Thackeray in the history of fiction, the new and anonymous writer who in 1857 stepped suddenly into fame, and a resplendent place in contemporary literature, remains even more remarkable than they in the perspective of the time. Her art is not in the least like theirs; it is in one sense deeper, free of the vulgarities and commonplaces of the one, and of the limitations imposed upon himself by the other. Both of these greatest novelists of our time were Londoners, and devoted to the elucidation, one of the lower, and the other of the upper region of the human society which gathers there as in a centre. Ladies and gentlemen were out of Dickens's sphere altogether, and though the greater part of his life as a successful and famous man was spent in their society he never learnt how to draw them. On the other hand, it was ladies and gentlemen chiefly whom Thackeray understood,

though his lightning glance penetrated a bourgeois group here and there, and all the servants, dependents and hangers-on of the great people, with that swift and sudden illumination which is more apt to betray the grotesque attitudes of the crowd than its better ordinary of patience, kindness and humanity. But George Eliot's inspiration came from the country, where nature is less shaped and trained, and where the conventionalities which are even more rigid than in the most artificial society, are so patent to the seeing eye, that the satirist need be no sharper than the humourist, and may almost fulfil his office lovingly. Another question which has been constantly put to this age, and which is pushed with greater zeal every day, as to the position of women in literature and the height which it is in their power to attain, was solved by this remarkable woman, in a way most flattering to all who were and are fighting the question of equality between the two halves of mankind; for here was visibly a woman who was to be kept out by no barriers, who sat down quietly from the beginning of her career in the highest place, and if she did not absolutely excel all her contemporaries in the revelation of the human mind and the creation of new human beings, at least was second to none in those distinguishing characteristics of genius. Even that gift of humour, in which it had been so often confidently asserted the whole female sex was deficient, was seen to shine out in this indi-

Source of her inspiration.

vidual with the warmest suffusion of light and insight. She put all theories to flight and extinguished all fallacies on that subject without a word said. No man, no critic could condescend to her, or treat her with that courteous (or uncourteous) superiority which has been the ordinary lot of women; no one indeed, so far as we know, ever attempted to do so; her position was established from the moment when she first found her natural utterance.

Her story.

The way in which she did so was in itself highly interesting, though her story lies under a cloud which it is unfortunately impossible to dissipate, and which throughout makes her life much less desirable to dwell upon than her work or her fame. She was the daughter of a very modest, respectable, commonplace family in the country, and from her childhood brought up in the unlovely straitness of a narrow little religious community, to whom it was apparent that they alone were secure of salvation, and all the world lay in wickedness. From this unfounded and conventional (as far as she was concerned) faith, she fell in a moment at the touch of the first assault, without difficulty and without regret, among people pretty much of the same mental attitude, though entirely contrary in point of belief, people still profoundly conscious that the whole world lay in folly, and that they alone were wise. The young and aspiring girl thus transported, as appeared, to a height of intellectual illumination, detached herself from all

the traditions as well as all the tenets of Christianity, and when in mature life she became the so-called wife of George Henry Lewes, she was, no doubt, in her own eyes and according to the lights of nature, blameless, and only subject to a conventional censure to which she assumed, as well as she could, that she attached no importance. What was more extraordinary was that society after a while took her at her word, and instead of finding in her another example of the wickedness of genius, as was done in such cases as those of Byron and Shelley, condoned the offence which strikes at the root of all law, and relaxed its standards for the sake of that genius which was too great to be doubted. This result was as unlooked for as it will remain, we hope, unparalleled and unique.

Whatever may be said in the point of view of morality, nothing could have been better for literature than the union thus formed. George Henry Lewes was not himself in any respect a man of genius, but he was one of the most typical of literary men, knowing everybody and known of everybody, not very successful as a writer, but a good critic; and thoroughly able to secure a hearing for a new writer, and to guide the steps of the neophyte in every way, both to fame and profit. It was he who suggested to the partner of his life that she should attempt fiction, and this at a moment when their fortunes were low, and when a new beginning, one way or another,

was of the greatest importance to their joint comfort. Such reasons, alas! do not confer power, but they are good to stimulate it where it exists. Miss Evans, up to this time, had been a very mediocre writer in the "Westminster," an essayist quite unremarkable, and a translator—though even her translations do not seem to have been worthy of any special notice; and when she was left alone one morning, undisturbed, to make her first attempt at a story, herself deprecating the possibility of doing so, and only attempting it because it was so urged upon her, the situation is one which might easily have been rendered ridiculous or painful in the telling, had the attempt ended, as seemed so likely, in some laborious nothing. One can understand something of the feeling of the excited man who had set this dutiful but cumbrous machinery to work, with high hopes indeed, but no knowledge whether the result would be a mass of chopped hay, straw, or stubble, or some great work which the world would not willingly let die. He is neither a sympathetic nor a delightful character in himself, yet a certain excitement of feeling is generated within us, half against our will, as we think of his return, of the woman coming to meet him, pale with the day's seclusion and hard work, with the thrill of production about her, and the still stronger thrill of half despairing alarm lest her critic should think nothing of it, putting the sheets of manuscript into his hand. What George Lewes read was a portion

Her first attempt at a story.

at least of the "Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton," a piece of work which in all her after life, George Eliot never surpassed. It was probably only the humorous *mise en scène*, the delightful picture of the village and the surrounding farms and their inhabitants, Mrs. Hackett, and her neighbours, which he read in that tremendous moment while the author stood by, not the least aware that her faltering essay was in fact, in its brevity and humility, as perfect a work of genius as ever was given to the world. "Amos Barton."

This first work stole quietly into notice in "Blackwood's Magazine," without at first any flourish of trumpets. It consisted, as everybody knows, of three stories, by no means equal: "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," with its episode of uncongenial and tragic romance; and the tale, almost too painful, of "Janet's Repentance." "Amos Barton" is by far the finest of the three, and the wonder grows, as we read and reread it how this could be the very first chapter, the sudden outburst after empty and dull reviewing, essay-writing, etc., into sudden light and life. The little experiment of the story-writing meant fame, ease, fortune, and everything that the world could give, to the pair who had spent a day of such anxiety over it; for there was not a moment's hesitation in the response of the public, which still carries that first story in its heart of hearts. "Janet's Repentance" was remarkable for the wonderful picture of another clergyman, the martyr of his own zeal and love for "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." "Janet's Repentance."

his Master and his people, the saviour of Janet, whose pure passion of religious faith and earnestness was half resented by some persons when they discovered that the author had conceived that shining figure coldly as a mere specimen, and not with any sympathy or faith in his faith. It seemed a kind of outrage upon nature that such an image should come from an imagination unmoved by its wonderful and celestial life, an outrage—yet all the more a miracle as proving how genius can clothe in human form the inconceivable, though unable to touch with all its powers the true mystery of that incarnation.

"Adam Bede," 1859.

"Adam Bede," which was the author's second work published 1859, enlarged, extended and consolidated her fame. The broader canvas gave fuller scope to her powers, and she had now learnt the use of her instrument and had gained assurance in her work. This wonderful transcript of humanity, containing so much that is usually undiscovered in life, the movement of the heart and mind, the workings of motive, the extraordinary inadvertences and misconceptions of existence which mingle with its most common calculations and balk its schemes and alter its course, was received as if it had been a revelation. Everything was in it, the world observed and the world divined. Mrs. Poyser, on whom so many critics and readers alighted with unceasing delight, but who probably cost the writer less trouble than most of the others; the romantic religious ideal,

A wonderful transcript of humanity.

sweet yet conventional, of Dinah, more dear to another class than anything that is absolutely true to nature; and the wonderful impersonation of Hetty, the shallow, selfish, yet absolutely natural and genuine being, who secures none of the writer's sympathies, yet is drawn by her with a supreme understanding which is almost awful in its knowledge. The men were weaker than the women, which is a natural result of the less intimate acquaintance with them than with her own sex, which almost in every case influences the female writer, as except in Shakespeare it does, with a corresponding inability, the men. Yet Adam, Seth, and the other tradesmen and farm folk are broadly drawn, and answer to the necessities of the human balance, if they are not so conspicuous as their partners. The picture altogether was so much broader, both in conception and execution, than anything with which the public had been familiar for years, that the effect was very remarkable. It was as broad as Sir Walter and almost as natural, while abounding with spiritual analysis and philosophy, which would neither have suited his mind nor that of his time—and much more so than either of the two other great novelists of her own day, whose interpretation of life was confined to a lesser area and distinctions more sharply drawn. Thackeray had Society for his subject, with but glimpses into the surrounding world, and Dickens had the twists and oddities only of nature, and

Compared with Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens.

trod in general a highly conventionalised and unreal sphere made, however, all the more whimsical from the incongruities of absolute fact with the wild vagaries of freakish wit and fancy. George Eliot, on the other hand, took the broad country as her sphere, limited, too, by the fact that she did not much know the gentry or their ways, and that therefore the picture was incomplete on that side; but there are hundreds of people to portray the gentry; and every step, as far as she knew it, was solid, living and true.

The works of this great writer divide themselves naturally into sections; the first containing the "Scenes of Clerical Life," the "Mill on the Floss," "Adam Bede," and "Silas Marner." This was her first method, and it contains, we think, the best of her books, the unaffected, genuine and natural utterance of her genius. There is an intermediate stage in which she produced "Felix Holt," to our mind by far the least valuable of her work; the poems, "Spanish Gipsy," etc., which had a considerable fictitious importance at the moment because of the great hold which she had taken upon the public mind, but for which very few people now have a good word to say; and "Romola," a book of high intention, of elaborate execution, and of a sort of superlative merit which is neither nature nor truth, but something due to the force of a masterful imagination imposing forcibly its great effort upon the world. Nothing can exceed in real power, however, the picture of the attractive

"Mill on the Floss." "Silas Marner."

"Felix Holt."

"Romola."

George Eliot.

villain Tito, so thoroughly base of nature, so tortuous, so lovable and beautiful on the outside, so amiable and so remorseless at once, which is drawn by the author with a concentrated passion as of some actual person whom she hated and pursued through every trick and wile, never leaving him till the last pang of dishonoured and miserable death, to which she drives him with a fierce joy in his last agonies—while nothing could be less real, more like the glorified ideal of the schoolgirl, than the superlative Romola, so curiously unlike anything which could have been expected from a hand so strong and so sure. The sketch of Savonarola is equally wanting in all the qualities which we should have looked for from a writer who had created Tryon without having any sympathy with him, in sheer faithfulness to, and understanding of, the mysteries of human life.

This was perhaps the beginning of the new influence, the laborious elaboration of her later style, which has made "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda" a class by themselves in fictitious literature. And yet the *mise en scène* of "Middlemarch," the country landscape, and the bustling old squire, Mr. Brooke, are admirable and full of life and power; while the story of Gwendoline in "Deronda," up to the moment of her marriage, is one of the most masterly of impersonations. When, however, a female perfection comes in in the shape of Dorothea, and still more a male perfection in the form of Daniel De-

"Middlemarch."
"Daniel Deronda."

ronda, this admirable genius fails and sinks into morasses of fictitious imagination, and laboured utterance. Her true inspiration had nothing to do with these artificial and fantastic embodiments of new philosophy and a conventional ideal. It has been generally believed that George Eliot was influenced by her surroundings, and by the strain of excessive applause seldom tempered by criticism, to these efforts to transcend herself. It is very likely that it was a most sincere attempt on her part to improve upon the greater simplicity of the earlier method, in which the natural humility of genius had some share, as well as the increasing profundity of metaphysical studies, and the narrowing out of all true contact of life from the curious society of worshippers which had gathered round her, and kept her closely encircled, apart from the free air and natural atmosphere to which she had been born.

Peculiar circle of Society.

This society was, while it lasted, one of the most curious features in the history of contemporary literature. A close circle where nothing was heard but adoration of the divine figure in the midst, where strangers were charily admitted to gaze with awe over the shoulders of the initiated, and await in reverence the possibility of a word; where never jarring sound was permitted, nor breath of criticism, nor even a suggestion that the standard of perfect excellence was not always there. This state of affairs was generally believed to be the expedient

of Mr. Lewes, to keep in the finest condition and happiest circumstances the companion of his later life, whose genius he had discovered and fostered, and of whom he was always the first worshipper. The world perhaps has not done him sufficient credit for having made this great discovery and gently forced and led into utterance a power which had been between thirty and forty years in the world without discovering itself—but it has, on the other hand, remorselessly laid on his shoulders the obscuration of that genius in the more laborious efforts of her latest style. It was reserved for a second husband, Mr. Cross, to present the world with a picture of the great novelist and humourist, in which George Eliot appears as a very dull woman, turgidly philosophical and drearily commonplace, as if she had never had an idea, much less a laugh, and least of all an inspiring and noble consciousness of human life and its interests and mysteries, in her. How this amazing overturn of every natural conception could be is a question upon which, notwithstanding the endless criticism to which it has been subjected, no light has as yet been thrown.

Mr. Cross.

Two robust and manly figures come into the scene after the great woman-novelist, contemporaries, earlier than she in their first dates, and associated together even more naturally than Dickens and Thackeray, who have indeed no real connection except their greatness. Anthony Trollope (1815--

Anthony Trollope, 1815–82.

1882), and Charles Reade (1814–1884), however, treated of the same society under the same conditions, and though very different in many ways, will always stand together in the front of the second rank of Victorian novelists, which might well be the first rank of an age less exceptionally gifted. Anthony Trollope will satisfy the believers in heredity from the circumstance that he was the son of his mother, a writer whose broadly humorous and perhaps vulgar, but always vigorous, pictures of English contemporary life, as well as criticism of other countries, had made for her a very distinct and widespread reputation, and whose pathetic and touching story, so much unlike anything that was known, or would have been imagined, of the author of "Widow Barnaby," has only been made known lately in the autobiographical works of her two sons.

"Widow Barnaby."

Anthony, the younger of these, but the first to make himself known to the world, had a childhood and youth much troubled by perpetual change, and entered upon life with few advantages, having obtained the position of a clerk in the Post-Office at an early age. He himself gives a very dreary picture of this preface of life of a young man alone in London, without friends or any elevating pursuit to raise him above the routine of a dull and lonely existence. By good fortune, however, he was transferred from that dreary beginning to a more energetic and inde-

pendent life in Ireland, where he first began to put his impressions of life into fiction, with very poor success for a number of years. The beginner may find encouragement in the record of his failures to catch the public ear; though that encouragement may be tempered by warning, since we doubt whether these early efforts were worth very much more than the failure they met with, though in the light of his subsequent eminence, they have been found readable, and worthy of a better fate. It was not until 1853 that the publication of "The Warden" established him at once in the position which he kept more or less till the end of his life. We do not think that in any of his after works Mr. Trollope ever surpassed this story, or produced anything so perfect in its subdued tones as the picture of the elderly and humble-minded clergyman, so true, so simple and so mild, yet invulnerable in gentle resolution when his conscience had been awakened and he had perceived his position to be untenable, according to his own high yet completely unostentatious standard of right and wrong. Mr. Harding may take his place among the best and most delicately drawn of those new men and women who have been added to our spiritual acquaintance (and their name is legion) during this age, so wealthy in fiction. He does not come up to the high standard of Colonel Newcome or Esmond, but he is, in his way, as real, and even more unconsciously and gently noble-minded than

"The Warden."

The author's conception of "Mr. Harding."

they. His mild and happy life as Warden of the picturesque old Hospital, doing good to everybody round him, sinking into the gentle languor of age among his old men whom he cherishes and loves; with his fiddle, by which he breathes forth his troubles and despondencies when they arise; his well-married, ambitious daughter, and his pretty young one, the solace of his life;—and the rising cloud that comes over him, his conflicts within and without against the renunciation which his friends think so foolish, and the sudden strength of unalterable conviction which gives the mild old man strength to stand against them all,—are so admirably done that we are made to share at once in the soft determination which is beyond all argument, and the exasperated incapacity of everybody around to perceive any reason why he should take the step which he feels so incumbent on him. The little sunny cathedral town, the gentle drowsy atmosphere, into which as yet no bustling new life has come, the old bishop and his old clergy going down the quiet path together, is perfectly rendered, and Barchester entered at once and permanently into the record of English sees, from the day when this little book, one volume and no more, was given to the world.

Portrayal of cathedral town life.

It was, however, more than "the Warden," it was a little world of well-known figures that came into view along with Mr. Harding. Everybody con-

cluded, not knowing Mr. Trollope as yet, that he was at least the son of a Canon or other ecclesiastical dignitary steeped in the life of the Close, and drawing, if not individual sketches, yet pictures from a memory filled with long processions of Deans, Archdeacons and other clerical folk. It remains one of the wonders of which there are so many in literature, how a young man struggling into life, whose antecedents had been anything but those of a Cathedral, the son of an almost nomad family, and with little that was beautiful in his life and circumstances, should have been the one to introduce that serene yet sorely tried old man, with all those towers and cloisters behind him, and the characteristic atmosphere and tone of so strongly marked a community to the acquaintance of the world. But these contrasts and paradoxes are of continual occurrence in the works of real genius. From this beginning rose a series of books which in their day interested all readers as much, or nearly as much, as Thackeray or Dickens. Perhaps none of all the characters created by these masters entered into the general life and conversation more than did Mrs. Proudie, the wife of the new Bishop of Barchester, whose sway over him and the diocese was so real a thing both to Barchester and to England, and over whom, when she suddenly and unaccountably died in the height of her activity and fame, the whole country raised a wail of regret and remonstrance to earth and heaven.

"Mrs. Proudie."

It is very rarely that a novelist produces such an effect as this. It was indeed more real and loud than our grief over the beautiful and touching tragedy of Colonel Newcome—for there seemed still a prospect of endless amusement in Mrs. Proudie, and no reason in the world why she should die. Her absolute reality and firm standing upon the common soil, a woman whom we all knew, perhaps had something to do with this triumph over the higher imagination.

We cannot pause upon the Archdeacon, whose creation is as distinct and masterly, nor his wife, nor the many other members of that most characteristic community—which extends into life on every side, even reaching so far as the Duke of Omnium and that remarkable young politician and statesman, his heir Mr. Plantagenet Palliser. The last "Chronicle of Barset" added a stronger note of tragedy to the varied story which began with Mr. Harding, in the person of another clergyman, Mr. Crawley, the poor, proud, learned parson with his overflowing family, and the false accusation which hung over him for so long. Posterity, to which we all appeal, will find nowhere any better illustration of the Victorian age than in this series of admirable fiction—if it does not lose its way among the intolerable number of books which put forward a somewhat similar claim. Mr. Trollope wrote a great many more novels. He wrote indeed a great deal too many for his own rep-

"Chronicles of Barset."

utation, not only because of the fact that in so much there could not but be considerable inequality, but also because the voluminous writer is always less likely to secure a favourable judgment than the more reticent or of slower productive power, whose claim is more easily investigated, and the best he can do or has done more clearly identified. He added to this effect in his own person by a cheerful vaunting of his mode of work, and humorous exaggeration of the just so many words a day which he bound himself to write. He has been thence represented as a man working by the most prosaic methods at a mere trade of novel writing, an exceedingly false as well as highly injurious representation. The man who could write the "Chronicles of Barchester," may well be content to rest upon these admirable works his claim to enduring fame.

Charles Reade, 1814-84.

It is more difficult to define the charm and humorous mastery with which Charles Reade contributed his share to the elucidation of English popular life. He took no individual class of people into his hand, chose no local centre, placed no Barchester in the geography of the country. He found his material anywhere, in the village, in the country town, in London, at sea, with a knowledge and acquaintance with all which was always broad and full of light wherever he chose to place his centre, and with an indifference to time as well as place which was a high test of his wonderful power. For though he

was essentially a writer of the nineteenth century, and his books a record of the manners and morals of his day, yet his greatest work is a historical romance of the fifteenth century—and one of the most powerful of his lesser romances, "Griffith Gaunt," contains an admirable and living picture of English life a hundred years ago, no book of costumes as so many are, but a most animated transcript of a time which is entirely past. This work is not to be compared with "Esmond" as a work of art, but it has a strength and swiftness and power of rapid realisation which is as remarkable in its way. It is, however, what is called a disagreeable book, and therefore has never had the popularity it deserves. "The Cloister and the Hearth," published in 1861, Mr. Reade's longest and greatest work, can scarcely be spoken of with praise too high. It is like one of those mediæval pictures in which we see in a succession of scenes, which occupy what in a more artificial piece would be simply background, the whole life and progress of the man whose picture, whether a portrait or a leading incident in his life, is the chief subject. The wonderful romance of Gerard and his companion, with its hundred episodes which are not archaic and bear no mark of the midnight oil, but fresh as the breadth of the primitive country with all its fierce little walled towns and noble castles and hospitable convents, rolls out before us in endless detail, without ever withdrawing our attention from

"Griffith Gaunt."

"The Cloister and the Hearth."

the noble young figure, all ardour, purity and faith which is the chief interest. "The Cloister and the Hearth" is one of the books which we should put into our list for the furnishing and endowment of that desert island, for which we are so often asked to choose an imaginary library.

It is, however, Reade's novels of modern and contemporary life which are his most numerous productions, and these had not only in most cases a special purpose but a curiously particular method. It was his habit to accumulate from the newspapers and from every quarter whence such details could be procured, the facts and incidents of daily life, and especially of all abuses in public and private matters, wrongs done, or rights neglected, which he preserved in immense volumes, indexed and labelled so that he could be able in a moment to lay his hand on any detail he wanted, either of individual misadventure, or of the mistakes of public institutions and the tyrannies of private life. Surrounded by that extraordinary reference library this strange man sat and worked, fondly believing that it was from his multitudinous volumes of shreds and patches, and not from his own genius that he called forth those living and moving tales, in which the gloomy life of the prison, the still more dreadful existence of the madhouse, the outrages of the early trade-unions, were placed before our eyes—and unaware that all these extraordinary collections were but so much rubbish

His extraordinary reference library.

as soon as the great spirit which took the trouble to use them was gone. Mr. Reade was not without his share of vanity, but he was far more proud of these masses of information which he had collected, than of the genius which was capable of making even such dry bones live.

"Love me little, Love me long."

One of his most delightful books is the story called "Love me little, Love me long," a somewhat absurd title, in which the history and adventures of the Dodd family, afterwards continued in "Hard Cash," are introduced to the reader. The simple and noble sailor, David Dodd, is one of the finest pictures in contemporary fiction, and we know no single scene more exciting than the night at sea in which a little pleasure-boat is driven from the English to the French coast, and the hapless passengers are saved by the presence of this sea-captain, who at once becomes the master of the situation, and by the unsuspected pluck and gallantry of Lucy, the slightly artificial young lady for whom, up to this moment, he had seemed much too good. The reader will perhaps, however, recall more easily the exciting scenes in the prison, and those in Australia, which make "Never too Late to Mend" one of the most striking novels of breathless movement and adventure, as it was one of the most popular of its day. Its construction, especially at that trying moment when the exigencies of the story and the necessity of a good ending, which was then more incumbent

"Hard Cash."

"Never too Late to Mend."

than now upon the writer, demanded a *tour de force* to satisfy everybody, is exceedingly faulty; but the chief scenes to all boys and wholesome minded persons who love a story can never lose their exciting power. "Peg Woffington," an admirable study afterwards developed with the collaboration of Mr. Tom Taylor into the play called "Masks and Faces," which still holds the stage; and "Christie Johnston," a delightful picture of the salt-water population of Newhaven in Scotland, are also excellent specimens of a vivid power and mastery of his subject in which Charles Reade was remarkable among his contemporaries, conveying to the critic the impression, always an interesting and imposing one, that his performance, however excellent, never reached the full measure of what he could have done. His life had throughout an academic background, though it is difficult to imagine this in reading his work. Born in 1814, he was first a Demy, and then a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford—which latter pleasant position he held till his death in 1884, a period of more than thirty years. It might be imagined that no better use of such an endowment could be than to afford an *appui* to such a man of letters, a high grace and honour to his venerable college; but that fortunate combination of circumstances is, we believe, possible no more.

"Peg Woffington."

"Christie Johnston."

Another member of much the same circle, although specially attached to the group which surrounded

William Wilkie Collins, 1824-89.

Dickens, William Wilkie Collins (1824–1889), had also a high standing among the novelists of his day. He was the son of William Collins, R.A., the painter and Royal Academician, and was accordingly familiar from his earliest life with those modest circles of art and literature in London, which in those days made, far more than now, a little world for themselves.

His special power and art.

The special power of Mr. Wilkie Collins, as afterwards developed, was for the construction of plots, and the use of all the most elaborate machinery of the story. His was the art which keeps the reader breathless, not through a scene or act of adventure, but during the long and elaborate following out of intrigue and incident, those tangles of the web of fate, or intricate combinations of circumstance, conducting certainly to an often unsuspected end—which never lose their effect so long as they are skilfully and powerfully done, as was the case in the earlier works of this novelist. He did not possess the still more interesting and far higher gift of creation. There is no character, no living being in his works, with the exception, perhaps, of Count Fosco, of whom the reader will probably at this distance remember even the name; but, notwithstanding this, his power of holding his audience spellbound, and of rousing the same kind of curiosity and eager interest with which we watch day by day the gradual unfolding of the links of evidence in a great trial, was unsurpassed, we might say unequalled, in

his day. The sensation produced by the "Woman in White," the first and consequently most striking of the series of stories in which he has displayed this power, and which came out in a serial form in "Household Words," thus doubling the excitement of those who had to wait from week to week for a fresh instalment of the story—was prodigious. It was the subject of conversation and speculation everywhere, and the reader followed every turn, and commented upon every incident, as if some personal interest of his own hung upon the identification of the gentle, witless creature who was the shadow heroine, and the unhappy lady who was the real object of all those highly wrought and intricate snares. Fosco, the Italian adventurer, the delightful, amiable, seductive, *fat* villain—a quite new point in the record of crime—with his plausible exterior and his remorseless purpose, was, as has been said, the sole successful attempt of Mr. Wilkie Collins to create a man. The others were puppets of his admirably constructed theatre, made to be pushed about here and there, and to express terror and innocence and villainy, and those states of partial apprehension, those mistakes and fictitious blunders which arrest the progress of a tale and increase its difficulties; but they were, and pretended to be no more. To be led along those often alarming, always cleverly contrived ways, and to trace the thread of story in and out, was the entertainment he offered to his public.

"Woman in White."

Nothing excites a more lively or keen interest, but, unfortunately, nothing palls sooner upon the excited imagination, and it cannot be said that Mr. Collins retained the spell which he had worked so forcibly in the beginning of his career. He continued to produce similar persecutions of the innocent, and long-laid trains of villainy involving all kinds of agents, who, in most cases, told each their story neatly, in a style too much resembling each other and the author, till nearly the conclusion of his career, and always found a sufficient audience; but never, we think, succeeded in securing the breathless interest of the reader as he did with the "Woman in White."

This book, though the first exercise of his special gift, was not his first work. He had written before
'Antonina.' a novel called "Antonina," the scene of which was laid in Rome, and the conclusion a horrible tragedy;
"Basil." and also "Basil," a more ordinary tale; which more or less convinced the critics of his power to do something, but did not attract the notice of the public. He was largely connected with Dickens during his life, working with him, acting with him, and receiving and giving continual sympathy both in work and the incidents of life. The "Woman in White," as has been said, appeared in Dickens's weekly magazine "Household Words," and helped to make the fortune of that paper as well as his own. Mr. Wilkie Collins died in 1889. We may here mention
Charles Allston Collins. also Charles Allston Collins, a brother of Wilkie Col-

lins, who wrote several books, not very successful, and died comparatively young. And a much more important person, Thomas Adolphus Trollope, the brother of Anthony Trollope, who has written much and well chiefly on Italian life, and still lives, having contributed to recent literature two volumes of Autobiographical Sketches, full of interest and a fine humanity.

Thomas Adolphus Trollope.

In this group of the greater novelists of the Victorian Age who have already passed from the scene, may be here placed one of the best known and most highly esteemed of the women-writers of whom there have been so many, Dinah Maria Muloch (1826–1887), afterwards Mrs. Craik. She began her work at a early age, having had family responsibilities laid upon her young shoulders of a very unusual and heavy kind. Her first novel, "The Ogilvies," was published in 1849 when she was little more than twenty-two, and was followed in the next year by "Olive," works which showed a pure and elevated purpose with something of the over-sentiment of youth, and that sadness in which the poetical imagination so generally takes refuge at the age when everything external is naturally most bright. She did not, however, assume her true place in fiction until the publication of "John Halifax, Gentleman," a work which attained instant and great popularity, and which has had many imitators, the sincerest flattery according to the proverb, which can be be-

Dinah Maria Muloch, 1826-87.

"The Ogilvies."

"Olive."

"John Halifax, Gentleman."

stowed. This work, which relates the history of a good man's life and love, has but little incident, and no meretricious attractions, but attained the higher triumph of securing the public attention and sympathy by its pure and elevated feeling, fine perception of character, and subdued but admirable literary power. Miss Muloch thus placed herself at the head of one division of the army of novelists. She has also added attraction to more than one landscape, throwing an interest to many readers over the little town of Tewkesbury for instance, with which the scene of John Halifax was identified, which has brought many pilgrims, we believe, to that place, not only from other parts of England, but from the other great continent across the seas where fiction has even more importance and its scenes more interest than among ourselves. A considerable succession of novels followed "John Halifax" among which may be mentioned "Agatha's Husband," "A Noble Life," "A Brave Lady," and many others. Mrs. Craik (married 1864 to Mr. George L. Craik, one of the senior members of the firm of Macmillan and Co., the eminent publishers) also published a few volumes of essays on general subjects. She died in 1887.

"Agatha's Husband." "A Noble Life," etc.

The names of Geraldine Jewsbury (1812–1880) and Julia Kavanagh (1824–1877) may also be mentioned here, though neither of them has attained anything like the eminence of Mrs. Craik. Miss Jewsbury wrote two or three novels of the rebellious-sentimen-

Geraldine Jewsbury, 1812-80. Julia Kavanagh, 1824-77.

tal kind, her heroines contending against such contrarieties of fate as that women should have to endure the pains and troubles of maternity. She is chiefly known by her long association and friendship with Thomas Carlyle and his wife. Miss Kavanagh was a much more voluminous writer. She was herself an Irishwoman who had spent most of her life on the continent; and her scenes and subjects are chiefly drawn from French country life. Mrs. Henry Wood (1820–1887) is another of the novelists of that generation who have passed away from the scene of their labours. All that it seems necessary to say of her is what is said in all the advertisements. Her works sell by the fifty thousands, and it is the boast of her publishers that they have issued more than a million copies. Critics have little to say where the public has made such a sweeping demonstration of its appreciation and applause.

Mrs. Henry Wood, 1820–87.

Among other novelists who have completed their work we may here add the names of Major John George Whyte-Melville (1821–1878), whose bold and stirring romances, chiefly connected with the hunting-field, have had a great reputation in their time; and Mr. James Grant, a writer who has given us many lively pictures of soldiering and military life. Still more distinguished in his day, and the originator of a school of novel-writers and a special type of dashing hero, was George Alfred Lawrence (1827–1876), better known as the author of "Guy Living-

John George Whyte-Melville, 1821–78.

James Grant.

George Alfred Lawrence, 1827–76.

Colonel Lawrence Lockhart, 1832–82.

ston" Colonel Lawrence Lockhart (1832–1882), a nephew of John Gibson Lockhart, was the author of two or three animated and amusing stories of love and sport, or rather sport and love. Of a different order, and holding his audience with a stronger grasp,

J. Sheridan Lefaun.

was J. Sheridan Lefaun, the grandson of a sister of the great Sheridan and possessing much of the literary gift of the family. His stories are full of a powerful sensationalism and his subjects partly supernatural.

W. J. Fargus—"Hugh Conway."

W. J. Fargus (1827–1885), writing under the name of "Hugh Conway," made one of the great reputations of a day of which there have been several in this generation with a novel of the title of "Called Back," a book by no means wanting in interest or cleverness, but quite inadequate to account for the effect produced.

We may add to this list several names of ladies, among which are two omitted in their proper place,

Mary Russell Mitford.

that of Mary Russell Mitford (1786–1855) and Anna Maria Hall (Mrs. S. C.) (1802–1881). Miss Mitford's name will recall to the elder reader many a delightful study of country life. "Our Village," a long series of sketches which appeared at various dates between 1824 and 1832, and gained for her the best kind of popularity, that of cordial and genial sympathy from all who loved rural scenes, and the wholesome, if not very exciting, annals of a well-to-do rustic community. She was also the author of several historical plays, highly considered in their time, and of a de-

lightful book of reminiscence and quotation, called "Recollections of a Literary Life," which unites the charm of the "Golden Treasury" to that of a lively autobiography. Mrs. S. C. Hall was chiefly known for her stories of Irish life and character, and for her somewhat laborious but not unsuccessful career as one of the hostesses of literary society—the mistress of a salon, where many well-known people assembled. Mrs. Alfred Gatty (1809–1873), was well known by her stories for children, published under the *nom de plume* of Aunt Judy, under which character she conducted for several years a magazine for children which was much esteemed. Her greatest addition to literature, however, was her daughter Julienne, afterwards Mrs. Ewing, whose exquisite little stories, "Jackanapes," and many others, though originally intended for children, have touched the heart and gained the deep admiration of many older readers, but who died early in the fulness of her sweet and sympathetic genius.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, 1802–81.

Mrs. Alfred Gatty, 1802–73.

Mrs. Ewing

These have all ended their career, and can no longer alter the verdict or change the opinion pronounced upon them. One other honoured name of a quite peculiar fame we may also record here—that of Giovanni, or, as he preferred to call himself, John Ruffini, an Italian who took refuge in this country after the troubles of the '48—and who, though he never fully mastered our language in spoken speech, wrote his novels, of which there are five or six, the

John Ruffini.

first and best being "Dr. Antonio," in admirable English, presenting the strange phenomenon of a fervid and patriotic Italian, taking his subjects from his own country, but making use of the language of his hosts and friends in which to embody them. "Dr. Antonio" is a favourite book in Italy, and its hero is an Italian who seals his devotion to his country with his blood, but before it can be read in that land which its chief object is to honour and magnify, it has to be translated out of English, a most curious fact, and, so far as we know, unique in literary history. Another almost as distinct, though in a very different way, is Laurence Oliphant, a name well known in other branches of literature, who is also the author of one brilliant piece of social satire in the shape of a novel, "Piccadilly," perhaps the most trenchant and effective assault which has been made upon the falsehoods and fictions of Society in our time; and of several others in which the interest is less direct and personal, "Altiora Peto," etc.; all sparkling with wit and the most powerful criticism of life, though with a mixture of exalted mysticism which has repelled as many minds as it has attracted. His own life, as is well known, was full of the most extraordinary struggle between the force of that mysticism and the sense and reason of an accomplished man of the world.

Laurence Oliphant.

The band which remains of what we may call the morning time of the Victorian Age is naturally now

few in number, and a writer who herself is a member of it finds some difficulty in entering fully into a critical notice of her contemporaries, in which her own place can only be indicated. Mr. George Meredith, whose praise is in all the circles of the critics, and some of whose works are already classics, has never condescended to those humble gifts of distinctness and plain story-telling which find a novelist access to the crowd. Were his books subjected to a process of compression, and his sentences unwound from the extraordinary convolutions of words in which he shows an increasing inclination to wrap up his meaning, the ordinary public would be in a better condition to understand and appreciate the high qualities with which the leaders of literary opinion have always accredited this remarkable writer. This defect is by no means so great, however, in his earlier romances, in the "Ordeal of Richard Feverel" for example, which is full of beautiful and powerful scenes, than in his later work.

George Meredith.

Mr. George MacDonald is also a novelist who has missed the very widest circle of readers rather from the visionary beauty of his characters and the quite unworldly strain of his writing and too lofty theory of life, than from any want either of truth or strength in his work, especially the earlier part of it. His "David Elginbrod," the first of his novels, brought out from the very lowest level of Scottish country folk, a father and daughter who were worthy to be

George MacDonald.

"David Elginbrod."

ranked with the saints and poets, and whose beautiful apprehension of everything fine and great startled the reader, accustomed indeed to find much peasant wit and wisdom in the favourite subjects of Scotch novels, but not a strain so lofty as this. Throughout his works, the same peculiarity, a strain too elevated, and a visionary character almost too beautiful, which made the poor little Sir Gibbie of the garret, and the gillie Malcolm, at once fit for the highest positions, and higher than these positions, whatever they might be, has made him miss a little that necessary foundation upon the commoner understanding and emotions which is necessary to a writer of popular fiction.

Richard Doddridge Blackmore.

Mr. Richard Doddridge Blackmore has not shared this fault. His peasant folk of the West of England are more racy of the soil than any other such population we know, and though they all possess a general wealth of quaint eloquence which perhaps too much resembles their author's natural turn of speech, and represents his ideas rather than theirs, are in other respects not above the average of men and women. His greatest success was gained by the semi-historical work of "Lorna Doone," which has made a Devonshire valley classic ground, and brought an obscure historical episode into fuller light than usually falls upon much more important events. His people are so fully alive, and so recognisable as actual persons, not unlike their sons and grandsons,

"Lorna Doone."

that the fame of this book has gone both high and low, to the simplest reader as well as the severest critic.

We may add to this list, though his one remarkable book can scarcely be called a novel, the name of Mr. Thomas Hughes, now Judge Hughes, whose "Tom Brown" was the beginning of that interest of the general public in public schools which has never flagged since then, and which made the remarkable reign of Dr. Arnold at Rugby, and his ideal of the English Schoolboy better known than the more legitimate medium of biography and descriptive history could ever have made it. "Tom Brown at Oxford" was not equally successful, but the introduction of the ideal young man of Victorian romance, the fine athlete, moderately good scholar, and honest, frank, muscular, and humble-minded gentleman, of whom we have seen so many specimens, is due to Judge Hughes more than to any other. If circumstances have occurred since to make us a little tired of that good fellow, and disposed to think his patronage of the poorer classes somewhat artificial, it is not Judge Hughes' fault.

Thomas Hughes.

"Tom Brown."

The ladies belonging to the same band are still considerable in number—Miss Yonge, whose series of books have added quite a new world of excellent Church people, good, noble and true, with all their fads and little foolishnesses, all their habits of mind and speech, their delightful family affection, and

Miss Yonge.

human varieties of goodness, to an existing universe, in which with all its faults there are so many such, that a sympathetic and interested audience can never be wanting. Her first work, the "Heir of Redcliffe," with its sweet youthful tragedy of piety and devotion, took the heart of the country at once, and placed the author in a position which, through, we had almost said hundreds of narratives of a similar character, she has never lost. Miss Braddon, of a very different character and aim, was the first inventor of that gentle and amiable heroine, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and capable of every crime, who has been so often repeated since, and added a new *spécialité* of character for the use of those lesser artists who follow a leader with such exasperating fidelity to all that can be copied. Miss Braddon, now Mrs. Maxwell, is perhaps the most complete story-teller of the whole, and has not confined herself to that or any other type of character, but has ranged widely over all English scenes and subjects, always with a power of interesting and occupying the public, which is one of the first qualities of the novelist. If it has ever happened to the reader to find himself, while travelling, out of the reach of books and left to the drift of cheap editions for the entertainment of his stray hours, he will then appreciate what it is, among the levity and insignificance of many of the younger writers, to find the name of Miss Braddon on a title-page, and know that he is likely to find some sense of life as a

Miss Braddon.

whole, and some reflection of the honest sentiments of humanity, amid the froth of flirtation and folly which has lately invaded, like a destroying flood, the realms of fiction. Mrs. Lynn Linton is of the rebellious school to which we have already referred, and prone to see nothing but problems and difficulties in life, whether in the case of the unappreciated daughter or wife, or in other and more complicated religious or social matters. Conflicts of both kinds are apt to form the groundwork of her novels. One of these, however, "Joshua Davidson," which aroused a good deal of interest in its time, is occupied with the attempt to represent the life of Jesus Christ under modern conditions, an attempt which must always strike the general reader as somewhat profane as well as singularly futile. It is still more difficult for the present writer to characterise the works of Miss de la Ramée, commonly known as "Ouida." A great deal of extravagance, and a curious preference for the unsavoury as well as the high-flown, have done much to conceal from the reader the gifts of picturesque description and what is called word-painting which this lady undoubtedly possesses. It is a dangerous gift, and has led in many cases to a riot of highly coloured words, in which imagination runs wild, and the sober mind is incapable of following —while it is almost impossible to tell what are her powers of drawing character, because her personages are chiefly of one character and that a very conven-

Mrs. Lynn Linton.

Miss de la Ramée—"Ouida."

tional type. Notwithstanding this she has achieved a great popularity, but is more acceptable to the public of a certain class than to critics of any kind. We can do no more than mention here the name of Mrs. Oliphant, for reasons which the reader will easily understand. It would be false modesty to leave it out of a record of the novelists of the Victorian age. We may add in a sort of parenthesis as what may be called an occasional novelist, Mr. Edward Jenkins, the author of the strange but very clever book called "Ginx's Baby," which made a great impression on the public mind at the time of its publication, though the author's occupation in life is not that of literature, and this very effective piece of work had no fit successor.

Mrs. Oliphant.

Edward Jenkins.

It would be impossible to place a better or a more honourable name at the head of the next and younger school of writers still illustrating our time, and from whom we hope much more is still to be had—than that of Anne Thackeray, now Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, the daughter of one of the greatest writers commemorated in these pages, and herself a novelist of the purest inspiration and the most gentle genius. The great gift of Thackeray has suffered a sea-change in a voice which knows few satirical tones, and in which the love of love is more conspicuous than the scorn of scorn. That her father also possessed this love of love and of all human nobleness in the most touching perfection, it is not necessary to say. Miss

Anne Thackeray.

Thackeray's "Story of Elizabeth," published anonymously, secured entirely on its own merits a delighted reception from the public, which was soon enhanced by that feeling of affection which the reader soon learns to feel for a writer so full of every lovable quality. Miss Thackeray, whose chief works have been published under that name, adds to her knowledge of English life, an acquaintance with French habits and scenery of which the "Village on the Cliff" is one of the most delightful examples.

William Black.

Mr. William Black, who has filled the islands and rocks of the Western Highlands with many new friends and acquaintances since the time when the "Princess of Thule" came among us with all the glory of the sunsets about her, and who has made all that beautiful but stormy region his own—not to speak of the milder landscape which he embodies in a "Daughter of Heth," and the abundant sketches of English scenery, as well as the men and women of all nations whom he has added to our acquaintance, and the shoals of salmon glittering in silver and gold in whom he has compelled us to take a sometimes excited interest: Mr. Walter Besant, the master of London, in all its quaint nooks, as well as in the wastes of ugly little streets and rabbit-warrens of the very poorest and the most miserable life, where he has shown us so many human souls in agony, and so many tender hearts at work to help them—mingling a thread of romance always bright

Walter Besant.

and fresh, if sometimes difficult to realise as running through these sombre and dismal scenes, with every exposition of contemporary existence: Mr. Thomas Hardy who has made of the Dorsetshire peasant one of the most well-known characters in fiction, and filled the woods and the moors of that western country with quaint personages full of primitive wisdom and foolishness, almost too original and racy to be believed in as generally possible anywhere, yet also full of local character and colour, specially apparent in his first great novel, "Far from the Madding Crowd," and in such following works as the "Mayor of Casterbridge" and the "Return of the Native:" * Mr. James Payn, to whom we can assign no special locality or country, but who is ready for all, from the most everyday levels of English character and scenery, to the singularly powerful sketch of Chinese landscapes and ways in his novel, "By Proxy," and whose multitudes of characters—though he never ignores the tragic lines that always traverse human chances and good fortunes—are flooded with a sunny light of good-humour, and good spirits, which is always genial and exhilarating:—form a group of which any literature might be proud, and whose names, still appearing every year in the lists of new books, are the chief entertainment and hope

Thomas Hardy.

Mr. James Payn.

* These lines were written before the publication of what has proved Mr. Hardy's most remarkable work, the singular and powerful novel, "Tess."

of that very extensive portion of the public which derives one of its most constant and abiding pleasures from fiction. We may add with pride and gratitude that these entirely manly writers, troubled by no feminine qualms as to propriety, have very rarely found it necessary to resort to those unwholesome mysteries of vice and so-called passion in which the novelists of France have lost themselves as in an enchanted labyrinth. The larger atmosphere of human life, with all its tragedies and problems, has sufficed and nobly occupied them,—the great and broad and ever-varied world which was enough for Shakespeare, and happily remains so always for English art. The only exception to be made is perhaps in the case of Mr. Hardy, who latterly has chosen to add his able voice to the foolish ones which clamour against a purer rule, and who in his last work has boldly set up the sacrifice of what our fathers called "female virtue" as a proof of purity—perhaps a piquant but certainly a very hopeless endeavour.

We may mention in the same connection Mr. Hamilton Aidé, whose pleasant novels deal chiefly with subjects in "Society," and Mr. W. G. Morris, one of the most important members of the younger school, who has chosen the same *milieu*, and whose art and wit, and often epigrammatic style are worthy of the highest commendation. Mrs. Riddell, who is as familiar with London, its out-of-the-way corners,

Hamilton Aidé.

W. G. Morris.

Mrs. Riddell.

and old world fastnesses as Mr. Besant, and better acquainted with the stockbrokers, merchants and clerks who frequent them : and Madame Tautphœus, who has brought the pleasant variety of foreign manners of the most primitive and attractive kind into our English ordinary of fiction, and whose novels, "Initials," and "Quits," both exhibiting English heroes and heroines, in the midst of the strange but delightful accessories of German and Tyrolese life, gained the warmest applause and interest of the British readers, are a little previous in date to some of the names mentioned before them, as are also Mr. Justin McCarthy, whose picture of the young "Donna Quixotes" and philanthropists of the time, the maiden queens and reformers of society, were so truthful and amusing : and Mr. Edmund Yates, who deals rather with the darker sides of life, the "Black Sheep" of society.

Madame Tautphœus.

Justin McCarthy.

Edmund Yates.

A younger and more powerful writer, Miss Rhoda Broughton, deserves a fuller mention. Her novels, with that boldness which sometimes characterizes women of genius, impatient of the supposed trammels of the conventional, were apt at first to play overmuch with those questions of "Passion" (as if there was but one passion in the world!) which are in reality more conventional than any other, and less open to the varieties of nature, and were full of love-scenes too warm, and an exclusive pre-occupation with that juxtaposition of the young man and

Miss Rhoda Broughton.

woman which is always the most abiding single interest of any in fiction, but loses half of its charm by being separated from the full background of life. It is probably this special absorption in the one subject which seems to the French mind the beginning and ending of romance, that has procured her the high estimate of the French critic, who authoritatively declares that since George Eliot no one has taken the highest place in fiction in England except this lady. But there can be no doubt that she is among the most vigorous and masterful of the younger generation, and that her works have that superlative gift of "go" in them, which is one of the most delightful as well as the most popular which the novelist can possess. Mrs. Walford whose power over both the tragical and comical elements of ordinary English life were strikingly shown in her first novel, "Mr. Smith," which has since been succeeded by many excellent novels, holds a distinct place of her own. But Miss Broughton has many followers, such as Miss Mathers, Mrs. Hungerford, and a long list of others, who are still making their way into the ranks of literature, and of whom accordingly, as any day may increase or diminish their place, it is unnecessary to speak here. Neither need we do more than name John Strange Winter (Mrs. Stannard), for whom there is this sole great thing to be said, that she has attained the high admiration and applause of Mr. Ruskin—which is something

Mrs. Walford.

Miss Mathers.

Mrs. Hungerford.

Mrs. Stannard—"John Strange Winter."

worth living for, if perhaps scarcely a satisfactory guidance in literature for the rest of the world. Another novelist who might be classed with Mr. Blackmore and Mr. Hardy as an exponent of English rural or peasant life is Mr. Baring-Gould, whose efforts are more violent, and his art less refined, but who is often a very striking writer. Mr. Rider Haggard, whose extraordinary tales of adventure raised him to a giddy height of equally extraordinary popularity which has not been maintained, but who possesses the gift of story-telling in a remarkable degree, must find a considerable place in every list of contemporary writers. In a very different way the once philosophical satirist, now sentimental and erotic romancer, Mr. W. H. Mallock, must also be named, as perhaps should also be Mr. George Moore, whose inspiration is entirely French, and whose reputation is chiefly based upon his choice of unsavoury subjects.

Mr. Baring Gould.

Rider Haggard.

W. H. Mallock.

George Moore.

It is impossible, however, to close this record, in which, no doubt, many young names are unavoidably overlooked, without placing some of much higher achievements and hopes with which to conclude the series. It is difficult to place Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in any distinct class. He is scarcely a novelist, though he has written one or two of the most remarkable tales in the language, but his power thus evidenced is enough, at least, to justify us in naming him here. After many very fine contribu-

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson.

tions to Victorian literature in that form of writing which, for want of a better title, we call Essays, he took the world by storm in 1883 with "Treasure Island," a story of wild and thrilling adventure. In the nine years that have passed since, he has made himself, with the apparent carelessness of power, several reputations, in addition to that of a master of style and language with which he began. His extraordinary sketch of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" excited the public more than, perhaps, any publication so brief, and with so little attraction of subject, ever did; and almost the highest honours of literature may be awarded to the "Master of Ballantrae" and "Kidnapped," his chief productions since. Several intervening publications do not reach this high level without, however, painfully derogating from it. But in the pursuit, perhaps, of universal success, Mr. Stevenson has not hesitated to do even this, and several books, which we will not particularise, have been published under his name, which are nearly as bad as anything which has been recently produced in print. With this marvellous range of capacity it is impossible to predict or even to attempt a prognostic of the direction which his next effort may take. In the meantime he remains one of the most remarkable, as he is certainly one of the most popular, writers of the day. Mr. F. Anstey, though he has neither the grace of style nor the genius of Mr. Stevenson, produced something like the sensation

Mr. F. Anstey.

caused by the publication of "Treasure Island" (as did Mr. Haggard with his "Solomon's Mines"), with his first story, "Vice Versâ," a ludicrous narration of the transformation of a middle-aged and exceedingly commonplace English bourgeois, into the person of his small son at school, and *vice versa*, which did the British public the good service of betraying it into a roar of laughter, probably never surpassed. His work since has been more serious, and not so successful; but he keeps up, chiefly in the pages of *Punch*, a running succession of chapters on common life, in which the fun is better, and the farce less broad, than in his first work. A writer, still more remarkable for his humour and universal popularity, who ought to have been named before, is Mr. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll), whose "Alice in Wonderland" has been, ever since its appearance, the delight of the English-speaking world. To say so much as this of a little book professedly written for a child, and addressed to children, forestalls anything more that could be added. Its delightful and unmingled extravagance, its fun, its vivacity and wit, its pure spontaneousness and nature, are beyond all praise. Into that world of puzzledom we all, young and old, delight to enter, and scarcely even Shakespeare is more "full of quotations" and allusions taken up with perfect familiarity and understanding by all. Such a success is even more rarely attained than the highest poetical efforts of genius. Mr. Dodgson has

W. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll).

published several other works in the same kind, but none which have secured any such hold upon the imaginations and affections of the public.

We must add, as the last, two names of young men, probably the youngest of all living competitors for literary fame, who have made so remarkable a beginning and possess such unquestionable power, that we take leave of our subject with them in all the brightness and satisfaction of a noble prospect as well as an already admirable record. They do not, in the smallest degree, resemble each other, except in the plenitude of youthful powers. J. M. Barrie, the author of "A Window in Thrums," "Auld Licht Idyls," and "The Little Minister," has distinguished himself by that power of genius to endow the least exciting incidents and the lowliest characters with interest, which is, in a less or greater degree, the characteristic of all who share that indescribable and indefinable gift, but which he possesses in a fulness and overflow of faculty which has very seldom been surpassed. The neighbors who surround that cottage in the little weaver-village, where the household light of Hendry and his wife Jess burns so clear, the daily incidents of their confined and narrow existence, which yet is high as heaven and deep as the most tragic emotion, the northern atmosphere with all its clouds and rains, the passers-by in the road, the slow talk with its natural humour, and its elaborate strokes of country

J. M. Barrie.

wit ; the still closer atmosphere of the little church, with all its criticisms and suspicions of the Minister, yet prompt revulsion of sentiment in his favour, remind us, yet with a touch of the difference which three-quarters of a century produce, of the master hand which created Cuddie Headrig and Jenny Dennison, the Mucklebackits and Edie Ochiltree. The writer who can achieve so much by such limited means, and in such early years, must go far, and it is difficult to limit in anticipation the heights he may attain.

Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling is as different as it is possible to conceive from this historian of a Scotch village. He is the story-teller of a whole great continent, to which our British Islands are as specks in the mists and seas. He has the eye of an eagle, to use a well-worn simile ; his glance is like lightning, penetrating to the heart of whatever group of human creatures he cares to flash that swift look upon. The Indian villages by night and day, the camps of fighting men, the dreary offices and lodges of exile in which Englishmen wear out their lives afar, of which he has all the knowledge that can be attained in twenty years of youthful observation ; but also the London slums, which he can know only by the instantaneous impression of a glance; the fictitious life of the studio, where mediocrity toils and never comes to anything; the fiery desert, and the gleaming battle—there seems no limitation to this young story-teller's

power. It would be impossible to wind up a record of living writers with anything more full of promise for the future than the names of these two young men.

CHAPTER XII.

OF WRITERS ON ART.

It is fortunate that there can be no doubt possible as to the greatest writer on art in the Victorian age, that position belonging absolutely, from the point of view of literature, to John Ruskin, born 1819, who has not only pervaded the world with his theories, and led, rightly or wrongly (and sometimes both together), the generations of his time, but added to it such wealth of beautiful writing, expressed in the noblest language and full of the purest sentiment, as few writers of the time have equalled. This is not to say that he has always been a safe or even just guide. He has, like other men, a world of prejudices, dislikes and aversions, which he does not, like most other men, attempt to subdue in public, but which—with an amiable egotism and high, yet not unjustifiable, sense of his own worthiness to form an opinion, and of the unusual opportunities he has had to enable him to do so—he sets forth without dis-

John Ruskin, 1819.

guise, not only praising what he loves, but denouncing what he hates with the force of infallibility. He is of the Boanerges order, an apostle of love, and full of the most amiable qualities, yet always ready to call down fire from heaven to consume those who follow another standard, or go by different rules from his. It is perhaps scarcely too much to say that the overwhelming reputation which Turner held for a time was greatly owing to the interpretation and adoration of his chief disciple and worshipper. Turner's real fame endures, and, so far as a posterity so near his own age can foresee, will endure to the end of time—if any pictures last so long; but the fury of enthusiasm which for a time encircled his name, as if no such painter had ever been, was no doubt driven into the British mind, partly by the efforts of that Oxford graduate, who, attired in the glittering panoply of literary genius and with all its weapons at his command, burst into the world of art, at once as a revolutionary and iconoclast, and the setter up of new shrines. It is very rarely that a devotee and fanatic in one art, should be so great an ornament and influence in another. Mr. Ruskin has done much to alter the British standards in respect to all the productions of the pictorial and architectural arts; but he is himself the pride of English literature, and one of the greatest writers of this or any age.

An apostle of love and fire.

Mr. Ruskin, has himself given us in "Preterita,"

"Preterita."

his remarkable and uncompleted history of himself, a most attractive and minute picture of his own early training and the manner in which his childish mind was educated in the love of everything beautiful, and at the same time in many old-fashioned bourgeois tastes and prejudices, and many cranks and twists of fancy peculiar to itself. An only child with an all indulgent father and mother, who brought him up with Spartan simplicity, almost severity, though this seems a paradox, every incident of his early life and every influence that affected it, remain as interesting and delightful to him at sixty as at twenty. In respect to education the world is divided into two classes,—those who regard their own training with happy complaisance, and desire that all who succeed them should be brought up just so; and those who see the defects of their education so strongly that they almost reverse it in the case of their children. Mr. Ruskin is of the first class. It is perhaps because of the gentle strain of self-satisfaction and self-belief which runs through all his work, and the conviction that the principles which produced such a man as himself are the best that could be followed, that his autobiographical chapters are so delightful. In his later years this beautiful conviction has become so hot and strong as to lead to the formation of much dogma and other unpleasant accompaniments of conscious infallibility; but it is so much justified by the result that it

Education.

is difficult not to look upon it with something of his own unmingled and exquisite pleasure in the training which made so remarkable a man.

Attitude taken at the beginning of his career.

It is inevitable with every Reformer that he should feel himself sent as to a world lying in wickedness, from which every good principle and power of perception has gone. And this was the attitude taken emphatically by Mr. Ruskin in the beginning of his career. There was no doubt much warrant for it, for the English school of painting, which has always hard ado to keep itself above the level of mediocrity in art, was then at a low ebb, full of artificial brilliancy and conventional methods. The fact that English art is very much confined by our conditions of existence, and that pictures adapted for the domestic interior, for the decoration of rooms in which the ordinary living of the nineteenth century is carried on, are the only ones in much demand, cannot fail to affect more or less the mind of the artist; and a young writer coming, storming into the exhibitions,—which were full of scenes from Shakespeare in which the costume was much more important than the meaning, and historical subjects of the same kind, and scenes from the Vicar of Wakefield conspicuous for their clean and thin smoothness, and illustrations of country schools and impossible *fêtes* and weddings, and Sir Edwin Landseer,—very naturally ran amuck among these productions, and lifted up his hand to heaven and swore that better things

John Ruskin.

should be. Along with this determination to overturn the established and complacent school with which life and nature had so little to do, or which trimmed them down to so prim a standard, there arose in the young man's mind a revelation and a new light. Turner stood out before him in eccentric and irrestrainable glow of colour, rainbows and mists which were defiant of all rules, and scenes which gave sometimes the most absolutely truthful imaginative representation of nature, sometimes the ideal picturesque of the classic ages bathed in that glow of aerial light which never was on sea or shore, but seldom or never anything petty or vulgar. Mr. Ruskin at once placed himself in front of this great painter as interpreter, worshipper, advocate and champion, allowing no equal, and fiercely tilting at everything, modern or ancient, which put itself in competition with his hero. The curious fervour of Turner's posthumous duel with Claude, so affected his knight, that Mr. Ruskin would sometimes almost foam at the mouth in his assault upon the Frenchman all unconscious of the rivalry thus forced upon him so long after his time, and pour forth fire and flame as he scornfully discredited the lambent air and mellow glow of the Lorrainer's unpolemical, calm pictures. Thus his splendid enthusiasm, which was so real and living of its kind carried him from the beginning into the hot injustice of the partisan.

Turner's interpreter and champion.

The world, however, could not withstand the fury

of such an onset, and those who did not appreciate Turner of their own impulse learned to catch the prevailing cry and raised it to a point of extravagance. The eventual fame of a great artist is not permanently affected even by such impassioned advocacy; yet there were many found to say that Mr. Ruskin was disposed to pose as the discoverer of Turner, and to build his own eminence on that instance of discrimination. There is no reason for such a reproach. Turner was already great before Mr. Ruskin, and is still so, though the fury of his *culte* has in some degree died down.

"Modern Painters," 1843–60.

There were, however, many fine things in the "Modern Painters" with its scorn of the scholastic and artificial, its noble enthusiasm for nature, and the singular beauty of its style and literary illustrations. Many passages from that book, and those which immediately follow it, such as that of the writer's first view of Venice, are quoted as one should frame a picture, rather than as mere descriptions in words are usually treated. These detachable passages are indeed pictures, as noble as any Turner, and are constantly removed from the original page to be hung, as it were, in the picture galleries of the imagination, where they shine with a perfection of colour and tone which is often denied to the finest pigments. It sometimes happens, indeed, that the writer thus produces a painting so much superior to the one on canvas, which he devotes his eloquence

Beauty of its style and literary illustrations.

to a description of, that we approach his subject with too great an enthusiasm, and with much succeeding disappointment. The reader who is also a traveller will remember how emphatically this is the case with a certain picture in the Correr Gallery at Venice, which in his glowing way Ruskin describes as one of the absolutely best in the world, but which to the amazed spectator hurrying to see it with that description in his hands, looks like the merest faded shadow of the splendid new Ruskin which blazes forth upon him from the printed page in hues which the original has lost, if it ever possessed them. This, however, belongs to the writer's latest method, when many restraints of the earlier period were withdrawn.

His splendid word-painting.

The "Modern Painters" was a work produced slowly, with several others coming in during the intervals, and appeared in successive volumes from 1843 to 1860. In the meanwhile the author expanded himself gradually over the whole world of art, specially in the direction of Architecture and Sculpture, which were characterised by his contemporary, Lord Lindsay, in his work on "Christian Art," as forming along with Painting a Trinity on earth, symbolising the Trinity of Godhead; Architecture representing the Father, Sculpture the Son, and Painting the Holy Ghost—a suggestion which though given forth with the most pious reverence, will strike most readers as singularly profane. Mr. Ruskin was not likely to

err in any such way: but his deep consciousness of the unity and close relationship of every branch of art, and his delight in the beauty of those superlative decorations created by human genius, almost in emulation of the lavish beauty which God Himself has flung abroad even over the waste places of His universe, was continual and full of enthusiasm.

"The Seven Lamps of Architecture." 1849.

The "Seven Lamps of Architecture," which was published in 1849, was a most eloquent and delightful treatise upon the high qualities which he imagined to be embodied in the composition of the great buildings of old, and which were requisite before these could be in any way equalled by the modern worker—qualities which involved no less than the renunciation of all the works of darkness, and pursuit of everything noble and lovely and of good report, the self-denial and moral purity which are the first qualifications of a Christian but had not been supposed indispensable to the success of an architect. Of these the first was the Lamp of Truth. The symbolism was fine and the style at Mr. Ruskin's highest level of ornate speech: while the comparative absence of polemics and of the strange political theories which have in later days found so large a place in Mr. Ruskin's works, makes it one of the most beautiful of his productions. It is said to have elicited, from one of his contemporaries, the well-known architect and highly original personage, Augustus Welby Pugin, the angry exclamation "let

the fellow build a house" which is so often the answer of the practical worker to the theorist. It has never been Mr. Ruskin's practice to build houses, and his strictures upon those who did, and whose theories or practice were adverse to his rules, have always been severe to the point of violence: but it was his to hang forth those lamps which have inflamed many an enthusiast and fired many an honest mind of less vehement character to seek after better things. In 1853 the "Stones of Venice" was published: and these three first productions of his genius have remained his greatest works, the first of their kind in English, we may almost say in European, literature. There may have arisen architectural writers more practical, and critics of art more trustworthy, but none who have adorned these subjects with the touch of genius, or made of that secondary work which consists of comment upon other men's productions, books in themselves so enthralling and beautiful that there are but few of the highest original works which the world would less willingly let die.

"The Stones of Venice." 1853.

The "Stones of Venice" marks the beginning of that literary adoration of the Sea City which Mr. Ruskin has communicated to so many, and which, no doubt, has had some share in the now rising prosperity and activity of that wonderful home of art and beauty, though no one could more heartily detest and abhor all participation in that revival

than the author. His delightful expositions of the history, and loving survey of the glorious wrecks of Venice, which in the first half of the century excited the enthusiasm of many chiefly because they were wrecks, are mingled with fierce denunciations of the rising of the new life in the city,—which in its most palmy days was nothing if not a seaport and centre of industry,—which are sometimes almost absurd in their shrill anathema, notwithstanding the partial sympathy of the reader in them. That Venice has a right to seek her own advantage and comfort, even by ways that are naturally hideous as well as utterly offensive to Mr. Ruskin, is a fact which he would never allow, notwithstanding the moral certainty that the old Dandolos and Foscaris would have certainly done the same had such things been in their power. The horrible iron bridges which have been thrown over the Grand Canal find with him no excuse for their hideousness in the fact that they are a great convenience to the poorer inhabitants and save many a tedious mile of way: while with still less justice than in the case of these monstrosities, he has condemned the lights, the brightness of modern life, the new occupations which give bread to the poor Venetians, almost as if the smoky oil lamps of a hundred years ago, and the death or decadence of the great historical city, were preferable to the resuscitation of that very spirit which made her originally so great. That a general abuse of all

Modern Venice.

activity and new vitality should come from the disappointed *dilletante* who would have fain kept Italy in ruins for his own entertainment is comprehensible enough, but it comes with a bad grace from one to whom the Doges and admirals and merchants of St. Mark—all in their generations the most modern, bustling, and business-like of men—are objects of so much admiration—What was modern then is now ancient, and it was in its time no doubt a comelier, if not so comfortable a mode of living as we now use. But no one can doubt that each successive Dandolo and Loredano would have crowded his quays with steamboats, and built his navies on the Clyde—if he had not already begun to build for himself as his descendants do now in the great basins of the Arsenal—had our capabilities been theirs. We must, however, do Mr. Ruskin the justice to say that his fury with the modern life of Venice and the vulgar evidence of her adaptability to everyday uses, has burst forth in later days, and was not so furious or so undiscriminating in the great early work which is dedicated to her fame.

In the days when he and his friends in the studios of young England were still young, there arose, chiefly under his inspiration, the little school called Pre-Raphaelite, which for a time threatened, or promised, to change the very foundations of art in England, taking up the ancient teaching where it was when Raphael fell, as they thought, into smooth,

The Pre-Raphaelite School.

conventional and artificial ways, and abandoning the elaborately arranged models of early Victorian Art, to devote themselves with absolute truth, to Nature, and the attempt to represent everything they saw with all the reality and human expression after which the older masters in their conflict with materials and rules of art as yet imperfectly understood, had struggled. It was hoped by these young men in their fervour that they would revolutionise art, and bring in a new and better era of pictorial work. It is not within our sphere to discriminate how much or how little they succeeded. After a short period of extreme activity which produced some pictures full of originality and power, but also many in which the contortions of movement, and exaggeration of colour, and archaic pretentiousness, excited strong opposition and some ridicule, the little group dispersed on all sides, and while some remained always isolated and separate, the majority drifted back into the ordinary and more profitable ways of life and art.

Its dismemberment.

It was after this movement, of which he had been the heart and soul, and the dismemberment of which was connected in a painful manner with incidents in his own career, that Mr. Ruskin began to mingle singular theories of political economy with his more special subject, and to endeavour to persuade the world into a pre-scientific, as he had persuaded the painters into a pre-Raphaelite system. In his own

way he took up the philosophy of his friend and master Carlyle, and set forth the natural sway of the good and strong man over all who were weak and incapable, and the natural law of protection and cherishing, rather than subjugation and tyranny, a kind of glorified Feudal System, or at least more nearly resembling that than anything that would be acknowledged by Adam Smith. His "Unto this Last," originally published in the Cornhill Magazine, was one of the first of those exceedingly quaint, but always beautiful, suggestions for a reformation of society which delighted the visionary enthusiast, but filled the vulgar mind with ridicule and made sober men pause and wonder and often smile at what is called the utterly unpractical nature of these suggestions. They are unpractical in the sense that Society can never go back, but is compelled by a remorseless cogency of circumstances to proceed in the course it has chosen, which in the height of modern civilisation is not often one of kindness and mercy. To give "unto this last" the same penny as was due to those who had undergone the burden and heat of the day, was a course which astonished the crowd even in primitive ages, and was not likely to seem more feasible in the middle of the nineteenth century.

"Unto this Last."

It would be difficult and unnecessary to give a list of all Mr. Ruskin's subsequent publications. He has written, like King Solomon, upon every subject,

The great extent and variety of his writings.

from the greatest trees of the forest to the hyssop that groweth on the wall. He has given us the most vivid episodes of history, and the most visionary of philosophy. He has written about flowers, about education, always in his own superlative and imaginative way, about the nature and privileges of the young maiden, the King's daughter, to whom he gives a fatherly adoration, about Florence, about Venice, about Edinburgh—about art always, and the falling off especially of England, but also of the modern world in general, from all its finer aspirations; more and more about political economy and the cultivation of a working man such as never was by sea or shore:—finally about himself, in the prolonged and often beautiful maunderings or rather meanderings of the "Preterita," where, amid digressions to everything human and divine that came in his way, he has given us the record of his dreamy and gentle childhood, of his pleasant life as a young man, of his mild unfulfilled loves, and the formation of his mind and gradual accession to that throne of amiable but determined autocracy from which he has exercised sway for years over a believing people. When the time comes that the reader can see all round this very striking and remarkable figure, when his life is wound up, and his thoughts and actions brought into full perspective, it will be more easy to form a due estimate of him than now, when natural respect and the great attraction of his singu-

lar nature veil some part of the reality on one hand, and the gaping wonder and ridicule of another section of the community obscure it on another. But notwithstanding all the eccentric accompaniments of his genius nothing can touch Mr. Ruskin's high place in English literature as one of the most perfect masters of style and language which this century, or indeed any other, has known.

Revival of Art in the middle of the century.

The remarkable revival of art, especially in architecture which took place in the middle of the century can scarcely be attributed to the influence of any one writer or workman in this field. The unconscious co-operations of a number of accomplished students of the past, travelling about Europe after the cessation of war had made it fully open to their feet, imperceptibly brought about an interest in the great churches and buildings of continental countries. The new traveller was not the man of society making the grand tour, and curious to acquaint himself with the courts and nobility of the countries he passed through, and to embellish his house when he returned with spoils from the great storehouse of the past, and copies of the pictures which could not be bought or carried away—but a more modest and more persistent inquirer, indifferent to the present, bent upon investigating the manner in which every little republic and fighting dukedom managed to secure for itself amid all its struggles, the crowning glory of a splendid church, and palace decorated within and

without with a wealth which Greek architecture had not possessed, and which the dull modern imitators of Greek had scorned in their ignorance. The important work of Lord Lindsay—born 1812, died 1880, —afterwards Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, upon "Christian Art," was one which, closely following certain French works of the same description, brought this wonderful wealth of ecclesiastical decoration with all its sacred lore, legends of the Saints and Christian symbolism of every kind, into the midst of the eager art students longing for some new thing, among whom the leaven of German, Flemish and French, and to some extent Italian, example was already beginning to work. We have already quoted the startling metaphor of the Trinity of Art with which this writer began. His book was conceived in the spirit of the purest mediæval ecclesiasticism, and laid the system of what he calls Christian Mythology, the abundant material of story and symbolical allegory which ancient art had handled so richly, before the English artist, as well as the principles of architecture embodied in ecclesiastical construction from the time of Constantine downwards with all their national variations and ever increasing wealth of ornament. Lord Lindsay insisted more strongly than even Mr. Ruskin himself, whose "Lamps of Architecture" came after the publication of "Christian Art," upon the close connection of the three branches, each completing and enhancing

Lord Lindsay, 1812–80.

"Christian Art."

the effect of the other, which fill most of the great continental churches with splendour and meaning, a connection which the Reformation in its fear of idolatry had broken among ourselves. Whether the exertions of these writers were enough to create a genuine piety and reverence among the artists whom they inspired with so completely changed a system of art, it would be hard to say; but at all events they insisted upon this temper as essential to the right carrying out of that system, and impressed upon their audience the necessity of a devout and earnest spirit as one of the first conditions of success. We cannot do more than record, briefly and in passing, the after career of the learned and amiable nobleman who took so marked a part in the architectural revival of the time. We say nobleman advisedly, for this is what Lord Lindsay was above all, with a sense of the special claims his rank made upon him for special courtesy and fine demeanour, but with a constant recollection of that rank which is picturesque and strange amid the equalising traditions of art. His other work of note was the exceedingly interesting and characteristic "Lives of the Lindsays," a contribution to historical literature in the congenial way of a history of his own house. Besides these remarkable productions the chief work of his life was the collection of a splendid library, for which he built a special house, and on which he meant to form his own chief claim to distinction in the record of his

"Lives of the Lindsays."

race. It is impossible to conceive a concluding incident more terrible and revolting, could he have known it, to the refined and lofty pride of this born aristocrat, than the horrible story of the theft of his body from its sepulchre, for the abominable purpose of extorting money from his family, of which quite lately the details were in all the papers. Such an insult would have broken his heart. Fortunately his remains were at last restored to their resting-place. Lord Crawford would no doubt have felt it scarcely a less indignity and dishonour that his fine library should have been dispersed and broken up as it was, as soon as his life had ceased, in which it was the first object. But this is a thing which happens every day.

Sir William Stirling Maxwell, 1818–78.

Sir William Stirling Maxwell (1818–78), a critic and writer of a much broader character than Lord Lindsay, and with wider sympathies, belonged in some degree to the same class of highly cultured and leisurely writers, loving art for its own sake with the enthusiasm of the *dilletante* (in the highest sense of the word), rather than that of the professional workman. Under his paternal name of Stirling of Keir, of a good Scottish family, the possessor of one of the most beautiful houses in Scotland, which his taste and wealth embellished in a princely way, he travelled much and studied much, eventually devoting himself to Spanish art as his special field of criticism and observation. His annals of the "Artists of

Spain" published in 1848, and a volume on "Velasquez and his Works," which came out in 1855, secured immediate attention and interest, and gained him recognition as one of the most trustworthy guides to this important but little known national school. His studies led him to other historical works connected with the same kingdom, the "Cloister Life of Charles V." being the most important of these, a very attractive chapter added to the less known annals of the world. He adopted the name of Maxwell in addition to his own, succeeded to the baronetcy and estates of his uncle, Sir John Maxwell, in 1866, and entered into public life, where his principal efforts were always devoted to his favourite subject. He sat in the House of Commons, rather as member for Art than for Perthshire, which was his nominal constituency, though he was in no way wanting as a great county potentate either in public spirit or hospitality. Very late in his life he married the well-known Mrs. Norton, who, besides being a very graceful writer, was one of the beauties of her time. He died at Venice, sadly, alone and deserted, by some unfortunate hazard of sudden illness, in 1878.

"Artists of Spain," 1848

Mrs. Jameson, born 1796, Anna Murphy—the daughter of a miniature painter—whose life after the brief episode of an unsatisfactory marriage was chiefly occupied by the literature of art, added a series of works of more lasting influence and accept-

Mrs. Jameson, 1796–1866.

"Legends of the Saints."

ance to this subject, in the "Legends of the Saints," told with much grace and richly illustrated from old pictures, the first of which entitled "Legendary Art" appeared in 1848, between the "Christian Art" of Lord Lindsay and Mr. Ruskin's "Lamps of Architecture." A woman with much enthusiasm for art, and no inconsiderable power of literary expression, she had begun her literary career as a writer with other kinds of criticism, a work upon "The Female Characters of Shakespeare" having gained her much reputation, and taught the public to expect from her that kind of commentary and appreciation of beautiful things which was then considered especially suitable to feminine authors, the elegant literature of the boudoir and drawing-room, not very profound or original but full of good, nay, fine feeling and much prettiness, both of language and sentiment. Nothing can be a better specimen of this kind of work than her "Commonplace Book," an old-fashioned volume in which there are many scattered thoughts full of delicate discrimination, along with much that is more superficial, the whole illustrated by little drawings which recall the lady's album and amateur sketch-book more than any more serious effort, yet forming altogether a book which in those days would have been the fittest of all presents to a thoughtful girl, and in which many mature minds might have found something worth their while. Her intelligence, however, attained its fullest development when, after much trav-

"The Female Characters of Shakespeare."

"Commonplace Book."

elling about the Continent at a time when people did not travel nearly so much as they do now, she took in her hand to give the world an account of the pictures of the elder ages which illustrated the "Legends of the Saints." Her method was to tell these legends much as Lord Lindsay had done, but in a more carefully classified and extended way, and to give an account as nearly as possible of all the painters who had illustrated each special subject—in almost every case from personal inspection, and embracing every national school in Europe, a very large undertaking. The book was illustrated with etchings, many by her own hand, and woodcuts, of all the best pictures dedicated to the living and dying of these holy men and women; and the first volume was so successful and received with so much favour that Mrs. Jameson was emboldened to add to it a companion volume of the "Legends of the Madonna," in which the ever attractive group of the Mother and Child—to which the mediæval imagination dedicated itself with so much love and devotion, a theme of which neither artists nor people ever tired—was represented in every variety from the rude fathers of early Byzantine Art down to the too smooth conventional beauty of the late Italian school, the Guidos and Julio Romanos. It was a subject of almost boundless extent, and the illustrations were selected on the whole with great taste, and laid before the reader an excellent view of the painters of the Middle Ages

"Legends of the Madonna."

"Legends of the Monastic Orders."

and their various ways of apprehending the Gospel story, especially in its earliest details. "Legends of the Monastic Orders" followed, leading the mind to subjects less divine but more quaint, from the hermits of the Thebaïd, and Mary of Egypt clothed in her hair, and St. Jerome with his lion, down to the favourite executions and martyrdoms of the Flemish school with their blood and wounds, the poverty of Francis and the black and white dogs of Dominic. Many of these saints were a revelation to the English mind, which had been turned away by the Reformation from the ancient cult and veneration of them, and had lost many beautiful stories by this revolution, if perhaps they had been saved from much that was not very far removed from the idol worship of pagan times. The "Legends of the Madonna" and the "Monastic Orders" were published respectively in 1851 and 1852.

"Life of Our Lord."

Mrs. Jameson's last and greatest work, planned upon a larger scale than her other books, and necessarily covering a much more extended ground, was the "Life of Our Lord," and the extraordinary wealth of pictorial illustration which has been devoted to it through all the ages. She lived only to execute a portion of this great work, which she did with equal felicity and grace. It was finished by Lady Eastlake, whose knowledge was perhaps greater than Mrs. Jameson's, but her lightness of touch and power of execution less. The concluding portion is somewhat

heavy and long drawn out. But the series, as it stands, still retains its popularity, and the books are beautiful books, full of entertainment as well as of instruction ; and though the number of readers who have opportunities of seeing the great pictures of the world for themselves is immensely increased since Mrs. Jameson's day, and the standard of taste is much changed with increasing knowledge, not even Mr. Ruskin has made them out of date. The Raphael worship which still existed in her day has been changed with many into a condescending patronage of that great young master ; and painters who were then thought archaic have come into the first place. But she was enlightened enough to see the excellence of Carpaccio and Botticelli before they became the fashion. Mrs. Jameson died in 1866.

The revival of architecture, to which Mr. Ruskin lent so much aid, was still more indebted to a remarkable and eccentric personage, an architect by descent and profession (though we believe inheriting an unused title of ancient French nobility), Augustus Welby Pugin, whose life was devoted to a sort of lyrical impassioned celebration of the merits of Gothic as against every other style of building. In practical work he carried his theories through every detail of construction, making all that he did Gothic, not only in its broader features but in the most minute particulars, devoting himself as warmly to the elaboration of rich and costly furniture such

Augustus Welby Pugin.

as might have filled a mediæval palace, as to the crockets and finials and canopy work of church and hall. By the curious effect which we almost always find even in the most conscientious imitators, the furniture at least and some part of the buildings upon which Pugin's stamp was impressed, are overdecorated and artificial, so much more elaborate than the art which they were intended to reproduce, that they were less suitable for use in an age of easy chairs and luxurious living, than the ancient articles themselves, which had been softened by long use and familiarity. Pugin's chief literary work, in the polemical way which was most congenial to him, was a book called "Contrasts," in which he portrays, in engravings placed opposite to each other, specimens of old Gothic ecclesiastical buildings in comparison with the models of modern church buildings known in the beginning of the Victorian age, when art was at a very low ebb and the amount of pews that could be provided and comfortable sittings for the congregation was the chief thing thought of. The juxtaposition of these very different edifices made it almost unnecessary to add much literary description to the contrast, which was not perhaps very fair, but was certainly very pointed; but Mr. Pugin was a master of the art of interpretation, and spared neither sarcasm nor wrath in the denunciation of false rules of art and unworthy buildings. His works—with the exception of an exceedingly hot and furious ex-

"Contrasts."

planation of the circumstances which led to the breaking off of his engagement with a lady to whom he was betrothed, which is a curiosity of literature—are entirely architectural and Gothic. The "True Principles of Christian and Pointed Architecture" (1841), "Glossary of Ecclesiastical Ornament and Costume" (1844), "Floriated Ornament" (1849), and a "Treatise on Chancel Screens and Rood Lofts" (1851), being his chief literary productions. The titles of these are sufficient to show that though he did not shrink from building a church, the test which he would fain have applied to Mr. Ruskin, as already quoted, it was with ornament and decoration that he chiefly concerned himself. Into this he threw all his energies, devising, designing and superintending works in painted glass, in which a remarkable new beginning had been made, chiefly under his auspices, in opposition to the Cinque-Cento revival of that art inaugurated by Mr. Winston; in Gothic metal work of all descriptions, and in every variety of ecclesiastical and other furniture, as already said. The minor fittings and elaborate detail of the new Houses of Parliament were entirely executed by him, and it has been frequently alleged that the design in general of that splendid mass of building was chiefly his. His vehement and eccentric character and overwhelming energy gave him perhaps an undue importance personally in the new art movement while he lived, and his written productions were racy with the head-

His chief literary productions.

strong spirit of the man, though not distinguished by any great literary gift. He published an "Earnest Appeal" in 1851 in support of the Papal Aggression as it was called, of that time—being a fervent Catholic—which was not altogether to the taste of his ecclesiastical superiors, and in which traces were perceptible of the failure of his mind which shortly after ended in pronounced insanity. He died without recovering his reason in 1852.

"An Earnest Appeal."

James Fergusson, 1808-86.

James Fergusson (born 1808), whose life was entirely given up to Architecture, though it was not his profession, began life as a partner in a mercantile house in Calcutta, and wisely secured for himself a small competence before he gave himself over to the pursuits in which his whole heart was. He began his literary work by several treatises on "Ancient Architecture in Hindostan," the "Rock Cut Temples of India" and other similar works, and in this way contributed much to the care and preservation of these remarkable monuments by stirring up the attention of the Directors of the East India Company, who were then supreme in that vast continent. In 1851, having been greatly interested in Sir Henry Layard's discoveries at Nineveh, he wrote a paper on the architecture of that disinterred city, and took a great share in arranging the Assyrian House which then was built, as one of the attractions of the new Crystal Palace. In 1849 he published a "Historical Enquiry into the true Principles of Beauty in Art,"

"Ancient Architecture in Hindostan."

"Rock Cut Temples of India."

"Historical Enquiry into the true Principles of Beauty in Art."

more especially in regard to architecture, which he considered his best work, an opinion, however, which the public does not seem to have shared. His interest was very strongly attracted at one period of his life by Jerusalem, and especially by the buildings now standing on the Haram esh Sherif, the ancient Temple area, his opinion being that the real situation of Calvary and of the Sepulchre of our Lord was there, and that the Dome of the Rock, vulgarly known as the Mosque of Omar, was the Church built by Constantine over the tomb of Our Lord, a startling suggestion which, however, goes against every possibility, since the Jews who were defiled and unable to present themselves in the Temple if they so much as touched a dead person, were most unlikely to have made their holiest place the scene of an execution and burial. It is said, however, though we do not know with what truth, that the controversy caused by this theory was instrumental in creating the Palestine Exploration Fund which has done such excellent work since. Mr. Fergusson's most important work, however, was the "History of Architecture," published in three volumes between the years 1865 and 1867, which has taken its place as the standard work on the subject, the most full and trustworthy gu de to which the student can resort. Without any bigotry in favour of one style—that enthusiasm which gives so much heat and vehemence to some of the works already quoted—he gives an admirable ac-

"History of Architecture," 1865-67.

count of that variation and development for good and for evil, which is one of the most striking features of architecture, and by which it is so interesting to trace the passage of the centuries, often within the walls of a single great building, thus made by the successive work of its creators into a historical record of the most noble and lasting kind. Fergusson's last work upon "Fire and Serpent Worship," illustrations of mythology and art in India, was published in a semi-official way under the auspices of Government. He died in 1886, after a life crowded with work and endeavour, and thoroughly useful both to his country and mankind.

"Fire and Serpent Worship."

Among those who had most to do with the practical carrying out of the revival of Gothic Architecture, of which so much has been said, an important place is due to Sir Gilbert Scott (1811–1878), one of the most well-known architects of our time, who, while producing churches and public buildings without number, produced also several books, "A Plea for the Faithful Restoration of our Parish Churches," "Remarks on Secular and Domestic Architectures," "Consecration of Ancient Monuments," etc. His pupil, Mr. George Edmond Street (1824–1881), enriched the passionate style with many features from early Italian work, and wrote an interesting and valuable book upon the "Brick and Marble Architecture of Northern Italy in the Middle Ages." Mr. Owen Jones in a less elevated sphere did much to

Sir Gilbert Scott, 1811–78.

George Edmond Street, 1824–81.

Owen Jones.

instruct the taste of the Victorian age (at first almost non-existent) by his "Grammar of Ornaments" and other works published in the early part of the reign. "The Hand-Book for Young Painters," published in 1855 by Charles Robert Justin (1794–1859), the Royal Academician, must not be omitted among the books of the times.

Charles Robert Justin, 1794–1859.

Music has shared during our age the remarkable revival which has taken place in other arts, but naturally it is less to literary aid than to its own exertions, and the gradual awakening of the public mind to greater requirements in that branch of human science, and better understanding of its great models, that this advance is due. Meanwhile there have not been wanting writers who have devoted themselves to its history and exposition with great knowledge of the subject and much devotion to it. Henry Fothergill Chorley (born 1800, died 1877), though a journalist and to some extent a writer on general subjects, was especially known as a musical critic and deeply engaged in the exposition and furtherance of everything connected with this art. He was a song-writer esteemed in his day, though that species of literature is more than usually ephemeral: but his chief works were one on "German Music" which increased the acquaintance of the British public with the productions of the most musical of nations, and "Thirty Years Musical Recollections" which is chiefly concerned with the great singers of this and

Henry Fothergill Chorley, 1800–77.

John Hullah.

the previous generations. John Hullah, himself an eminent musician, and the author of the system which has spread an elementary knowledge of music to a very large extent over the face of the country, has also written a "History of Music," published in 1861, which has done still better work, and furnishes an interesting study of the progress of the art, especially in this century. The "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" edited by Sir George Grove is in its way a monumental work, and contains admirable biographies of all the chief musicians, thus supplying, in the best and most interesting way, a history of music in all its schools and developments, with which nothing, at least in our language, can compete. Music, however, is of its nature independent of literature, and somewhat scornful of its exposition.

Sir George Grove.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE LATER HISTORIANS, BIOGRAPHERS, ESSAYISTS, ETC., AND OF THE PRESENT CONDITION OF LITERATURE.

Condition of Literature at the present time.

It is by no means so easy a task to deal with writers who are either living, or, at any rate, have only lately gone from among us, as with those whose work belongs to a past generation. The immense increase in the number of the writers of the present day is alone sufficient to render the work more difficult, and we do not pretend to include all the books on any of the subjects we are dealing with. At the same time, it would be a most invidious duty were we called upon to measure out applause or censure to even the most eminent of living authors as we are able to do with those whose career is already closed, and whose works can be reviewed as a whole. It will, therefore, be found that we have spoken at length only of dead writers, giving to the living such notice as is necessary to give a general idea of the scope and purpose of their work.

The most eminent historical writers of our own time are, for the most part, still among us; yet there are gaps where some have been taken from the world in the fulness of years, and others while yet in the

prime of life. It is not many years since we had to lament the early death of one of the most brilliant historical writers of the time. John Richard Green was born in the year of Her Majesty's accession, and educated at Magdalen College School and Jesus College, Oxford. From his earliest youth he had delighted chiefly in historical studies, and showed his characteristic spirit of critical independence in an essay upon Charles I., whom the young writer, in spite of careful training in the straitest sect of middle-class Toryism, felt himself bound to pronounce against. Fortunately for himself, however, Green was no infant prodigy, and the only marked characteristic of his university life was his devotion to the works of the early chroniclers. After taking his degree in 1859 he was ordained, and became a curate in a poor district of London. He afterwards held two livings in succession under similar conditions, and did much hard and conscientious work as a parish priest, but his health finally broke down under the strain of his clerical duties, increased by intense application to historical studies. Archbishop Tait, who had long had his eye upon Green, appointed him to the pleasant and suitable post of librarian at Lambeth, and he gave up his more onerous clerical work to devote himself more entirely to literature. As yet he had written little; some sketches of "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century," published in his youth in an Oxford paper, had

John Richard Green.

"Oxford in the Eighteenth Century."

pleased a limited public; and, at a later period, some pungent essays of social criticism in the *Saturday Review* gave to the initiated a suggestion of much satirical power; but his name was yet almost unknown, when the "Short History of the English People," published in 1874, took the world by storm. The animated and poetical style, the independent and original judgment, as well as the novel conception of the whole, at once attracted the admiration of the great majority of its readers. It is not, perhaps, a work of faultless accuracy, but that is hardly to be expected from a book which is written up to a theory; for facts, as looked upon by the spectator, whose mind is already made up on the subject, show the most obliging readiness to assume any form he chooses. The literary power of Green is undeniable; in some passages, as in his account of the last uprising of Wales before its conquest by Edward I., his naturally picturesque style develops into genuine poetry, while his narrative is usually spirited and his delineation of character striking, if perhaps a little too imaginative. Yet we think that those have formed too high an estimate of his qualities who would rank him with Macaulay. His narrative power is confined to occasional episodes, between which we find intervals, where the interest languishes, if it does not die altogether; if we are tempted to go on beyond a period which has pleased us, it is not because the enchantment of the narrative carries us

"History of the English People," 1874.

His literary power.

on, but because we hope to find in a new chapter another unconnected passage as spirited as that we have been reading; and this expectation is often disappointed. Having once gained the attention of his audience by a masterly summary of English history, Green hoped to retain it for the larger work, into which the "Short History" was expanded. This attempt, however, was not so successful. The larger history may have gained in value as a class-book by its more elaborate form; as a literary effort it lost in terseness and force more than it gained by higher elaboration. After the four-volume "History," the author apparently gave up his mission of instructing the people, and took to the comparatively unimportant amusement of writing for the few whose learning was equal to his own. The "Making of England," published in 1881, and the "Conquest of England," which only appeared after his death in 1883, belonged to the latter class.

"The Making of England," 1881.

"The Conquest of England," 1883.

A very different type of historian was that represented by John Sherren Brewer. Green was essentially a writer of the class whose goods are all exhibited in the shop window, while it is probably due to his extreme absence of ostentation that the world at large is not sufficiently acquainted with the solid, quiet merit of Brewer. Born in 1810, the son of a Baptist schoolmaster at Norwich, Brewer joined at an early age the Church of England, went to Oxford, and after taking a brilliant degree was ordained

John Sherren Brewer, 1810–79.

and appointed chaplain to a London workhouse. After some years of zealous work in this capacity, he resigned his appointment in consequence of differences with the Vicar of St. Giles', and for some time found no work to do in his sacred profession. He was already noted for his extraordinarily wide reading, had edited the Ethics of Aristotle at an early period of his life, and had done some work for the Record Commission. He now devoted himself to increasing his knowledge by reading at the British Museum, and got a small appointment as classical lecturer at King's College, afterwards succeeding his friend, Frederick Denison Maurice, as Professor of English Literature and Modern History. Brewer also did a good deal of journalistic work for the *Standard*, *Morning Post* and other papers. In 1856 he was entrusted by the authorities of the Record Office with the preparation of a calendar of the State Papers of the time of Henry VIII, which in his hands became one of the most valuable additions to the literature published under the auspices of the Master of the Rolls. The work by which he is principally known, the history of the "Reign of Henry VIII." published some years after his death by his friend, Mr. James Gairdner, consists in reality of the prefaces he supplied to the different volumes of his "Calendar." It is, however, a sound and scholarly review of that intricate and much-disputed period. Brewer also wrote several treatises on matters con-

Professor of English Literature and Modern History.

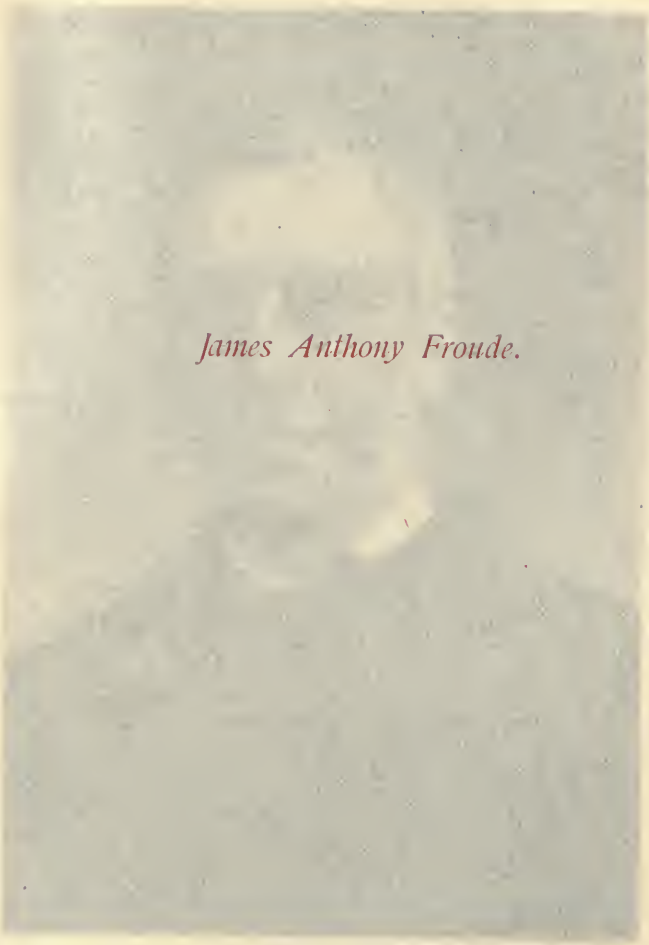
"Reign of Henry VIII."

nected with the Church, and was the editor of reproductions of Fuller's "Church History," Bacon's "Novum Organum," and other works; that excellent school compendium of English history, the "Student's Hume" being among his productions. He died in 1879. Mr. Gairdner, to whom we have referred above, has ably followed out the work originated by Professor Brewer, and is considered one of the greatest authorities on the history of England in the fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth centuries. He has been Assistant Keeper of the Records—after thirteen years service in the Office—since 1859, and has added immensely to the knowledge of the Reign of Henry VII. in particular, of whom he has contributed a biography to the series of "English Statesmen." Among his original works we may mention the valuable "Life of Richard III." and the volume on the "Houses of Lancaster and York" in the series of "Epochs of Modern History." Mr. Gairdner's fame would rest on a sure basis were it only supported by the delightful historical memoirs contributed to the "Dictionary of National Biography."

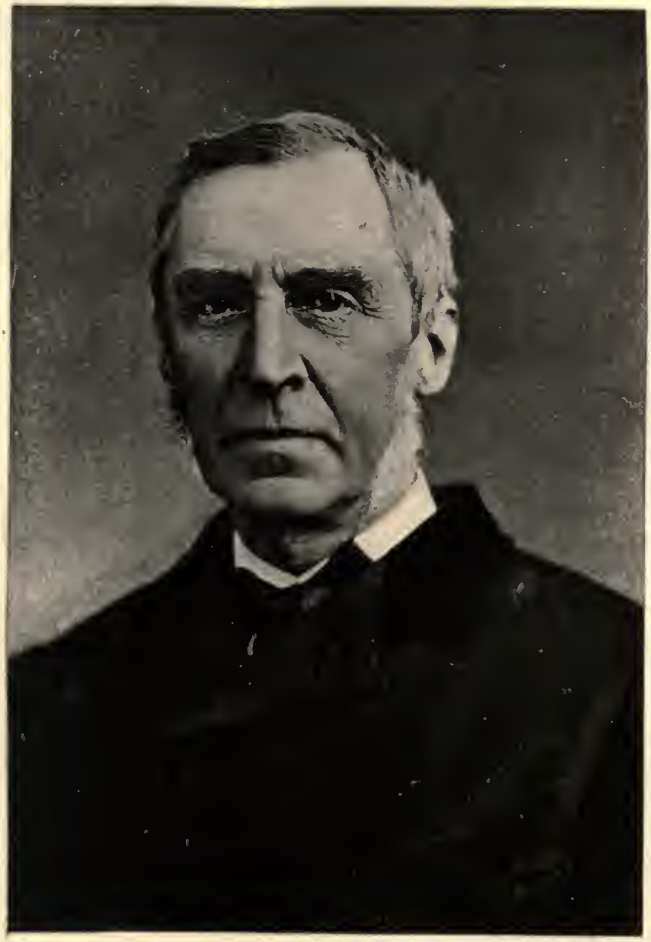
James Gairdner.

Among other inquirers into the same period we must necessarily give the highest place to the name of Mr. James Anthony Froude, the most brilliant, if not the most accurate of recent historians. Mr. Froude made his first appearance in literature as a supporter of the Oxford movement and an adherent to the prin-

James Anthony Froude.



James Anthony Froude.



ciples advocated by Newman, in which phase of mind he made a conspicuous contribution to the "Lives of the English Saints." His present readers have probably forgotten that he once took deacon's orders in the Church of England. The "Nemesis of Faith," published in 1848, showed, however, his appreciation of what Carlyle called the "Exodus from Houndsditch," that is, the rejection of what Mr. Froude has described as the Hebrew mythology. In 1856 appeared the commencement of his "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada," a very remarkable book, perhaps since Macaulay's time the most excellently written historical work that has been added to English literature. Mr. Froude is a strong partisan —probably his work would not be nearly as interesting if he were not so—and he had collected much new and valuable matter from the archives of Simancas. The bias, however, of his writing is perhaps almost too strong, and it is difficult to thoroughly appreciate his work unless one entirely agrees with him. It had been our lot to enter deeply into a small incident contained in the extensive scope of his History; we afterwards read his account of the same episode founded undoubtedly upon the original papers we had been studying, and we were lost in wonder at the extraordinary art with which he had developed the dry bones of a little considered incident into a very picturesque passage, and the strange bent

"Nemesis of Faith," 1848.

"History of England," 1856.

of mind which had obscured all but one side of the story of this inconsiderable event. But as we have often repeated, facts really depend on the way they are looked at, and Mr. Froude has unquestionably made admirable use of his materials in forming so eminently readable a history.

"Oceana." The virtues and faults of the "History" are characteristic of almost all Mr. Froude's works. "Oceana" is a most charming sketch of the colonies, but we have found few colonists who acknowledged its truth except as regarding the countries with which they were unacquainted; perhaps this proves how true it was. We ourselves are content in any case to re-read its perfect English. The brilliant sketch

"Cæsar." entitled "Cæsar," is none the less attractive that we regard it as a mere caricature of Roman history. In

"Two Chiefs of Dunboyne." his novel of the "Two Chiefs of Dunboyne" alone, so far as we know, has Mr. Froude failed to impart any interest to his work. Of his connection with Carlyle we have already spoken.

Among other prominent writers who have devoted their attention chiefly to particular periods, no name

Professor Samuel R. Gardiner. stands higher than that of Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Professor Gardiner—who holds, as it is almost unnecessary to say, the chair of modern history at King's College, London—has by his last work, published a few months ago, completed his laborious undertaking of giving a complete history of England during the seventeenth century. It is undoubtedly

the most painstaking and we should say the most carefully accurate historical work that we have known ; that it is not as interesting as some brilliant works that have been written with all the ardour of a partisan, is perhaps as much a praise as a censure. Human nature instinctively recoils from the even level of unbiassed accuracy, but as a work of reference Professor Gardiner's history will probably remain without a rival. Something of the same praise might be given to the works of Edward Augustus Freeman, (1823–92), Regius Professor of History at Oxford, of whose lamented death we have only heard since these lives were originally written. But severe as is the unflinching correctness of Mr. Freeman, he is not above the human weakness of picturesque writing. The "Norman Conquest" and the "Reign of William Rufus" would live by their literary power, if there was no more truth in them than in the leasings of Hector Boece, that most delightful of imaginative chroniclers. We bear Mr. Freeman a grudge for introducing into the harmless English language various loathly distortions of familiar names, such as Eadwine and Ecghberht, which belong to no language known in the nineteenth century, and for whose accuracy, if accurate these relics of barbarism be, the inveterate angliciser of every French name he uses can advance no defence. But he does not always write in early Gothic dialects, and the value of his historical writings cannot be disputed. Mr. Freeman's early writings

Edward Augustus Freeman, 1823-92.

on architecture are perhaps less known than they deserve to be.

Alexander William Kinglake, 1811–91.

A more remarkable figure from a literary point of view than any of those we have mentioned—with the possible exception of Mr. Froude—was Alexander William Kinglake. Born in 1811 and educated at Eton, Kinglake was moved by his natural love of adventure to undertake in early life that journey to the Levant, Syria and Egypt, which has since become familiar to every English reader through the fascinating pages of "Eothen." This charming little work, spontaneous as it appears to be, as if it had flowed smoothly off the pen at once without a pause, was in reality recast more than once by the painfully conscientious author, before it was finally given to the world in 1844, some years after the actual journey. Few books have been more thoroughly appreciated by the reading public. The ground was still comparatively new, and the tale which was told with so much freshness and charm was still one of excitement and occasional danger. "Eothen" is indeed a perfect gem of literary art, with its blending of a refined and scholarly style with an almost familiar lightness of narrative, and the overflowing, but always delicate humour with which it is enlivened. Few can read, for instance, the reflections on the suggestion of the author's dragoman, that an inferior servant who had committed some fault should be put to death, or the story which tells how

"Eothen."

he and a Russian general who was his fellow-traveller, took a small Levantine seaport by storm in defiance of all authorities and regulations, without admiring the manner in which the exuberant almost rollicking humour is kept within the bounds of such an exquisite taste. For ourselves we will admit that there are some passages dealing with the Holy Land in which we find an excessive touch of flippancy; we should read by preference the parts of the book which treat of other places.

The universal applause with which "Eothen" was received appeared to suffice for the author, who at least showed no intention of achieving further literary fame. Ten years later, when the Crimean war broke out, he was among the first to get to the scene of action, for no particular purpose that we are aware of, except to see the fun. Lord Raglan was very civil to him, when a small mishap occurred to him at the commencement of the battle of the Alma, through the slipping of his saddle—(of which "Jacob Omnium" wittily said that Kinglake was the first who fell on the British side, a joke which gave the latter what we should consider rather causeless offence)—and meeting him later at that wretched hour when the unofficial supernumerary wanders helplessly in search of food, asked him to dinner. It is no wonder if Kinglake's view of subsequent events was somewhat affected by the remembrance of this truly noble action. We believe that it was at the

Lord Raglan

"History of the War in the Crimea," 1863–87.

suggestion of Lord Raglan's family that the "History of the Crimean War" was undertaken, in which case they have deserved well of their country. We have no space to enter into any kind of analysis of that great work. The wonderful power of the writer is shown by the fact that the charms of the narrative is little impaired by the excessive minuteness of detail which was a consequence of Kinglake's elaborately conscientious inquiry into the real nature of things. An incident of his history would afford him almost endless matter for pondering, during which process almost every conceivable view of the situation came before his mind, with the natural result that the final idea thus evolved was presented to the public in a highly complex and elaborate form. In some cases, as Sir Edward Hamley pointed out in an article on the subject, this careful elaboration is not an advantage.

"The charge of the Heavy Brigade, for example," he says, "was an affair of minutes; and, when it came to be expanded into seventy pages of history, the distinctive character of a short cavalry encounter was necessarily lost. On the other hand, the long and confused struggle of Inkermann formed a much more suitable subject for close investigation; and the result was that for the first time the phases of that obstinate and desultory conflict were made intelligible."

On the whole, history is the gainer by this painful

process of thought, though, in some special cases, as in that mentioned in the above criticism, the temporary interest of the narrative suffers. Kinglake has been accused of injustice to some of the characters in that great episode, especially to Napoleon III., and to the French commanders generally. He was certainly a man of strong feelings, not unapt to take a prejudice for or against a statesman or commander, and the evil he saw he had no wish to cloak or minimise; but we think, on the whole, that, with the possible exception of his view of Napoleon, his criticism was cool and sound, and, in most cases, impartial. His generous admiration of the genius of the Russian general, Todleben, is as marked as his personal predilection for the British commander-in-chief. The publication of the seven volumes of the "History of the War in the Crimea" extended over nearly a quarter of a century, from 1863 to 1887; it was the great work of his life, and he practically attempted no other. In 1857 he was returned to Parliament, in the Liberal interest, for Bridgewater, but he never made any particular mark in the House of Commons, his voice being low, his manner quiet, and his cast of mind perhaps too judicial for the political arena. He died in the end of 1890.

His criticism cool and sound.

Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, K.C.B., the distinguished soldier and man of letters, to whose obituary article on his old friend, Kinglake, we have referred above, is also the author of a valuable account of the

Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, K. C. B.

Crimean war, and of many minor works, including some clever novels. It is recorded, as a striking instance of that implicit and instant obedience, which is the glory of the British army, that Captain Hamley, as he then was, having received from a brother officer a copy of the *Times*, containing a review of "Lady Lee's Widowhood," just before the Balaclava charge, led his men to the attack of the Russian guns without stopping to see if it was favourable. With a literary man, certainly, the force of duty could not farther go. Sir Edward and his brother, General W. G. Hamley, have also long been counted among the most eminent contributors to "Blackwood;" the latter is also the author of some successful novels.

General W. G. Hamley.

The history of law and social organization is a branch of general history which yields in importance to none, and, indeed, as it lies at the root of all changes and developments, is almost more important to the student, if not to the general reader, than any narrative of those events which have been brought about by the working of its universal principles. The greatest writer on these subjects in the Victorian age is undoubtedly Sir Henry James Sumner Maine, a name of the greatest weight in many regions, from the imperial councils and classic shades of the Universities, down to the "Quarterly Review" and the *Times*, in all of which differing seats of power he was conspicuous and great. He was born in 1822, and educated at Christ's Hospital, another of the many

Sir Henry J. S. Maine, 1822–88.

distinctions of that great school, and at Pembroke College, Cambridge. His career from the first was exceptionally brilliant: Senior Classic, Craven Scholar, and everything else that a Cambridge graduate desires to be. He began his maturer career at the age of twenty-five as Professor of Civil Law in his own University, after which he became Reader in Jurisprudence at the Middle Temple. His great work on "Ancient Law" was produced, however, in the full maturity of his genius, in 1861, and immediately gave him the highest place among contemporary writers. It was published soon after Darwin's great work on the "Origin of Species," and was founded on a similar conception of the development of all our systems of existing order,—on, however, a basis less indebted to conjecture and hypothesis, and more securely seated upon acknowledged and evident bulwarks of fact, than any physiological arguments. The phenomena of law and society, arising as they do within the limits of human history, and dealing with man as the being we know, must always be felt by the sober mind to be a subject of more hopeful research than the manner in which that complex and wonderful creature came to be. Maine treated his great subject not only with singular learning and logic, but with the advantages of a lucid style and much fine literary power,—making of a very abstruse subject, handled in a new and unusual method, a book as agreeable to read as it was valuable and important

"Ancient Law," 1861

in historical science. If it is too much to say that he "created a new method for the study of legal ideas and the institutions founded upon them," it is yet certain that no one of his time had used that method so powerfully.

Member of the East Indian Council.

After the publication of this remarkable work, he was appointed legal member of the Governor-General's Council in India, a post which Macaulay, as well as other notable men, had held before him; and thus was withdrawn, to a certain extent, from the general world, by that fascination so strongly exercised by the East, and which his mind—attracted above all things by the conditions of primitive society, and with a special faculty for tracing those almost immemorial lines which connect civilisation with its fountain-head—felt in its full force. His studies in this region bore fruit in his work on "Village Communities," his lectures on the "Early History of Institutions," and others. On his return from India, Sir Henry Maine, now K.C.S.I.,—was elected at once a member of the Council of India, and to the Chair of Jurisprudence at Oxford, which latter post he held for seven years. He was afterwards made Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, with which, however, his name is but little associated, as his heart and duties were still with India, to which he dedicated the greater part of his subsequent life. Honours and distinctions were showered upon him on all sides. He was offered the position of per-

"Village Communities."
"Early History of Institutions."

manent Under-Secretary for the Home Department, —of Chief Clerk of the House of Commons, and, indeed, it would seem, of almost everything worth acceptance, but preferred his position in the regulation of the affairs of India to all. Finally, he accepted the professorship of International Law at Cambridge, towards the end of his life. He died at Cannes, in 1888.

The special work of analysing the constitutional history of England has been ably undertaken by more than one writer of our day. Sir Thomas Erskine May (1815–1886), long widely known and respected in his office of Clerk of the House of Commons, took up this subject where Hallam left it, and by his "Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III.," published in 1861–3, made a valuable addition to historical literature. Of even greater importance was his treatise on the "Law, Privilege, Proceedings and Usage of Parliaments," a work which is still the standard authority on the difficult questions of which it treats. Sir Erskine May, while a very weighty writer, conscious of the importance of his subject, and rather careless of literary effect, had, nevertheless, a very pleasing manner of conveying his knowledge. It was presented in a very strong solution, but a solution with a pleasant taste. On retiring from his office in the House of Commons, Erskine May was raised to the peerage, and chose the title of Lord Farnborough,

Sir Thomas Erskine May, 1815–86.

"Constitutional History of England," 1861–3.

but died before the patent could be made out. Another great authority on the same subject is the present Bishop of Oxford, Dr. William Stubbs, formerly, for nearly twenty years, Regius Professor of History at Oxford. Dr. Stubbs is the author of a very valuable, if not particularly entertaining, "Constitutional History of England in its Origin and Development," and many other historical works, and has edited many ancient chronicles for the Record Office. The Episcopal Bench also contains, in the person of one of its youngest members, the present Bishop of Peterborough, a fertile historical writer, whose "History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation," "Age of Elizabeth," "Life of Simon de Montfort," and other works are of, at least, technical importance. Before his appointment to succeed Dr. Magee at Peterborough, Dr. Mandell Creighton had been Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, and has been, since its institution in 1886, editor of the "Historical Review." Among minor historical writers we may mention the name of John Robert Seeley, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, author of the "Life and Times of Stein," the "Expansion of England," "Greater Greece and Greater Britain," and other similar works. Professor Seeley is, however, best known by the work entitled "Ecce Homo; a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ," which created an immense sensation at the time of its appearance in 1865. Sir Charles

Dr. William Stubbs.

Dr. Mandell Creighton.

John Robert Seeley.

Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke.

Wentworth Dilke, who is more eminent in the world of politics, may also be quoted in this connection for his remarkable work on "Greater Britain," published in 1868.

Scotland, as we have already said, has not been fortunate in her historians, but the last generation produced one of the most conscientious efforts in this line. Unfortunately, John Hill Burton (1809–81) was one of those historians who write wisely but not well. The profundity of his researches no one will be inclined to dispute, but he was unfortunately deficient in the qualities required for laying the results of his learning before the world. His "History of Scotland," published in seven volumes between the years 1853 and 1870, is the most complete work of the kind we have, as it takes us from the earliest times, when the first reliable information is supplied by Tacitus' account of the repulse of Agricola, to the rebellion of 1745. We cannot call it dry, because that word represents to our mind the class of works of information which are merely devoid of literary art. Burton's History has a graver fault: it is wordy. The incidents of his narrative are buried under an avalanche of verbiage from which it is impossible to extricate them without a long and toilsome search. This defect makes it specially difficult to use his work as a book of reference, the want of clearness and connection of narrative making it almost impossible to follow the course of an episode, even if

John Hill Burton, 1809–81.

"History of Scotland."

we are lucky enough to discover where it begins or ends. Oddly enough, in his lighter works, such as the "Bookhunter," a series of essays on bibliographical subjects republished from "Blackwood's Magazine," he was more successful. His biographies, especially that of Hume, obtained a fair share of praise. He also wrote a "History of the Reign of Queen Anne." For the rest, the literature of Scottish history has been chiefly kept up by the usual violent warfare concerning the merits and demerits of Queen Mary. The late John Hossack, a well-known advocate, distinguished himself especially as counsel for the defence. His principal work, "Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers," being about the best production on that side. Another energetic champion of the unhappy Queen, Mr. John Skelton,—better known to the reading public as "Shirley," a pseudonym under which he has published some delightful volumes of essays,—has further taken upon himself to rehabilitate Maitland of Lethington, of whose career he has in recent years published a masterly survey.

"The Bookhunter."

"History of the Reign of Queen Anne."

John Hossack.

John Skelton (Shirley).

The present century has been singularly fertile in those humbler labourers in the field of historical research whose business it is to bring the bricks for others to build with. In our own day we see this meritorious occupation of collecting facts for which perhaps no use at all may be found, but which, on the other hand, may save some master workman a

little time in the search for materials, carried to an extraordinary height. The amount of careful and painstaking observers who confine themselves wholly to such work as that of transcribing, for instance, parish registers, full of utterly insignificant names, on the off-chance that one of them may supply a missing link in some genealogist's researches, is growing every year. It is true that similar self-denying work has been often done in science by obscure men who have been content to observe only that others might in time deduce from their observations, but there is a freemasonry of science which makes this somehow appear less remarkable. Among those who have been occupied more with the materials of history than with history itself, we may mention Peter Cunningham (1816–1869), son of the poet Allan Cunningham, whose "Handbook of London" is probably his best known work, and Thomas Wright (1810–1877), who was, among other works, the editor of a collection of the "Political Songs of England from John to Edward II." and the author of an interesting "History of Caricature." But the numbers of the rank and file of history are too great for us to deal with otherwise than as a whole.

Peter Cunningham, 1816-69.

Thomas Wright, 1810-77.

Among British historians who went farther afield for materials, Sir John William Kaye chose the sensational events of recent Indian history for his subject. Born in 1814 and educated at Eton and at the Addiscombe Military College, Kaye went out to

Sir John William Kaye, 1814-76.

India at an early age, and served for some years in the Bengal artillery. He resigned his commission in 1837, and took up literature as a profession, taking a leading part in the establishment of the "Calcutta Review," of which he was the first editor. A few years later he entered the East India Company's Civil Service, and when the government of India was transferred to the Crown, was appointed to succeed John Stuart Mill in the important office of Secretary to the Political and Secret Department. His valuable service in this quality procured him a Knight Commandership in the Order of the Star of India. In 1874 he resigned his office in consequence of ill-health and died in 1876. Kaye was a hard and conscientious worker, and his many contributions to the history of India are regarded as of standard authority. He was also a cool and judicious thinker, singularly impartial in temper, and a writer of undeniable brilliancy and power. His best known works are the "History of the War in Afghanistan," and the "History of the Indian Mutiny." Both of these remarkable works are conspicuous by the force and vividness of picturing which lends a special charm to what must under any circumstances be a narrative of thrilling interest; the latter has the still greater quality of being strictly impartial in a case where rigid fairness of judgment seems almost inconceivable for an Englishman who had been at work in India through all that dreadful period. Not one point

"History of the War in Afghanistan."

"History of the Indian Mutiny."

of the terrible narrative is slurred over or exaggerated. The atrocities committed by the mutineers, sedulously stripped of all the exaggerations of fear and anger, are presented in their naked brutality, a picture rendered more frightful by its rigid truthfulness; the awful retribution exacted by the inexorable Neale—upon whom be peace, for he was a gallant soldier and the saviour of life and honour to hundreds of our countrymen and women—is described in the same spirit of steadfast accuracy without fear or favour. It has always been a matter of wonder to us how little real appreciation there seems to be of the merits of so great a historian as Sir William Kaye.

Foreign history has never had very much attraction for English writers, but there have been a certain number of exceptions in our time. Thomas Henry Dyer (1804–88) is well-known for his elaborate and conscientious "History of Modern Europe" from the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 to the close of the Crimean War. It is remarkable for the lucid manner in which it deals with the apparent mystery of how the Turk got his footing in Europe, why he is allowed to keep it when the other European powers could easily drive him across the Bosphorus if they chose, and generally the position of Turkey with regard to other nations,—the explanation of which problem was Dyer's principal object. He was also the author of a "Life of Calvin" and

Thomas Henry Dyer 1804–88.

several works on ancient history. A hardly smaller field is occupied by Mr. James Bryce, Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford, in his "Holy Roman Empire," a profound study which is in some degree lightened by pleasant writing. Professor Bryce is a fertile writer, his latest production of mark being a valuable work on the "American Commonwealth." He is also known as an active politician, and was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs during Mr. Gladstone's brief tenure of office in 1885–6.

James Bryce.

A still more difficult subject for an Englishman to deal with has been attacked with considerable success by Eyre Evans Crowe (1799–1868), in his painstaking and dispassionate "History of France," originally contributed to Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia," and afterwards expanded into the five volumes in which it appeared between 1858 and 1868. Crowe was also the author of a "History of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.," and of several novels. He did much journalistic work, being the Paris correspondent of the "Morning Chronicle," and afterwards working in a similar capacity for the "Examiner." On the starting of the "Daily News" in 1846 he became a contributor to its pages and was for a short time its editor in 1849-51. One of his sons, Mr. Joseph Archer Crowe, is known as the author, in conjunction with Signor Cavalcaselle, of a "History of Italian Painting," a "Life of Titian," and other works on artistic subjects, full of information but entirely destitute of literary merit.

Eyre Evans Crowe, 1799–1868.

Joseph Archer Crowe.

A remarkable work on Italian History is that of Mr. John Addington Symonds on the "Renaissance in Italy," in which the history, commonly so-called, of that period, its society, literature and art are treated with equal care and equal skill. Mr. Symonds is also the author of "Studies of the Greek Poets," "Sketches in Italy and Greece," and other works on subjects generally more or less connected with art. The history of Greece has been laid before the world as only a man possessing such an extensive and thorough knowledge of the country could do, by George Finlay (1799–1875). In early life, Finlay had taken up the cause of Greece with youthful enthusiasm and had fought for her—as did his brother, Kirkman Finlay, who lost his life in her service—under the Greek filibuster Odysseus in the Morean expedition, and though utterly disgusted with the degraded Greek character, continued to do his utmost for the country in which all his later life was spent. As a writer, he took up the history of Greece where it is usually left, at the Roman conquest, and in a series of able and thoughtful works carried on the history of Greek slavery under Roman, Venetian and Turkish masters to the final emancipation in which he had himself been a labourer. The whole of his historical work was collected at his death and published by the Clarendon Press in 1877, as one complete book, under the title of "A History of Greece from its Conquest by the Romans to the

John Addington Symonds.

George Finlay, 1799–1875.

Kirkman Finlay.

Present Time, B.C. 146 to A.D. 1864." A word of praise must be given to the able and successful editor under whose care this great work was produced, the Rev. Henry Fanshawe Tozer, Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College.

Rev. Henry Fanshawe Tozer.

Like Finlay in the wide range of his work, but vastly inferior to him as a writer, Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy (1812–78), a lawyer of some distinction and for ten years Chief-Justice of Ceylon, applied himself to both ancient and modern history. In 1852 he published his best known work, the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," which has attained a popularity by no means commensurate with its literary merit. He was also the author of a "History of the Ottoman Turks," a "History of England," intended to extend to five volumes, of which only two were ever published, and other historical works. Many valuable works have been added to the literature of ancient history in recent years. A prominent place in this department must be given to the Very Reverend Charles Merivale, Dean of Ely, who is best known by his "History of the Romans under the Empire," published in eight volumes between the years 1850 and 1862. The same writer has produced a "General History of Rome from the Foundation of the City to the Fall of Augustulus," which has a certain value, some useful "Lectures on Early Church History," and other works on historical and ecclesiastical subjects. The Rev. George Rawlinson,

Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy, 1812–78.

Rev. Charles Merivale.

Rev. George Rawlinson.

Canon of Canterbury, sometime Bampton Lecturer and Camden Professor of Ancient History at Oxford, made his mark as a historian by the "Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World," but has perhaps rendered greater service to the research into the early annals of civilisation by his admirable "Translation of Herodotus with copious Notes," in which he received much assistance from his brother, Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson, G.C.B., whose immense knowledge of Eastern antiquities has made him almost as great a name as his distinguished services to the State in India and elsewhere. Some mention must be made of the important work of Dr. William Smith, the present editor of the "Quarterly Review," for the valuable dictionaries of "Greek and Roman Antiquities," of "Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology" and of "Greek and Roman Geography"—abridgments of which are the most trusted books of reference among the schoolboys and students of our time—as well as those which deal with the Bible and with "Christian Antiquities," and "Christian Biography." Among many works on early Church history, we are not acquainted with any so complete, scholarly and entertaining a work as the "History of the Christian Church to the Reformation," by the late Rev. James Craigie Robertson (1813–82), formerly Professor of Ecclesiastical History of King's College, London.

Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson.

Dr. William Smith.

It is not an easy task to deal with the biography

Biographical works.

of this reign. The vast extent to which that branch of literature has recently grown makes it entirely impossible for us to enter into any detailed study of it, nor is this desirable. The great mass of biographies can only be said to belong to literature in so far as they are printed upon paper and bound into volumes For it is a curious delusion in this amusing age, that so extremely delicate and difficult a branch of literature can be undertaken by anyone without either experience in writing or any natural qualification for the task. There is some excuse, perhaps for a son, or a near relation, taking upon him such an enterprise, because he may be desirous to retain the letters and other materials required for biographical work in his own hands, and may also be supposed to have the closest acquaintance with the subjects. But the most miserable productions in this line have generally not even the excuse of relationship. The public is probably most to blame in the matter, the great mass of readers who do not care three straws whether the biographer is of the type of Sir George Trevelyan or of the type of Mr. Frith, but only want to know private details concerning the subject of the biography, why he wore his hat on the back of his head, whether it is true that he drank brandy before breakfast, or what was the real history of the quarrel with his first wife. Details of this kind can indeed be furnished by almost anyone, but a genuine biography perhaps requires a little more. We can certainly

Sir George Trevelyan. Mr. Frith.

point to one recent case where a competent writer was carefully chosen, in Mr. Andrew Lang's "Life of Lord Iddesleigh." Mr. Lang had, we believe, no special connection with the subject of his Biography, which was entrusted to him simply as to an able man of letters, and perhaps also as one who held similar political opinions to those of Lord Iddesleigh. The result in this case was satisfactory to everyone, and we only wish the experiment could be repeated. We certainly should wish, if we must have memoirs of everybody, that they should be written by competent hands, and if the mania of writing lives of other people continues, we should almost recommend the appointment of a staff of trained biographers who should alone be permitted to take up such a task. As to autobiographies and recollections, we have little to say further than that they provide an agreeable occupation for elderly gentlemen who have retired from their professions; the few of this class which survive their own generation must be of very extraordinary literary merit. The gentlemen who, while still in the middle of their career, interview themselves for the amusement of the public, are no more to be numbered in the ranks of literature than the giant who exhibits his monstrous proportions to the crowd at a fair for so much a head.

Mr. Andrew Lang. "Life of Lord Iddesleigh."

A genuine professional—or perhaps it would be more polite to say professed—biographer was John Forster. Born in 1812, the son of a butcher at New-

John Forster, 1812-76

castle, and educated at the grammar school of his native town and at University College, London, Forster began by studying law, but found a more suitable occupation in journalism. At twenty he had an engagement as dramatic critic for the *True Sun*, and also wrote in the *Courier*, *Athenæum* and *Examiner*, the last named being edited by Fonblanque, who thought highly of young Forster, and made him the chief critic on his staff. On Fonblanque's retirement in 1847 Forster succeeded him as editor of the *Examiner;* he had previously, for some months, edited the *Daily News*. He wrote much for periodicals throughout his life, especially for the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" Reviews, his articles on Steele in the latter supplying perhaps one of his best titles to literary fame; he was also for two years editor of the "Foreign Quarterly Review." As regards more serious work, Forster early turned his attention to biography, contributing to Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia" in 1836–9 a series of "Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth," including Eliot, Strafford, Pym, Hampden, Vane, Marten and Oliver Cromwell. In later life he projected an expansion of each of these, but the larger biography of "Sir John Eliot" was the only one that was ever published. His useful "Life of Goldsmith" appeared originally in a one-volume form, profusely illustrated, in 1848, and was afterwards enlarged into the ponderous work called the "Life and Times of Gold-

Editor of the "Examiner."

"Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth."

smith." Perhaps even better known than the "Goldsmith" is his "Life of Charles Dickens," with whom he had been for many years on terms of intimate friendship. He also wrote a "Life of Walter Savage Landor," whose literary executor he was. Forster may be described as a useful, rather than an artistic biographer. In tone and manner of writing, as of speaking, he was loud and pompous, with a mighty opinion of himself, and a still greater one of his friends. Besides the works already mentioned, he was the author of a volume on the "Arrest of the Five Members," a rather remarkable study of a period of which he had a very thorough knowledge. At his death in 1876 he was employed upon a "Life of Swift," of which only the first volume was completed.

"Life of Dickens," etc.

"Arrest of the Five Members."

Among some elaborate and valuable biographies of great men of past ages which have been contributed to the literature of the present reign, we should give an important place to Carruthers' "Life of Pope." Robert Carruthers (1799–1878) was long well known to the public of the North as the editor of the "Inverness Courier," in which capacity we shall only say of him that it is one of the greatest qualities in an editor to be able to appreciate merit when he finds it, and that Carruthers practically discovered Hugh Miller. Considerable attention was attracted by an edition of the "Poetical Works of Alexander Pope," contributed by him to the series called the

Robert Carruthers, 1799–1878.

"National Illustrated Library," to which was prefixed a memoir afterwards enlarged and republished separately as the "Life of Alexander Pope" in 1857. This valuable work still holds the field as one of the most important contributions to our knowledge of the poet. As an editor of his works, Carruthers is superseded by the magnificent work of the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, which has unfortunately never been completed. Carruthers was also the principal worker in the production of Chambers' "Cyclopædia of English Literature," and the editor of their "Household Shakespeare."

"Life of Pope," 1857.

A more important biographical contribution to the history of literature is the weighty "Life of John Milton: narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical and Literary History of the Time," by David Masson, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Professor Masson has also written a very useful popular review of "Recent British Philosophy," and other works dealing with "Chatterton," "Drummond of Hawthornden," "British Novelists and their Styles," and other literary subjects; has contributed much to periodical literature and was for some time editor of "Macmillan's Magazine." Besides his biography, he was the editor of the "Cambridge Edition" of Milton, as well as of the smaller issue of his works in the "Golden Treasury" series. While upon the subject of editions, it would be im-

Professor David Masson.

possible not to mention the name of Alexander Dyce (1798–1869), under whose care was produced what is generally acknowledged to be the most accurate edition of Shakespeare. Dyce is also to be credited with many valuable editions of the works of the other Elizabethan dramatists. Nor should we pass over the excellent edition of Shelley put forth,—as well as one of the most important and best of the many lives of that poet,—by Mr. William Michael Rossetti, who has also brought out collections of the works of Blake, of Walt Whitman, and of his brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Mr. W. M. Rossetti must also have a place among our biographers for his excellent little sketches of the "Lives of Famous Poets," some of which have been prefixed to volumes of the series of "Moxon's Popular Poets." His eminence as an art critic is too well known to require further mention on our part.

Alexander Dyce, 1798–1869.

W. M. Rossetti.

Mr. John Morley, formerly known as one of our most eminent journalists, and now credited with greater renown in the world of politics as one of the chief lieutenants of the Gladstonian party, and perhaps its future leader, has achieved most credit in literature by his valuable "Life of Richard Cobden." To these should be added his works upon Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot, a series of able studies, in which Mr. Morley shows a regrettable tendency to the unwarrantable assumption that his readers already know something about the subject. His namesake,

John Morley.

Professor Henry Morley

Professor Henry Morley, is known by a "Life of Palissy the Potter," which made some sensation in its day, and several works on English literature. Of much higher merit from the literary point of view is the work of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, whose "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay" is one of the few really excellent modern biographies whose subjects are of recent date. The spirited and entertaining style of this work gives it a right to a special place in literature, independent of its historical value, which is considerable. Sir George Trevelyan is, perhaps, a little unjust towards his uncle's political and other opponents, but this is rather a good fault. We cannot close our notice of biographies without mentioning the late Lord Houghton's valuable "Life of Keats," and his charming collection of "Monographs," a series of personal sketches, written in a lively and amusing style, and displaying much power and insight in delineation of character.

Sir George Otto Trevelyan.

Lord Houghton.

In the department of essayists and critics, recent literature has been only too fertile. Foremost among these is a writer of whose poetical powers we have already spoken, the late Matthew Arnold, whose talent has shown itself perhaps even more prominently in his prose writings. Of these the most striking are the critical essays in which more perhaps than in any of his other writings the real genius of the writer is set before us. His style is pure, if sometimes involved, his language well chosen though

Matthew Arnold.

occasionally disfigured by the exhibition of a misplaced affection for polysyllables. His studies range over a wide extent of English and foreign literature, his scholarship, using the word in its least restricted sense, is profound, and his capacity of appreciating the literature of another country from a point of view which seems almost inaccessible to a foreigner is remarkable. With our object, of course, it is rather with the manner than the matter of his judgments that we have to deal; heaven forbid that we should be called upon to review the decrees of the latest lawgiver of Parnassus as to the particular subjects of his criticism. But while we may only suggest that Arnold wrote nobly of Milton, or judiciously of Wordsworth, or treated Burns with unnecessary condescension, it is more our part to enter into his admirable studies of the nature of criticism itself. The essay on the "Study of Poetry" may be taken as a fair estimate of his views in general, and a test of their soundness. We do not refer to the masterly abstract of the history of poetry which, whatever we think of its criticisms, is at least patent to all as a very remarkable study, but rather to the recommendations, the guidance and the warnings offered to students in forming their own estimate. To take an instance,—how striking and judicious is the caution against that natural instinct of the new inquirer in a field which is familiar already to so many others, to avoid the general objects of worship and set up new

His profound scholarship.

gods for himself, to see nothing but a sheep-like observance of tradition in the praises of recognised merit, and to drag out from the darkness of ages the mouldering remains of some time-eaten mediocrity, and call all ignorant or prejudiced who will not fall down and worship before it. Everything depends, in such a case as this, Mr. Arnold justly allows, "on the reality of a poet's classic character."

"A poet's classic character."

"If he is a dubious classic, let us sift him; if he is a false classic, let us explode him. But if he is a real classic, if his work belongs to the class of the very best (for this is the true and right meaning of the word *classic*, *classical*), then the great thing for us is to feel and enjoy his work as deeply as ever we can, and to appreciate the wide difference between it and all work which has not the same high character."

In an age which is forever rushing about, crying "lo, here!" and "lo, there!" it is refreshing to come across a calm and healthy view like this. Not less sound is his deprecation of the excess of such feeling as is here indicated, which follows :—

"True, we must read our classic with open eyes and not with eyes blinded with superstition; we must perceive when his work comes short, when it drops out of the class of the very best, and we must rate it, in such cases, at its proper value. But the use of this negative criticism is not in itself, it is entirely in its enabling us to have a clearer sense and a deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent. To trace the labour, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures of a genuine classic, to acquaint oneself with his time and his life and his historical relationships, is mere literary dilettanteism unless it has that clear sense and deeper enjoyment for its end."

These are the canons of a sound criticism, as anyone can see who is not influenced in his choice of reading by that kind of instinctive dread of greatness which makes some students devote themselves exclusively to writers who, they feel, are not much greater than themselves. Another valuable warning is that given to the student who is for ever searching out "historic origins" for all he reads, till the main subject is absolutely dwarfed in his mind in comparison with speculation on the causes that produced it. Canons of sound criticism.

There is, no doubt, some fault to be found with Matthew Arnold's own criticisms on the score of subtlety and over-refinement; more objection has been made to the tone of involuntary arrogance, to which a professed critic is exceedingly prone. The fault, indeed, appears to us to lie in the excessively professional air which pervades all his criticism. The writer cannot forget that he is on the bench; his mission is to judge and to instruct, and he too often forgets that it is not given to man that other men should agree with him. It is a very natural and easy condition to slide into, and, indeed, if people will listen to what one says, one cannot help thinking that there must really be something in it; but it is not a very healthy feeling for a writer. In our view, Matthew Arnold's style was considerably affected by this tendency, which is apt to lead him into oracular utterances and literary fireworks, ap- Matthew Arnold's criticisms. His style.

parently only thrown up with the object dear to the soul of the young French *déliquescent, pour épater le bourgeois.* It is not a noble aim, and such a master of prose as Matthew Arnold should have been above attempting so poor an expedient. On the other hand, when he only thinks of illustrating his criticism so as to bring it more home to his readers, no one shows greater skill in literary adornments. An instance strikes us of the picture called up in his mind by the lines of Wordsworth, calling on "this Imperial Realm" to teach her children,

An illustration of his criticism.

> "The rudiments of letters, and inform
> The mind with moral and religious truth."

The critic is irresistibly reminded of the effect these lines would produce if quoted at a Social Science Congress, and the whole scene rises before him:—"A great room in one of our dismal provincial towns; dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight; benches full of men with bald heads and women in spectacles; an orator lifting up his face from a manuscript, written within and without, to declaim these lines of Wordsworth, and in the soul of any poor child of nature who may have wandered in thither, an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning and woe."

This is, undeniably, a clever sketch, though spoiled for us by the last addition. We cannot help thinking

of the natural yearning of the honest Philistine to kick the poor child of nature into a more wholesome frame of mind, even when we are most amused at the sketch of the orator's manner. But such an untutored impulse would only be a proof of the want of appreciation of the sublime qualities of sweetness and light. Among Arnold's other prose works a prominent place should be given to his well-known treatise on "Literature and Dogma," in which the often slain Deity, whom the world still acknowledges, is again made to go down before a blow which really ought to be sufficient to destroy him.

"Literature and Dogma."

First, in many noble literary qualities, of the essayists of our day, we should hasten to pay honour to the name of Mr. Leslie Stephen. In the most purely critical, and, in some sort, the most charming of his works, we have all followed Mr. Stephen with delight through his "Hours in a Library." The scholarly criticism and the grace of writing lead us on through a series of books and men, whom we know, or ought to know something of, and we are astonished at the end, to find how much we really do know about all of them. It cannot have been Mr. Stephen who has been telling us so much about them, for we have specially marked his reluctance to assume the airs of an instructor, and it is pleasant to think, when we have wandered through his library with him, how profound our own knowledge really is, when it has been a little refreshed by the com-

Leslie Stephen.

"Hours in a Library."

panionship of a brother scholar. Of Mr. Stephen's great work on the "History of Thought in the Eighteenth Century," we have already spoken. The delightful sketches of Alpine adventure in his "Playground of Europe" will appeal to a wider and less instructed public; he is also honourably known as the able editor of the invaluable "Dictionary of National Biography."

Sir James Fitzjames Stephen.

Mr. Justice (Sir James Fitzjames) Stephen, the elder brother of Mr. Leslie Stephen, and in many ways a more conspicuous figure in contemporary life, is of less importance in literature, though some of his works, chiefly on professional subjects, are of the most valuable character, and his last published book, consisting of essays collected from the *Saturday Review*, brings him within the lines of philosophical essayists. It is, perhaps, awkward to add, after his two distinguished sons, the name of the first Sir James Stephen, some of whose sketches, published in the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, especially those of "Ecclesiastical Biography," made a great impression on the public mind at the time when Macaulay was writing in the same periodical, the "Edinburgh Review," his most famous essays. Few such complete proofs of what is called heredity in literary talent will be found. James Kenneth Stephen, the son of the Judge, developed strongly, in a life too soon cut off for any full exhibition of his powers, the same literary gift. Thus three genera-

James Kenneth Stephen.

tions, bearing the same name, have carried on the tradition of letters in this accomplished family.

William Rathbone Greg, 1809–81.

William Rathbone Greg (1809–81), was a very distinguished member of a school to which the Stephens also belong. He was one of the chief assailants of the Christian faith in his day, and, in a work entitled the "Creed of Christendom," did what was in him to make an end of that persistent doctrine which survives so many attacks. This work is another example of the tendency of such books to drop aside into corners and be no more seen, after having, for a moment, affrighted the timid believer. Another work, "Enigmas of Life," published in 1872, had a powerful human interest in one or two occasional passages, in which the writer let his imagination go, for instance, into speculations as to what might be a logical and reasonable Hell, with curious power, and a strange, unintentional, and very striking approach to that picture of the place of despair, which represents it as a place where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

Richard Holt Hutton.

Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, joint editor of the "Spectator," is well known as a profound and earnest thinker, whose wide reading and logical method of reasoning have only strengthened the deeply rooted spirit of reverence and faith which have brought comfort to many readers, bewildered by the jarring theories and loud pretensions of the leaders of a wavering multitude whose only sentiment in com-

mon is an intense credulity in everything that their fathers would not have believed. A special charm is given to the work of Mr. Hutton by his truly catholic sympathy with all that works for good, typified by his often outspoken admiration for two such different figures as those of Cardinal Newman and Dr. Martineau. Among his best known works are the "Essays, Theological and Literary," while his recent study of the strange character of Newman yields to none of his former efforts in truth and earnestness.

Henry Reeve

Mr. Henry Reeve, editor of the "Edinburgh Review" is the author of some valuable historical and other essays on French subjects, published in his "France before the Revolution," and "Royal and Republican France."

George Saintsbury

Mr. George Saintsbury has also done much to instruct us in the literature of France; his contributions to several of the series which have gained so much popularity of late exhibit him as one of those rarities of literature, a really thorough workman who thinks upon his subject before he writes.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, editor of the "Portfolio," and a well-known writer on artistic subjects, has also largely contributed to make France and England better known to each other. The pleasant and valuable sketches of "Modern Frenchmen," and the clever contrast of "French and English" come within this category. Mr. Hamerton is also, among many other works, the author of a novel, "Marmorne," which exhibits a very re-

markable talent for narrative—and of one of the few readable, as well as instructive, treatises on the difficult subject of heraldry. Mr. Edmund Gosse has thrown much light upon the study of our literature, his "Life of Congreve," "History of Eighteenth Century Literature," and "From Shakespeare to Pope; an inquiry into the cause of the rise of classical poetry in England," being among his best known books; his knowledge of foreign authors is expressed in his "Northern Studies," containing sketches of German, Dutch, Swedish and Norwegian literature. Mr. Austin Dobson, of whose poetical talents we have already spoken, is the author of many sparkling prose sketches as well, and his "Life of Steele" is considered a standard authority on a much disputed subject. Mr. Andrew Lang has long been known as a pleasant writer of *vers de société*, as well as of many poems of a better aim, but his name is no less honourably known for a number of graceful essays on literary subjects which are occasionally thoughtful and almost always brilliant. The exceedingly clever *jeu d'esprit*, called the "Mark of Cain," a caricature of the sensational story, full of delightful extravagance, perhaps too subtle for the ordinary intelligence, belongs to another section of literary work. Of his valuable "Life of Lord Iddesleigh" we have already spoken. Mr. Henry Duff Traill is another writer of pleasant prose, whose services, like those of most of the writers mentioned

Edmund Gosse.

Austin Dobson.

Andrew Lang.

Henry Duff Traill.

Augustine Birrell.

above, have been frequently invoked by the editors of the various series. Mr. Augustine Birrell has sprung suddenly into a remarkable degree of fame by a volume of slight essays under the title of "Obiter Dicta."

W. E. Gladstone.

Among the writers of the present day we must of course not omit the illustrious name of Mr. Gladstone. But Mr. Gladstone, whose first publication—a work on "Church and State," of a rather reactionary character, written at a period before his true political opinions had been properly developed—was welcomed with applause by Macaulay, who disagreed with every line of it,—has not found time among the more important occupations of his life to pursue the profession of literature, and his published works, chiefly on subjects connected with the study of Homer, are of no great importance. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Gladstone's English is pure and his tone scholarly, but his writings are little more than the diversions of a scholar, whose avowed maxim is that the truest relaxation is found in change of employment, and who consequently cannot afford to waste any time. He is also the author of many contributions to periodical literature.

The works of the most eminent of scholars even must be passed over as too technical for our present purpose; antiquarians and archæologians,—a goodly company at the present day, and one that is constantly increasing, must be noticed at more length

than we can spare or not at all. We cannot afford to stray down the professional by-paths, though there are many that would be very pleasant. Yet one work of archæology made such a sensation in its day as to entitle us to take cognizance of it,—we refer to Sir Austen Henry Layard's treatise on "Nineveh and its Remains," which, with his subsequent works on the same subject, gained a perfectly astounding popularity, considering what a recondite subject it treated. Perhaps, however, this should rather be regarded as a book of travel, the literature of which has in our day attained gigantic proportions. Unfortunately, most of our modern explorers, being naturally rather men of action than men of letters, have written more accounts than books of travel. Laurence Oliphant was a brilliant exception to this rule, his "Haifa," "Land of Gilead," and "Land of Khemi" being all endowed with a charm almost equal to that of "Eothen." The same country had been very successfully treated many years before by a contemporary of Kinglake in the "Crescent and the Cross" of Eliot Warburton (1810–1852), an able man of letters, who also wrote a "Life of Prince Rupert" and other works. Sir Richard Burton (1821–1890) was another traveller who could use his pen to some purpose, the account of his journey "From Mecca to Medina" being perhaps his most successful work. The noble army of African travellers has supplied few readable books. David

Austen Henry Layard.

Laurence Oliphant.

Eliot Warburton, 1810-52.

Sir Richard Burton, 1821–90.

Dr. Livingstone. Sir Samuel Baker. Colonel Grant. Captain Speke.

Livingstone, Sir Samuel Baker, Colonel Grant and Captain Speke were great explorers, but hardly rank high among writers, and the last expedition of Mr. H. M. Stanley produced much snarling in print, but no literature to speak of. Real books of travel are becoming every day a greater rarity. The few exceptions we can quote, out of myriads of volumes dealing with all possible spheres and modes of travel, seem generally to treat of very high localities. Perhaps the pure mountain air is more inspiring than the sun-baked plains of Central Africa. Andrew Wilson (1840–1881), an Anglo-Indian journalist, was the author of a really admirable description of travel in the Himalayas under the title of the "Abode of Snow." Less lofty heights, but more adventurous climbing,—though never with more prolonged difficulties of travel,—are recorded in the stories of Alpine adventure, which have made the name of Mr. Edward Whymper known to an extensive circle of readers. Mr. Douglas Freshfield, secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, another Alpine explorer of high distinction, has made some valuable contributions to the same branch of literature, dealing with the little known region of the Caucasus.

Andrew Wilson, 1840–81.

Edward Whymper. Douglas Freshfield.

Dr. John Brown, 1810–82.

Dr. John Brown (born in 1810) is one of the writers whose fame greatly exceeds the amount of their productions. It is built upon a few sketches—scarcely a substantial volume among them. Indeed it may be said to rest almost exclusively upon the

little brochure entitled "Rab and his Friends," by which he is known almost wherever English is spoken. The tenderness and insight of that little book,—though its hero is a dog and the attendant figures those of a homely and aged pair without any beauty but of the heart, or romance save that subdued and profound and everlasting romance which attends the footsteps of devoted love even in the humblest tracks—has gained, with scarcely a dissentient voice, the interest and affection of every reader. The author had a great personal popularity wherever he went, of the same character as that gained by his book, the appreciation of all who knew him of a singularly kind and amiable nature. Of such a reputation the critic has nothing to say, books and man being equally raised above the usual measurements and balances of literary criticism. His "Horæ Subsecivæ," including all his collected works, "Rab" among the rest, and the pretty record of little Marjorie Fleming, the wonderful child-friend of Scott, are published in three volumes, and contain a great deal of gentle thought and pleasant writing. He died in Edinburgh, of which he had been for some time one of the chief literary distinctions, in 1882.

"Rab and his Friends."

"Horæ Subsecivæ."

The name of John Brown suggests another still more genial and lovable, which ought to have appeared earlier in these pages, though the difficulty of appropriating a place to Dean Ramsay is very

Dean Ramsay, 1793–1872.

"Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character."

great. His "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" is so marked and so delightful a book that, though it is not literature, it cannot be omitted from any record of national literary achievements. It has been slightingly called a "Joe Miller'; it is in reality a chronicle of homely humour, full of the lights and shadows of life, and revealing both the simplicity and vigour of an age which is past, more clearly and brightly than any history of the country and time has ever done. Edward Bannerman Burnett Ramsay (1793-1872), himself belonged in great part to the age which he chronicled. He was a dignitary of the old Episcopal Church of Scotland before it became, as it is now, closely identified with the Church of England, and finding its inspiration as an organized body rather with that great institution than in the traditions appropriate to its own soil. Unpolemical, living in great charity with their neighbours, the members of this little church did more, perhaps, to keep alive the old-fashioned mirth, song and sportive humour, for which Scotland was once celebrated, than to make any strong religious impression,—a work which was not without its importance. Dean Ramsay belonged to an old Aberdeenshire family, and enjoyed the affectionate regard of the people of Edinburgh, among whom the greater part of his life was spent, and unbounded popularity. He published one or two more serious works among which was a volume on the "Genius and Works of

Handel," but his "Reminiscences" is the book by which his name lives.

Dr. Augustus Jessopp has long been known as a pleasant and scholarly writer on historical and archæological subjects. A volume of essays on social subjects published a year or two ago under the fanciful title, "Arcady, for Better for Worse," was an attempt in a new line. Mr. William John Loftie has also dealt chiefly with subjects of historical or topographical interest, including histories of London, Windsor, Westminster Abbey, etc. Among the most attractive of his smaller works is a delightful little life of "Queen Anne's Son," the poor little Duke of Gloucester. Mr. Loftie was editor of Messrs. Macmillan's "Art at Home" series, and has contributed much to other series and to periodical literature. The Rev. Alfred John Church, Professor of Latin at University College, London, has earned his chief repute among scholars by his admirable editions and translations of Tacitus (in collaboration with the Rev. W. T. Brodribb), but his reproductions of classical stories for the less erudite, "Stories from Homer," "from Virgil," "from the Greek Tragedians," etc., have earned him a wider popularity. Professor Church has made a special department of his own in literature with his historical tales for boys, of which "With the King at Oxford," a story of the great civil war, and "To the Lions! a Tale of the Early Church," may be quoted as among the best examples.

Dr. Augustus Jessopp.

William John Loftie.

Rev. Alfred John Church.

Rev. W. J Brodribb.

A notable feature of the latter part of the age is the rise and popularity of a number of series of literary works, little books in many cases expounding a large subject, in which a great deal of information has been provided in a small space for the advantage of readers who have not much time or industry for study at first hand. We need not instance the "Epochs of Ancient and of Modern History," which are rather of the class of educational handbooks. The first series which attracted attention as works of literature was that of the "Ancient Classics" published by Messrs. Blackwood under the able guidance of the late Rev. W. Lucas Collins, a writer of great knowledge and much enthusiasm for the great writers whom he expounded for the benefit of the unlearned. The series was so popular that it was followed by a second devoted to the same subjects, and the idea was afterwards developed by the same publishers into one embracing Foreign Classics, and another Philosophical Writers. The latter is still going on. Messrs. Macmillan followed some time afterwards with a series of "Modern English Men of Letters," under the editorship of Mr. John Morley, which has produced many admirable essays and biographies of the great writers of the three kingdoms. "Men of Action," "Great Statesmen," and several others followed. There is a "Citizen Series" treating constitutional subjects, and the idea has now been carried out in so great a number of varieties that it

"Ancient Classics."

Rev. W. L. Collins.

Foreign Classics.

Philosophical Writers.

"Modern English Men of Letters."

"Men of Action."

"Great Statesmen."

is difficult to follow them in all their branches. The tendency of these books to impart knowledge with as little trouble as possible to the reader is partly good and partly prejudicial. They are apt to produce that smattering of knowledge which pretends to be much more than it is, and are largely used for the "cram" which is much more general than study. At the same time it is perhaps better to know a little of Theocritus or Dante or Bacon, than to gape at them as mere names, distant stars in the firmament conveying little or no meaning to the mind; and it is conceivable that even that knowledge at second hand might inspire a mind worthy of it to greater exertions and better things.

It is wholly impossible for the most industrious pen to record the number of writers of good abilities and ready literary gifts who contribute and have contributed to the periodicals of the time, sometimes ably and with insight, and with an extraordinarily good level of literary skill and workmanship. In the last chapter of this book an attempt will be made to trace the great developments of the Press, and the many journals, magazines and periodicals of all kinds which have come into existence during the latter part of our age; but to cope with the innumerable array of writers is beyond our skill. Their name is legion, and to the credit of our time and age it must be recorded that the greater number of them work in a manful and honest spirit, and that the

Manful and honest spirit of the writers of the present day.

corruption which existed in former times, the flattery of a patron, the indiscriminate partisanship which had no opinion but that of its employer, is very little known among them. There is a class of purveyors of gossip and personalities, copied from the American, for whom little can be said: but it is fortunately unnecessary to speak of them at all.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE LEADING PERIODICALS AND NEWSPAPERS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA.

Great increase in periodical publications.

It is a common thing to hear said in our day that people read nothing but the magazines. There has, indeed, been such an extraordinary increase in our own time of periodical publications, that we can imagine the conscientious student of the literature of the day hardly finding time to work his way through all the latest numbers in the space of a month, while a margin of leisure for looking at books would be, to such a person, a complete impossibility. It has, indeed, always been a standing mystery to us where the constantly increasing recruits of this noble army find any readers at all; and we have sometimes thought that the real cause of this constant multiplication might be that nobody in the present day feels called upon to read, while everyone attempts to

write, and desires to see him or herself in print. The pages of the last new cheap magazine, however precarious its existence and doubtful its future, offer to the misunderstood genius an asylum at least as honourable and as lucrative as the waste-paper basket of the "Nineteenth Century." There is, possibly here, an explanation of the mystery. For our purpose, however, it will be sufficient to give a glance at some of the chief periodicals of the day without attempting to throw a light upon the innumerable trivialities of this description, which can hardly be called literature at all.

The older Magazines.

We have already recorded the origin of some of the older magazines, which, in most cases, still exist. The three old Quarterlies are still to the fore, and have still their public, though the immense competition of the monthly magazines has done much to impair their position. The "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly," however, retain most of their prestige; the "Westminster" has, perhaps, of late fallen rather into the background. There are other magazines which are also published quarterly, but these are, for the most part, of a more or less technical kind. The "Church Quarterly," for instance, is intended for Church of England readers, while the old-established, but now defunct, "British Quarterly," was the organ of the Nonconformists; the "Asiatic Quarterly" is of special interest to Anglo-Indians, the "Historical Review" to students of history, and the "Classical

"Edinburgh." "Quarterly." "Westminster."

"Church Quarterly."

"British," and "Asiatic Quarterlies."

"Historical Review."

"Classical Review."

Review" to scholars. But few, if any, of these are of first-rate importance to the general public. The quarterly form has been decided to be too cumbrous for ordinary use, and the most serious and substantial magazines are now thrust upon an unwilling world every month. Three of these, in particular, which have been established in the last quarter of a century, appear so much more akin to the old quarterlies than to any other form of periodical, that we must speak of them before their contemporaries.

The first of these was due to the philanthropic enterprise of that goodly fellowship who had sounded the very depths of knowledge, and convinced themselves that nothing could possibly exist beyond the reach of their plumb-line. The public, they decided, lacked instruction; it required to be told, and told over and over again, that its commonly received beliefs were out of date, and must be given up forthwith on pain of the displeasure of science. For this purpose the "Fortnightly Review" was started in 1865, under the editorship of George Lewes, a very appropriate leader for such an enterprise, whose mantle fell some two years later upon the expectant shoulders of Mr. John Morley. The new periodical was to be Liberal in politics and Agnostic where religious questions were concerned; it was at first published, as the title implied, every fortnight, but the inconvenience of this method was soon obvious, and it became a monthly magazine. The "Fort-

"Fortnightly Review."

Rt. Hon. John Morley, M. P.

nightly" has always kept up a high standard of ability in writing; on Mr. Morley's resignation of the editorship in 1882 it passed into the hands of Mr. Thomas Hay Sweet Escott, who relinquished it a few years later to the present able editor, Mr. Frank Harris, who has introduced a new and striking feature into the magazine by some remarkable short stories from his own pen. A rival to the "Fortnightly" was started a year after the appearance of the latter in the "Contemporary Review," which was to be conducted on the same political lines, but differed from it in having a religious basis, and was, indeed, chiefly intended to counteract the secularist teaching of the "Fortnightly." The first editor was no less a person than Dean Alford, who was succeeded in 1870 by Mr. James Knowles. Seven years later, after a change of ownership, Mr. Knowles found himself unable to conduct the "Contemporary" in the free and unbiassed spirit which he considered necessary, and, resigning his post, set up a magazine of his own, the "Nineteenth Century," which, as many of his old contributors followed him in his secession, sprang at once into an important position, which it has never since lost. In the direction of the "Contemporary" Mr. Knowles was succeeded by the present editor, Mr. Percy Bunting. The three magazines mentioned are now conducted in a generally impartial spirit, and are glad to include all contributions on important subjects from

"Contemporary Review."

"Nineteenth Century."

whatever point of view they may be written. In the same connection may be mentioned the "National Review," started as an exponent of Conservative principles in 1883, under the joint editorship of Mr. W. J. Courthope and Mr. Alfred Austin.

"National Review."

The older Monthlies.

Of the older style of monthly magazines which were in vogue before the world become so alarmingly serious, we find a great number in circulation at the commencement of the reign. Besides "Blackwood" and "Fraser" of which we have already spoken, and which held a much higher position than the rest, there were the "Old Monthly Magazine," then conducted by James Grant, the "New Monthly," edited by Theodore Hook, whose predecessors in this office had been Campbell and Bulwer, the "Metropolitan Magazine," edited by Captain Marryat, and many others which have long disappeared.

"Old Monthly."

"New Monthly."

"Blackwood."

"Blackwood" still survives, as vigorous as ever though having recently passed its seventy-fifth birthday, and is remarkable for the unshaken consistency of its political opinions,—which are still virtually those of Wilson and Lockhart—and also as almost the last really literary magazine. "Fraser" has been less successful. Its first brilliant days did not last very long, and its subsequent fortunes were fluctuating. In the hands of Mr. Froude it renewed for a while its early prosperity, but under the editorship of his successor, William Allingham, fell to a very low ebb indeed. Messrs. Longman, the latest pro-

"Fraser."

prietors, made a valiant attempt to bolster it up, appointing as editor Principal Tulloch, under whose charge it improved for a while, but not for long. In 1882 "Fraser" was definitely discontinued and "Longman's Magazine" set up in its place. The editorship of the latter periodical, like that of "Blackwood," is retained in the hands of the firm. Another periodical of some importance started in the year of Her Majesty's accession. "Bentley's Miscellany," of which Charles Dickens and Ainsworth were successively editors—the latter becoming, many years later, its proprietor—only survives as incorporated with "Temple Bar," a much younger publication, started in 1861 under the editorship of Mr. George Augustus Sala. The mention of the latter recalls to our mind an ill-starred contemporary with a sort of kindred title, the "St. Paul's Magazine," started in 1863 and edited by Anthony Trollope, which, however, had only a very brief existence. A more recent fiasco was seen in the case of "Murray's Magazine," founded in 1887 under the guidance of Mr. Edward Arnold, afterwards succeeded by Mr. W. L. Courtney, which, though ably conducted and full of good matter, has not succeeded in living beyond its fifth year.

"Longman's."

"Temple Bar."

"St. Paul's."

"Murray's."

Without, however, bewailing the fate of heroes gone to Hades, we can point to many excellent periodicals which the course of time has only strengthened. "Macmillan's Magazine" dates from

"Macmillan's."

the year 1859, when Mr. David Masson first introduced it to the world. It was subsequently conducted with great ability for many years by Sir George Grove, and later by Mr. John Morley, the present editor being Mr. Mowbray Morris, son of the well-known manager of the "Times," and himself the author—in collaboration with the Duke of Beaufort—of the volume on "Hunting" in the Badminton Series. "Macmillan" has always been remarkable for correct taste and refinement of style, though occasionally perhaps a little too academic in tone for the general reader. Messrs. Macmillan are also the publishers of the "English Illustrated Magazine," a praiseworthy effort in a department of literature in which England has not greatly distinguished itself. We fear that we shall have to wait some time longer before we can produce a rival to the excellent illustrated magazines of America. The magazines which devote themselves entirely to Art fall into a different category, and have not much to do with literature. The "Art Journal," founded in 1839 by Samuel Carter Hall, the "Portfolio," established thirty years later by Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, and the yet newer "Magazine of Art" are the leaders of this class.

"English Illustrated Magazine."

The "Art Journal."

"Portfolio."

"Magazine of Art."

"Cornhill."

The "Cornhill Magazine" made its first appearance in the same year as "Macmillan," Thackeray being the first editor. He did not prove so good an editor as was expected, chiefly from the excessive

goodness of heart which made the rejection of a contribution a pain and a terror to him. A sterner, and, perhaps, a generally abler rule was established by his son-in-law, Mr. Leslie Stephen, who edited the magazine from 1871 to 1882 when he relinquished this duty for the more arduous task of superintending the "Dictionary of National Biography." His successor was the brilliant novelist and essayist, Mr. James Payn, who still holds the post of editor. Among other magazines, an important position is held, even outside its own circle, by "Good Words," an illustrated religious periodical of which the late Dr. Norman Macleod was the first editor, and which is still conducted by his brother, Dr. Donald Macleod. Of newer publications we can only speak charily as Heaven knoweth what their future may prove. The "New Review," edited by Mr. Archibald Grove, son of Sir George Grove, a kind of cheap, miniature copy of the heavier monthlies, has met with much applause and some success. A newer venture, the "Strand," a profusely illustrated six-penny magazine, which chiefly lives upon translations from foreign languages also deserves honourable mention.

"Good Words."

Dr. Norman Macleod.
Dr. Donald Macleod.

"The New Review."

The growth of the newspaper press in the present age offers a much larger and more complicated subject with which our space will not allow us to deal at any length. At the commencement of the reign we find five morning papers in circulation, the *Times, Morning Chronicle, Morning Herald, Morning*

The Newspaper press.

Post and *Morning Advertiser*, and four evening, the *Sun*, *Courier*, *Globe* and *Evening Standard*. Outside the metropolis a daily paper was unknown and the price of the majority of the London dailies was as high as sevenpence. It must be remembered that the press was then weighed down by a threefold taxation, which, though it had recently been considerably reduced, was still sufficiently heavy. There was a tax of three-halfpence in the pound (weight) on every kind of paper, a duty of eighteenpence on every advertisement, and a compulsory penny stamp which must be affixed to every copy of a newspaper. The reading public under these conditions was a limited one, the poorer classes usually confining themselves to their turn of a public-house copy, or feeding on some of the piratical, unstamped prints, which generally managed to keep on a precarious, Ishmaelitic kind of existence in defiance of the law, and which too often provided a very unhealthy kind of literature. Even the leading metropolitan papers were very deficient—in days before the telegraph—in foreign or even provincial intelligence, and it was considered a remarkable achievement when a report of an after-dinner speech at Glasgow appeared in a London paper on the next morning but one after it was delivered. Nor was the writing exactly of the style which would find favour in our days, to judge by some specimens of

Tax on paper and newspapers

the amenities of journalism given in Mr. Fox Bourne's "English Newspapers." The amenities of journalism.

"The *Times* on June 16, 1832, called the *Standard* 'a stupid and priggish print which never by any chance deviates into candour;' and on August 22 in the same year the *Standard* talked of the 'filthy falsehood and base insinuation put forward by the *Times*.' The *Times* on one occasion described the *Chronicle* as 'that squirt of filthy water,' and the *Morning Post* was, in the judgment of the *Chronicle*, 'that slop-pail of corruption.' The *Courier* was, according to the *Morning Herald*, 'that spavined old hack,' and the *Globe* was, according to the *Standard*, 'our blubber-headed contemporary.'"

Most of these compliments were exchanged between professed political adversaries, as the *Morning Herald*, *Morning Post* and *Standard* were Tory organs, and the *Chronicle* and *Globe*, Liberal. The *Times* had no fixed opinions beyond the general belief that there was only one John Walter (at a time), and that Thomas Barnes was (at the date of writing) his prophet, while, as Mr. Fox Bourne has neglected to give an exact date, it is impossible to say what the politics of the *Courier* may have been.

The first newspaper that calls for our attention then, as now, is naturally the *Times*, though in those days it occupied a much more unapproachable posi- The Times, 1785.

tion than it does now. The *Times* was already of a respectable antiquity at the beginning of the reign, having been started in 1785 by John Walter I.—grandfather of the present proprietor—under the title of the *Daily Universal Register*, which was changed to the present one three years later. The rise of the *Times* was rapid, especially in the hands of the second John Walter, son of the founder, who took up the reins of government in 1803. In 1837 it was generally regarded as the leading journal of Europe, and its editor, Thomas Barnes, was described as the most powerful man in the country by no less an authority than Lord Lyndhurst. Barnes' chief supporter at the time was Captain Edward Sterling—"Captain Whirlwind," as Carlyle called him, "a remarkable man and playing a remarkable part in the world,"—father of John Sterling of whom we have already spoken. The *Times* was at this time in opposition—though it then, as now, retained a perfect independence of action, professing rather to reflect the feeling of the nation than to follow any particular party—and being very ably written, was a thorn in the side of Lord Melbourne's government. It had already, besides being the most important medium of advertisement, a special reputation as the great purveyor of news, which the energy and ability of John Walter II. had amply earned for it. A single instance may be given to show the difficulty in obtaining news in those days and the power of the

John Walter I.

John Walter II.

Thomas Barnes.

Captain Sterling.

head of a newspaper. It had been the custom for the *Times'* representative to meet the mail boats from Suez at Marseilles in order to receive the packet for Printing-house Square at once and post across France with it to despatch it to London. An article in that journal having, however, giving offence at Paris in 1845 the extraordinarily pigheaded government of Louis Philippe revenged themselves on the *Times'* messenger, who was detained in Paris on the plea of some informality in his passport. Walter was equal to the occasion, and at once took measures for doing without French help. In future, an emissary of his boarded the mail steamer at Suez, received the *Times'* consignment, and set off at once on a swift dromedary for Alexandria, where he found Lieutenant Waghorn, the originator of the overland route, who had been pressed into the service, awaiting him with another steamer which immediately started for an Austrian port on the Adriatic, from whence the packet was transmitted by the shortest routes to Ostend and London. Enraged at the discovery that the *Times* was still the first to publish news from the East, the French ministers now offered special facilities to the *Morning Herald*, which, by their aid, succeeded on one occasion in being ahead of their contemporary. The estrangement between the governments of Paris and Printing-house Square had, however, led to a *rapprochement* between the latter and the cabinet of Vienna, and, Austrian state aid being

Estrangement between Louis Philippe's government and the "Times."

offered to Walter, he was again the first in the field. The stars in their courses seemed to fight for the *Times*, the Marseilles packet being repeatedly detained by storms in the Mediterranean, while Walter's ship steamed placidly up the Adriatic. At last, however, the quarrel was made up, and the *Times'* intelligence was conveyed *via* Marseilles as before. It is worthy of mention that the *Morning Chronicle* and *Post* were, by a subsequent arrangement, admitted to share in the news conveyed by the *Times'* expresses, but the *Morning Herald* was excluded. On the starting of the *Daily News* the latter clubbed with the *Herald* for its intelligence; but the older newspapers, who were being undersold by the newcomer, succeeded in breaking this alliance by offering the *Herald* a much cheaper share in their own system—a somewhat disreputable bargain which bore very heavily on the new paper. Some twelve years later, in 1858, Baron Reuter's system of agencies supplied Continental intelligence with equal quickness, accuracy and cheapness to all. It is remarkable that Baron Reuter—who had been a state courier in the service of the Prussian government, and had thus established relations in all European capitals,—met with a very hesitating reception at first. The *Times* rejected his offer on the broad ground that they always found they could do a thing better themselves than any one else could do it for them, and the *Morning Advertiser*, followed by the other papers,

Baron Reuter.

only gave a conditional consent; but the experiment succeeded so wonderfully that even the *Times* soon gave in.

Barnes died in 1841, and for his successor was chosen, strangely as it appeared, a young man of twenty-four, who had only been two years connected with the paper, John Thaddeus Delane (1817–1879). But John Walter knew no part of his business more thoroughly than the choosing of his officers, and the selection was afterwards recognised on all hands to have been a singularly happy one. Under Delane the *Times* reached the highest position it ever occupied, and became, as even so hostile a critic as Mr. Fox Bourne admits, the "most prosperous and influential paper in the world." Much of its success was, however, undoubtedly as much due to the ability and energy of the proprietor. The second John Walter died in 1847, and was succeeded by his son, "the third of that victorious name," who is still at the head of affairs in Printing-house Square. The politics of the *Times* were usually Tory during the early part of the reign, but it was strongly in favour of the repeal of the Corn Laws, and, on Lord John Russell coming into office in 1846, gave a general support to his government. So important was its support considered that, on the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*—an old-established Liberal paper—complaining that the *Times* got as much special government information as he did, Lord John prac-

John Thaddeus Delane, 1817-79.

John Walter III.

tically admitted that he dared not risk the defection of the latter journal. In 1854 the *Times* had actually a circulation nine times larger than that of the *Morning Advertiser*, the daily paper with the next largest sale. But the removal of the taxation, from which all newspapers then suffered, brought about a change in this respect. The advertisement tax was abolished in 1853, the newspaper stamp in 1855, and the excise on paper in 1858. Most existing papers lowered their price at once, and hosts of new ones sprung up, especially in the provinces. The *Times* actually lost by the abolition of the stamp, as it was, on account of its great size and weight, specially excluded, at the suggestion of Mr. Gladstone, from the new regulations as to the postage of newspapers. Nevertheless, the *Times* showed greater activity than ever at this period, practically inaugurating the system of war correspondence, which has grown so immensely since then, by sending out Dr. William Howard Russell specially to the Crimea, while Thomas Chenery represented them at Constantinople. The many shortcomings of the government officials with regard to supplies were pitilessly exposed by the *Times*, till the ministers were obliged to engage Hayward to answer their attacks in the *Chronicle*, with ingenious pleas that, as Fonblanque scornfully said, it was the fault of the *Times* that the soldiers were sick and starving. Delane himself went out to the Crimea to test his lieutenant's reports, and put their

Abolition of the newspaper stamp duty, 1855.

Dr. William Howard Russell.

accuracy beyond doubt; he was also the means of starting a fund for the sick and wounded, which soon reached £20,000.

Delane remained at his post as editor till 1877, when he resigned, dying two years afterwards, quite worn out with his work, in 1879. He was succeeded by Thomas Chenery (1826–84), who had long served the *Times* as a contributor, but was best known to the outer world as a distinguished Orientalist. On Chenery's death in 1884, he was succeeded by the present editor, Mr. George Earle Buckle. The last noticeable incident in the history of the paper is that of the famous articles on "Parnellism and Crime," which formed the occasion of the Parnell Commission. In these articles had been published facsimiles of letters purporting to be written by Mr. Parnell, which, however, proved to be impudent forgeries, palmed off upon the *Times* by a rascal named Pigott. Many of the allegations contained in "Parnellism and Crime" were declared by the Commission to have been fully proved, but the publication, however innocent, of the forged letters, was a grievous injury to Mr. Parnell, for which the *Times* subsequently paid heavy damages.

Thomas Chenery, 1826-84.

George Earle Buckle.

We have gone at length into the history of the *Times*, as giving a specimen of the life of a newspaper, our space not permitting us to speak of each leading journal with the same detail. Perhaps the most important paper, next to the *Times*, at the com-

The "Morning Chronicle," 1769.

mencement of our period, was the great Liberal organ, the *Morning Chronicle*. Having made its first appearance as early as 1769, the *Chronicle* was the oldest paper of the day, and had recollections of a glorious past behind it, when Coleridge, Hazlitt and Mackintosh, Thomas Campbell, the poet, and John Campbell, the lawyer, had been among its contributors. The editor in 1837 was a Scotsman,

John Black, 1783–1855.

John Black (1783–1855), who was highly thought of in the newspaper world, and enjoyed the confidence of Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister; and the paper was so successful that an attempt was made

"Evening Chronicle."

to start an affiliated *Evening Chronicle*, with George Hogarth, musical critic of the *Chronicle*, as editor. Dickens, then a parliamentary reporter for the *Chronicle*, contributed some "Sketches by Boz" to the evening paper, but it was not a success, and the publication was soon stopped. Some years later, in

Andrew Doyle.

1843, Andrew Doyle, the foreign editor, married the daughter of the proprietor, Sir John Easthope, and the affectionate father thought to make a provision for her by turning Black adrift at a moment's notice, and putting Doyle into his place. Black, who had toiled for twenty years in the service of the *Chronicle* and the Liberal party,—steadily refusing Lord Melbourne's repeated offers of promotion, till the latter, in despair, gave a baronetcy to Easthope instead—was left penniless, and was obliged to sell his library to secure a small annuity for his remain-

ing years. The *Chronicle* did not prosper under Doyle's direction, and was sold by Sir John Easthope in 1848 to a Peelite syndicate, of which the Duke of Newcastle was one member, and, we believe, Mr. Gladstone another. John Douglas Cook, a journalist of great ability and experience, was appointed editor, and Thackeray, Hayward, and Sir William Harcourt were among the contributors. It was conducted on Peelite and High Church lines, and was, at first, a very valuable party organ, but it again declined, and was sold in 1854 to Mr. Sergeant Glover, who employed it as an instrument for puffing Napoleon III. (value received). He also revived the *Evening Chronicle* for a while, but without success. The *Morning Chronicle* perished miserably in 1862.

John Douglas Cook.

The *Morning Post*, the oldest of existing papers, having been founded in 1772, was of little account at the beginning of the reign. It had had its day of importance at the beginning of the century under Daniel Stuart's vigorous management, when Coleridge was its editor and Charles Lamb among its contributors, but had gradually sunk to the position of a mere chronicler of fashionable intelligence. Its rehabilitation has been almost entirely due to the immense exertions of its present proprietor, Sir Algernon Borthwick, who has now directed its affairs for more than forty years. With the exception of a period during which it was the organ of

The "Morning Post," 1772.

Lord Palmerston, the *Morning Post* has been a consistent Tory paper. It has been the first among newspapers to give systematic reports of plays and concerts and the last to lower its price to a penny.

"Morning Herald," 1780.

The Morning Herald, founded in 1780 by "the gay and gallant Parson Bate," formerly editor of the *Morning Post*, was also a Tory, or rather Conservative, organ, though that word had not yet been invented at the commencement of our period, and had no very glorious history. It was bought in 1843 by Edward Baldwin, whose son, Charles Baldwin,

The "Standard," 1828.

was proprietor of the *Standard*, an evening paper started in 1828 to oppose the Catholic claims, which, under the joint editorship of Drs. Giffard and Maginn, had had a period of excessive brilliancy. The Baldwins were men of enterprise and spent much money on their newspapers, but apparently without much judgment. The father died, and the son becoming bankrupt, both papers were bought in 1848 by James Johnson, in whose hands matters quickly assumed a different appearance. He started the *Standard* as a morning as well as evening paper, reducing its price to two-pence and in 1858 to one penny, and kept the *Herald* at its old price of four-pence to prevent any clashing between the two. Johnson even started an *Evening Herald* at the same price, but it did not pay, and even the *Morning Herald* disappeared in 1869. Great fun used to be made by rival papers out of the connection of the

Herald and the *Standard*, especially in the Baldwin days, and the *Times* nicknamed them Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris. At his death in 1876, Johnson left the *Standard*, which had already greatly improved, to the present editor, Mr. William Heseltine Mudford, son of William Mudford, who was at one time editor of the *Courier*, with absolute and undivided power of management. Mr. Mudford has fully justified the confidence reposed in him by his able predecessor, the paper having under his guidance steadily progressed in importance and position for the last fifteen years. Ministers have repeatedly borne testimony in Parliament to the accuracy of its intelligence, and its conduct as the exponent of an enlightened and independent Conservatism has won the respect of all parties, Moderate Liberals and Conservatives alike are willing to accept as their organ the *Standard*, which probably represents more educated opinion than any other daily paper.

Mr. William Heseltine Mudford

The *Morning Advertiser* is a paper of a class by itself. Started in 1792 by the Licensed Victuallers' Association, who made it a condition of membership that every publican should take it in, in return for obtaining a share in a benefit fund depending on its profits, the *Advertiser* became at once, in the days of high-priced literature, when the public read the papers chiefly at public houses, an absolutely unapproachable medium for tradesmen advertising.—It was, however, little more than a trade organ till

The "Morning Advertiser," 1792.

James Grant, 1805-79.

1850, when the late James Grant (1805-79) was appointed editor. In his hands the *Advertiser* became an important Liberal organ, till the day when the Liberal party began to attack an organization which had till then faithfully supported it. The Licensed Victuallers were swift to resent the assault; James Grant was superseded as editor by Alfred Bate Richards, formerly editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Advertiser* has since been in bitter opposition to the party who put greater confidence in the watery support of the teetotal organizations.

The "Sun," 1792.

Of the evening papers, the *Sun* had been started in 1792 under the auspices of William Pitt, and was naturally proud of its parentage. After having been Tory in its youth, it had developed into Liberalism under the rule of Murdo Young, who greatly improved it in many ways. But its history in the present reign was not remarkable. Though it supported various Liberal governments with the utmost loyalty, it gained little profit thereby. In 1850 Young became bankrupt, and the paper was bought by Mr. Charles Kent, who continued to edit it, without making any great noise in the world, till its decease twenty years later. The *Courier* had once been a leading paper, for which Coleridge, Wordsworth and Charles Lamb had written, but it was on its last legs in 1837. It had changed management and politics two or three times recently, and in 1837 was being conducted as a Liberal journal by Laman

The "Courier."

Blanchard, but it was shortly afterwards sold over his head to a Tory proprietor, who buried it decently some years later. A plant of a hardier growth was the *Globe*, a thriving Whig organ, which had originally been set up in 1802, together with a shortlived morning paper called the *British Press*, by a syndicate of booksellers, who wished to revenge themselves on Daniel Stuart, then proprietor of the *Morning Post* and *Courier*, for the arrogant manner in which he treated them and their advertisements. Many smaller publications—the *Traveller*,* the *English Statesmen*, the *True Briton*, the *Nation*, the *Argus*, etc,—had been already absorbed by the *Globe*, which, under the able management of Colonel Robert Torrens—1780–1864,—formerly an officer of Marines, who had served with distinction in the Danish and Peninsular wars,—became a recognised mouthpiece of Liberal Governments. The quality of literature it provided was, for a considerable time, heightened by the contributions of "Father Prout." The reign of Torrens coming to an end after a period of some thirty years, the *Globe* began to lose ground, and, changing hands in 1869, became the exponent of a moderate Conservative policy. It is now, like the *Evening Standard*, chiefly valued as a purveyor of late news.

The "Globe," 1802.

* The full title of the *Globe*, ever since this amalgamation, has been the *Globe and Traveller*.

The "Daily News," 1845.

Of later journalistic enterprises none has been more remarkable or more successful than the *Daily News*. The principal agent in its foundation was undoubtedly Charles Dickens. It is said that he had offered some of his "Pictures from Italy" to the *Morning Chronicle* and that the latter had declined them on the score of expense, whereupon Dickens out of pique persuaded Messrs. Bradbury and Evans to start a rival to the (then) leading Liberal paper. We have seen no solid proof of this somewhat unworthy charge against the great novelist, but the latest historian of the press apparently believes it. Anyhow, the *Daily News* was started, with much blowing of trumpets, in 1845, as an independent Liberal paper, with Dickens as editor, supported by William Henry Wills and Frederick Knight Hunt as sub-editors. Dickens was a man of great versatility and one of the few instances of a great writer (of books) who was also a good reporter, but it does not appear that he was as good a leader-writer as he believed himself to be, and even John Forster, thought he would make a bad editor. Forster was right; Dickens not only proved a careless editor, but he very soon grew weary of the little he did do in that line and handed over his duties to Forster, who, it must be admitted, did not improve matters much. Forster resigned in a few years and was succeeded by Frederick Knight Hunt, and the *Daily News*, having now thrown its literary ballast over-

board, began to ride a little easier. Still there was much left to be desired, but the paper prospered more after Hunt's death in 1854, under the successive editorship of William Weir and Thomas Walker. Its halcyon days perhaps commenced with the editorship of Mr. Frank Harrison Hill in 1870. In this year the Franco-German war broke out and the *Daily News* fairly beat its contemporaries in the department of war correspondence. This was chiefly due to the energy and ability of Mr. Archibald Forbes, the special correspondent with the German army, while Mr. Henry Labouchere's "Diary of a Besieged Resident in Paris," interested even those who most condemned its taste. The *Daily News* claims to have stood at the head of the list in the matter of war correspondence ever since, but this we are not inclined to allow, the spirit of competition having raised this department in every leading paper to a high level of excellence. It is rather a ghastly kind of competition in some ways if we judge by its results. The memory of our Soudan campaigns alone shows how Mr. O'Donovan of the *Daily News* perished in the desert in the rout of Hicks Pasha's army. Mr. Cameron of the *Standard* and Mr. Herbert of the *Morning Post* were killed at Abu Klea or Gagkdul, and Mr. Power of the *Times* was murdered with Colonel Stewart on an island in the Nile. These are not all the victims of the Egyptian wars only, but they may serve to give some

Archibald Forbes.

Fate of war correspondents in the Egyptian Campaigns.

idea of the risks men have to face to let us have something to read at breakfast.

In 1886, Mr. Frank Hill, whose Radicalism was apparently not sufficiently robust to please his owners, was dismissed as summarily as John Black was from the *Chronicle*, after as faithful service, if for a shorter term. He was succeeded for a short time by Mr. H. W. Lucy ("Toby, M. P.") since whose resignation the *Daily News* has been edited by Mr. John Richard Robinson, who had ably filled the post of manager for many years. The *Daily News* is now the only morning paper professing the doctrines of the Gladstonian Liberals. Almost as successful an enterprise was that of the *Daily Telegraph*, started in 1855 by Colonel Sleigh on Liberal lines, with Thornton Hunt, son of Leigh Hunt, as editor. The first proprietor failed, and the paper came into the hands of the printer, Joseph Levy, who took the very bold step of issuing it at a penny instead of twopence, an experiment never tried with a daily paper before. It paid, however, and the new journal, which numbered a very able staff, among whom Mr., now Sir, Edwin Arnold, of whom we have already spoken, and Mr. George Augustus Sala were and still are prominent, came rapidly to the front. The *Daily Telegraph* has altered little in its life of nearly forty years, though its politics have not been always consistent, and it has incurred some ridicule by its inflated style and the occasionally too vivid imagination of its

"Daily Telegraph."

correspondents. A less successful venture was the *Morning Star*, founded in 1856 to set forth the doctrines of the Manchester school. It was an unfortunate moment, for John Bull—though he likes to have peace preached to him as a point of Christian morality when all is quiet—gets impatient of moralizing if there is a fight going on in which he feels the natural heathen desire to take part. The *Morning Star*, with an affiliated *Evening Star*, was cleverly written, Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. John Morley being successively editors, but it was too flagrantly unpatriotic for the times, and, after a hard struggle for life, died a natural death in 1869. Passing over other abortive attempts at morning papers, we have still to record the birth of the *Daily Chronicle*, originally founded merely as a commercial medium under the name of the *Business and Agency Gazette* in 1855, taking its place as the first local London paper in the same year as the *Clerkenwell News*, and finally, after several vicissitudes, becoming known to the world at large under its present title in 1877. The *Daily Chronicle* is now an important organ of the Liberal, or rather Radical Unionist party.

"Morning Star."

"Evening Star."

"Daily Chronicle."

"Business and Agency Gazette."

"Clerkenwell News."

The evening papers have also grown considerably in numbers of late years. The most remarkable experiment was made in this line in 1865 by Mr. George Smith, the well-known publisher, in imitation of the paper started by Captain Shandon in "Pendennis," with a publication called after that in

"Pall Mall Gazette."

the novel, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "a paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen." The editor chosen was Mr. Frederick Greenwood, and the first distinct success scored by the new venture was through an article by that gentleman's brother, Mr. James Greenwood, containing his experiences in a casual ward to which he had gained admittance in disguise. The *Pall Mall* soon gathered a very brilliant staff of able writers and became so successful that Mr. Smith even tried in 1870 the expedient of bringing it out as a morning paper, but this not unnaturally failed. Its politics were at first of a high-class Liberal type, though quite independent of party, but it gradually diverged from Mr. Gladstone, as that statesman inclined more and more towards the Radical wing of his party, and after the Russo-Turkish war became distinctly Conservative. This caused a coolness between owner and editor, and when the paper passed in 1880 into the hands of Mr. Smith's son-in-law, Mr. Henry Yates Thompson, a change of editor became a necessity. Mr. Greenwood was superseded by Mr. John Morley, who continued to carry on the paper with ability, though the same level of literary merit was hardly kept up, till his resignation in 1883, when he was succeeded by Mr. William Thomas Stead, formerly editor of the Darlington *Northern Echo*. Mr. Stead's editorship of the *Pall Mall* was marked by one great blot which will be in the memory of all our readers, upon which it is not

necessary to insist. The present editor is Mr. Edward Tyas Cook.

Meanwhile Mr. Greenwood had started, on his own account, a rival to the *Pall Mall*, exactly resembling that newspaper (in its old form) under the title of the *St. James's Gazette* which, as he was assisted by some of the ablest of his old colleagues, for some time effectively outshone its older contemporary. The two exist placidly side by side now, the *St. James's* perhaps aiming most at keeping up the old standard of literary excellence, while the *Pall Mall* attracts a new class of readers by extensive "personal" intelligence. Mr. Greenwood resigned the direction of the former some years ago, and was succeeded by its present editor Mr. Sidney Low. Of other evening papers it is unnecessary to do more than mention the *Echo*, a halfpenny Liberal paper, started by Messrs. Cassell in 1868, whose first editor was Mr. Arthur Arnold, or its Conservative rival, the *Evening News*, founded only in 1881. More important is the *Star*, a Home Rule organ, which was established in 1887 by Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, M. P., and sprung at once into an immense circulation, mainly due, it is said, to the excellence of its sporting articles.

"St. James's Gazette."

The "Echo."

"Evening News."

The "Star."

We have only spoken so far of the metropolitan daily press. Into the extensive and important department of English provincial, Scotch and Irish journalism, our space will not permit us to enter, but

English provincial, Scotch and Irish journalism.

a few words may he said with regard to some of the leading papers. Forty years ago, before the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, there was not a single daily paper published out of London; indeed, the greater number of the provincial dailies, with the exception of quite the most recent, were originally published weekly. The really important provincial press of England is naturally to be found at some distance from London, where the metropolitan papers cannot be had early in the day, and the manufacturing towns of the north supply those of the highest class, the newspapers of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds and Sheffield ranking very little below the London dailies. The most important of these are Liberal in politics, and the greater number of them have taken up Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme. Some are of great antiquity, the *Leeds Mercury*, the principal Liberal paper of Yorkshire, dating from 1718,* and the *Newcastle Chronicle*, the organ of Mr. Joseph Cowen, formerly M. P. for Newcastle, from 1764. Other important Liberal organs in the north are the *Sheffield Independent* (1819), the *Manchester Guardian* (1821), perhaps the most influential paper published out of London, the *Liverpool Mercury* (1811) and the *Liverpool Daily Post* (1865). The Conservative party

"Leeds Mercury."

"Newcastle Chronicle."

"Sheffield Independent."

"Manchester Guardian."

"Liverpool Mercury"

"Liverpool Daily Post."

* We believe the very oldest paper in Her Majesty's dominions to be the *Lincoln, Rutland and Stamford Mercury*, published at Stamford. The first number appeared in 1695, so that if it lives three years longer this paper will attain the extraordinary age of two hundred.

are not however behindhand in the competition, and can muster many excellent organs to fight against those we have mentioned, such as the *Yorkshire Post* (Leeds), started in 1754, the *Liverpool Courier* (1808), *Manchester Courier* (1825), and *Newcastle Journal* (1832). Further south, at Birmingham, the leading position is naturally occupied by the excellent Liberal-Unionist organ, the *Birmingham Daily Post* (1857); the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, (1862), ranks almost as high among the provincial journals of the Conservative party. It is singular, considering the number of literary celebrities who are found in the Liberal Unionist ranks, that the success of that party in journalism is so small out of London. The *Manchester Examiner* (1846),—once a Radical paper of great merit,—has indeed been recently purchased by a Liberal-Unionist syndicate, but it is far from occupying its old position. The *Scotsman* in Edinburgh and the *Northern Whig* at Belfast seem, with the exception of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, almost the only first-class organs of the party in question. In the west, a very important place is occupied by the *Western Morning News* (1860), published at Plymouth, a well written paper of professedly independent views, but with a decided Liberal and Nonconformist, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, Evangelical, bias. An older west-country Liberal organ is the *Bristol Mercury*, which dates from 1790; the Conservatives have an excellent representation in

"Yorkshire Post."
"Liverpool Courier."
"Manchester Courier."
"Newcastle Journal."
"Birmingham Daily Post."
"Birmingham Daily Gazette."
"Manchester Examiner."
"The Scotsman."
"Northern Whig."
"Western Morning News."
"Bristol Mercury."

"Bristol Times and Mirror."

the same city in the *Bristol Times and Mirror* (1865).

The leading newspapers of Scotland also incline chiefly to the Liberal side in politics, though up to a very recent date the oldest Edinburgh journal held Tory views. The *Edinburgh Courant*, originally started in 1718, was for many years one of the best papers in Scotland; in 1886 it was incorporated with the *Glasgow News* to form a national Tory paper under the title of the *Scottish News*, which, however, though admirably got up and well-written, was not successful and survived only a year or two. The most truly national paper of Scotland—not using the word "national" in any spirit of silly particularism,—is the *Scotsman*, started by Charles Maclaren and William Ritchie in 1817, which has always retained the prominent position it assumed at first. As the *Scotsman* holds firmly to the older Liberalism professed by the Unionist party, the followers of Mr. Gladstone's new policy have recently started in opposition to it a journal of their own called the *Scottish Leader*, which immediately attained a large circulation. Out of Edinburgh, the *North British Mail* (Glasgow, 1847), and the *Dundee Advertiser* (1801), and further north, the *Aberdeen Free Press* (1855), are among the leading Liberal papers. The *Glasgow Herald* (1779), an ably written and influential journal, is independent in politics, though with a tendency to Conservatism. The *Aberdeen Journal* (1746) is the only important Conservative daily. A special interest attaches to the last-

"Edinburgh Courant."

"Glasgow News."

"Scottish News."

"Scottish Leader."

"North British Mail."

"Dundee Advertiser."

"Aberdeen Free Press."

"Glasgow Herald."

"Aberdeen Journal."

named paper from the fact that its first number appeared two days after the battle of Culloden, of which it gave the earliest detailed account.

In Ireland the political events of the last twelve years have done much to increase journalistic literature, especially among the followers of the late Mr. Parnell. Among a number of newspapers, cleverly enough written in that tone of invective which, as being at once an exciting and easy form of composition, has a special attraction for the youthful journalist, we need only mention the old-established *Freeman's Journal*, published at Dublin. The chief Conservative organs are the *Irish Times* and the *Daily Express*, both Dublin papers; the *Northern Whig*, published at Belfast, represents the Liberal-Unionists of Ulster.

"Freeman's Journal."

"Irish Times."

"Daily Express."

"Northern Whig."

The amount of weekly papers in circulation during our period would be far beyond our powers of chronicling. Among these is one class by itself, that of the Sunday papers, which are in reality daily papers published once a week, if we may be allowed the expression,—that is, they aspire simply to fill the vacant place left by the non-appearance of the others on that day. The *Observer*, which dates from 1792, and the *Sunday Times*, which is thirty years younger, are the most important among these. The *Sunday Sun*, started in the present year by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, is a happy instance of that journalism which forms itself upon the models furnished by the United

Weekly papers.

"Observer."

"Sunday Times."

"Sunday Sun."

Newspapers of a literary character.

"Examiner."

States. Some special notice must, however, be taken of those of a particularly literary character. Of these we find some five current in 1837, the *Examiner*, and the *Literary Gazette*, the *Atlas*, the *Spectator* and the *Athenæum*. The first-named had been started by John and Leigh Hunt in 1808, and carried on by them for some years with an especial vigor in the political department, which made them familiar with the internal arrangements of a prison. The newspaper subsequently passed into the hands of Dr. Fellowes, who appointed as its editor Albany Fonblanque, of whom we have already had occasion to speak. Fonblanque continued to edit it for many years with great independence of tone, both in literary and political matters, and that keen, satirical humor for which he was unmatched among his contemporaries. For nearly twenty years Fonblanque *was* the *Examiner*, and though his staff was able and well chosen, it was to him alone that the public listened. When he got the Government appointment with which Lord John rewarded his great political services, and John Forster succeeded him in the editorship, the fire seemed to go out of the *Examiner* at once, though Fonblanque was still an occasional contributor. To Forster succeeded Mr. Henry Morley, another genuine man of letters, indefatigable at his work, but it was no use. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not put the old spirit into the *Examiner* again. It dragged on for many years, and had a little false

resurrection some twenty years later, but it was only a flash in the pan, and the veteran came to a rather inglorious end in 1880.

"Literary Gazette."

The *Literary Gazette* had a shorter and less distinguished career. Started in 1817 by William Jerdan (1782-1869), a Scotch journalist of great perseverance and no inconsiderable talent, it flourished under his care for a third of a century, during which time he was as much the guiding spirit of the paper as Fonblanque was of the *Examiner*. After Jerdan gave it up, the *Gazette* struggled on for twelve more years and died of exhaustion in 1862. It was, like the *Athenæum*, and the later *Academy*, a purely literary paper. It is a misfortune of our confined space that we can only mention such journals together with those that are half literary and half political. The *Atlas* belonged to the latter class. It was started in 1826 with much *éclat*, "on the largest sheet ever printed," under the editorship of Robert Stephen Rintoul (1788-1858), previously the first editor of the *Dundee Advertiser*.

"Atlas."

The *Atlas* was, however, a gigantic failure; editor and contributors were soon at loggerheads, and only agreed on the necessity of flying from their unfortunate paper, which, however, managed to live on somehow in obscurity for many years. The date or manner of its death are scarcely known to the most diligent inquirers.

"Spectator"

Rintoul proceeded in 1828 to found a far more enduring organ in the *Spectator*, which he conducted for thirty years

with great credit. On his death in 1858, however, the new management, as represented by the present editors, Mr. Meredith Townsend and Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, brought it to a height which its first editor had never reached, both as a political and literary journal. The *Spectator* is specially distinguished by the thoughtful tone of its writing, the almost Quixotic fairness of its judgments, and the profoundly religious spirit which pervades its more serious articles.

"Athenæum."

The *Athenæum* was also started in 1828, by James Silk Buckingham (1786–1855), a distinguished traveller and wild speculator in the field of newspaper enterprise, its first editor being Dr. Henry Stebbing (1799–1883), author of "Lives of the Italian Poets," and other works. In a short time it fell into the hands of John Sterling and Frederick Denison Maurice, who sold it after a while to Charles Wentworth Dilke (1789–1864), to whom its past and present prosperity is chiefly due. For some fifteen years Dilke was his own editor: his rule is memorable for the effect produced in the world of literature by his absolute incorruptibility and impartiality. The puffing of particular publishers' books by hireling critics was even in our era a recognised and hardly censured practice; it is due to the *Athenæum* to say that the absolutely independent judgments which it meted out to all alike did much to put a stop to this. In later days the *Athenæum* declined a little under the

guidance of William Hepworth Dixon (1821–79), but revived again fully under its present editor, Mr. Norman MacColl. The *Athenæum* is a paper entirely devoted to literature, science and art.

Among later weekly papers we are forced to leave out almost all mention of many ephemeral publications, in which it was not want of talent that failed to ensure success. The *Leader*, founded by George Lewes, in 1849, was as clever as it was unsuccessful; the *Reader*, set up by John Malcolm Ludlow in 1863, staggered on through its four years of life fairly weighed down by the combination of genius among its contributors. The same might be said of the *Critic* and other dead and gone publications. A very different fortune awaited the *Saturday Review*, which was started in 1855 by A. J. Beresford Hope, with John Douglas Cook, formerly editor of the *Chronicle*, at its head. The *Saturday* has changed little in the thirty-seven years of its existence, except in the fact that its politics, which were at first wildly independent, have consolidated into a somewhat high and dry form of Toryism. There is the same smart writing and the same trenchant criticism under the editorship of Mr. Walter Herries Pollock as in the earliest free-lance days of Cook's supremacy, but its writers would be the first to laugh now at the idea of a crusade against the *Times*.

"The Leader."

"The Reader."

"The Critic."

"Saturday Review."

The *Academy*, a purely literary journal, was set up in 1869 by the late Charles Edward Cutts Birch

"The Academy."

Appleton, and at first issued fortnightly. It is now the weekly organ of the highest culture and the loftiest criticism, and is remarkable for its system of having every article signed. More recent and more mundane journals are the *Scots Observer*, subsequently styled the *National Observer*, founded by Mr. William Edward Henley in 1888, a clever young review, Conservative in politics and impudent in literature, and the *Speaker*, a Gladstonian weekly, started in opposition to the *Spectator*, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Wemyss Reid, formerly editor of the *Leeds Mercury*. The *Anti-Jacobin*, a clever but short-lived paper, edited by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, should be included in the list.

"National Observer."

"The Speaker."

"Anti-Jacobin."

We carefully steer clear of all technical journals, but some special attention must be paid to the leading religious papers. The earliest important Church of England paper is the *Record*, which dates from 1828 and represents the Evangelical party. It is published three times a week. A more important paper is the *Guardian*, a weekly publication started in 1846, professing High Church doctrines. The *Nonconformist*, founded by Edward Miall in 1841, is the organ of the political Dissenter, and can hardly be called a religious paper at all. The *Watchman*, dating from 1835, represents the important Wesleyan communion. The *Tablet*,—of which Frederick Lucas (1812-55), afterwards M. P. for Meath, was, in 1840, the first editor,—is the Roman Catholic organ.

"The Record."

"The Guardian."

"Nonconformist."

"Watchman."

"Tablet."

It is a somewhat rapid descent from these estimable journals to what is perhaps the lowest form that journalism has yet reached, even in these days of Americano-mania. It is, however, some comfort to think that we are not much worse than our fathers; indeed, that Theodore Hook's *John Bull*—now the most irreproachable of weeklies, with a special ecclesiastical connection—was a good deal more objectionable than any modern society journals. To these latter we find ourselves obliged to devote a line or two. The first and by far the least objectionable of the class, the *World*, appeared in 1874, edited by Mr. Edmund Yates, already well-known as a brilliant journalist and novelist. It was exceedingly smartly written; Mr. Lucy, who contributed the Parliamentary sketches; Mr. Labouchere, who did the financial articles, and other journalists of approved merit, being among the contributors; it contained as a *feuilleton* one of Messrs Besant and Rice's best novels, the "Golden Butterfly," and the very novelty of the plan gave it a certain piquancy. The *World* had soon a host of imitators. In 1877 Mr. Labouchere seceded and established *Truth*, a journal of his own which has attained a very wide popularity, which it no doubt deserves. It is amusing to the unprejudiced observer to find half-a-dozen pages chronicling the movements of the nobility followed by another half-dozen of abuse of the "privileged classes;" but if it is this for which the public yearns,

"John Bull."

The "World."

"Truth."

the man of business will give it to them. Of the minor "society papers," the less said the better. An exception must be made in favor of *Vanity Fair*, which has long been preserved from obscurity by the admirable caricatures of Mr. Pellegrini and Mr. Leslie Ward. Of sporting papers in general we are not called upon to treat, but may mention the name of the *Field* as belonging to a higher class. Besides furnishing an exhaustive record of all sports and pastimes for the week, it occasionally produces some interesting discussions in natural history. Its first editor in 1843 was Mark Lemon, but the *Field* never prospered till it came into the hands of the late Mr. Sergeant Cox; the same may be said of its companion —or at least housemate—the *Queen*, a paper for ladies, originally established by Mr. S. O. Beeton in 1861. *Land and Water*, another journal of field sports, owes its origin to the secession of Frank Buckland—who remained its editor till his death—from the *Field*, to which he had long been a contributor.

"Vanity Fair."

"The Field."

"The Queen."

"Land and Water."

Comic journalism is a side of the profession which is not to be neglected, and comic journalism in England means *Punch*. The appearance of this extraordinarily successful paper was preceded by various tentative efforts, such as Gilbert à Beckett's *Figaro in London*, and Douglas Jerrold's *Punch in London*. At last, in July, 1841, appeared the first number of *Punch, or the London Charivari*. The question of who was its originator has been much dis-

Comic Journalism.

"Punch," 1841.

Its editors, contributors and illustrators.

puted; according to Mr. Punch himself, speaking on the recent occasion of his jubilee: "Lemon and Last and Mayhew would probably agree to divide between them the early honors, as they shared the early responsibility." Last was the printer. Mark Lemon (1809-70) was the first editor, a position which he retained for nearly thirty years. Among the early contributors were Horace Mayhew, author of the "Greatest Plague in Life," and other farces, and his brother Henry; Douglas Jerrold (1805-57), a brilliant journalist and dramatist; Gilbert à Beckett (1811), whose "Comic Histories," and "Comic Blackstone," were sometimes as funny as they laboriously strove to be; Albert Smith, and after a short time, Thackeray. To these must be added a noble company of illustrators, headed by John Leech, "Dicky" Doyle and Tenniel, whom it does not fall within our province to chronicle. Mark Lemon was succeeded as editor in 1870 by Charles Shirley Brooks (1815-74), author of the "Silver Cord," "Sooner or Later," and other novels and plays, and he by Tom Taylor (1817-80), an extremely successful dramatist. On Tom Taylor's death, the present editor, Mr. Francis Cowley Burnand, assumed the reins of government. Punch has often fluctuated, both in merit and in circulation, since its early days, but on the whole it has kept wonderfully up to its original high standard, and has certainly never been approached by any other English comic paper.

"Illustrated London News." Founded by Herbert Ingram.

A word remains to be said about the leading illustrated papers. The "Illustrated London News" is of old date, having been founded in 1842 by Herbert Ingram (1811-60), afterwards M. P. for Boston. Its commencement was very modest, but when once the idea of an illustrated paper had been thoroughly impressed upon the public mind, it became more ambitious and soon attained a very large circulation. The illustrations were of course the chief point looked to, but the literature was not neglected either, and care was always taken to have a competent writer as a literary editor, and others on the staff. "Echoes of the Week," were till recently regularly supplied to the *Illustrated News* by Mr. G. A. Sala, and Mr. James Payn now does something of the same work. After many years of practically unchallenged supremacy, the first serious rival to the *Illustrated* arose in rather a curious way. On the staff of that paper were two artists, George and William Thomas. George died, and his brother, wishing to issue a memorial volume showing some of his work, applied to the authorities of the paper for the wood-blocks required, which, however, were refused him. In high dudgeon Mr. Thomas left the *Illustrated*, and shortly afterwards founded its great rival, the *Graphic* in 1869. To this venture, which has been highly successful, Mr. Thomas added in 1890 the *Daily Graphic*, an insane enterprise, as it seemed to outsiders, which has nevertheless prospered. In 1891

The "Graphic." Founded by Mr. Thomas.

a very formidable rival appeared to both the older papers in *Black and White*, a journal which keeps up perhaps a higher standard of art in its illustrations, and, at the same time, provides the reading public with literary matter of the first class. But of this new competition what will result is as yet beyond the power of man to predict. "Black and White."

THE END.

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